THE MOTHERS' FRIEND

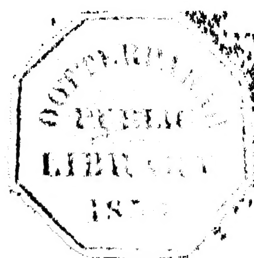
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PREFACE

TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

Mothers and friends! Again we greet you as revolving months indicate the close of another eventful year. Amidst the "many books" incessantly streaming forth, it is *something* that "The Mothers' Friend" keeps on its way. It is *more* that we have the grateful satisfaction to state our circulation is increased;—a pleasant proof that we continue to meet the wants of those for whose special welfare our little book goes forth. As time roll on, events thicken; necessity presses on Christian energy to minister spiritual food, more particularly for those who are being forced to part with their youth to meet the dire requirements of horrid war. We rejoice with trembling as we remember in how many a cottage circle, during the last ten years, we have been enabled to circulate those lessons which, beneath the Divine blessing, may now be exercising a salutary influence on

the minds of many who are going or have gone forth to mortal strife, whilst sorrowing mothers have been taught to confide their loved ones to God, and to seek, by earnest prayer, for them His saving mercy. The numberless scenes of danger so prevalent in this sin-stricken world have all, we trust, been remembered in our pages, and provided for by suitable cautions, exhortations, admonitions, and encouragements. Each year deepens our sense of responsibility, and quickens our earnestness. We are girding on our armour for redoubled effort. We are grateful to you for all past favours; but fervently implore continued, increasing, effectual co-operation.

December, 1857.

THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—IN HEAVEN!"

A HAPPY new year to you, loving mother, smiling amidst your youthful group of household treasures, living joyously in life's early sunshine!

A happy new year to you, young mother, looking lovingly down upon the fair young creature that has been lent to you during the past year! Its little eyes are gazing gravely into yours, as if trying to understand life's early greeting. Your thoughts are going back with gratitude, and anticipating with joy the future; before another new year's day he will have learned to lisp your name, or, maybe, he will be—but no, no, we will not dash your new year's morning with a shadow of the future.

A happy new year to you, bereaved mother, though you sit now with saddened brow pondering over the fearful scenes the old year brought; still we say, a happy new year to you! Yes, go on, trying to recall the feelings when the passing spirit looked its last on you; it will ease the burdened heart to weep awhile over the work of the Reaper, Death. You know the meaning of—

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day?
The last day spent with one,
Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye!"

But you must not linger too long, looking into the tomb. A mother cannot be selfish; your dear one will spend a happy new year in heaven, and you have much to be thankful for. Sit down a moment and count up your mercies. There are many suffering the very same griefs as yourself, with, perchance, very few of your numerous mercies to place against them.

Listen to a tale of a new year's eve.—In a narrow and dirty lane stand many gloomy and dilapidated houses. Come with us to one of the upper rooms there. Take care—the old stairs are creaking and mouldering beneath your feet—step gently, it is a solemn place—a dark-winged angel is resting there, and a mother is just within yonder wretched room, watching the dying countenance of a fair young daughter; she is in the sable garb of widowhood, and her thin pale cheek and delicate white hands tell us she was not always thus miserable. Oh no! life's early morning with her was all sunshine, and the marriage bells rang merrily on her bridal day, shadowing forth the joy of her young trusting heart, as she stepped lightly over the flowers strewed in her pathway,—alas! too soon emblems of her departed joys.

"Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things,
Types of those better moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings!"

Shadows soon appeared on her new home. Her tears fell over the graves of her household, and now she is seen in deep poverty, weeping in anguish over the last of her frail band. There is no furniture in the room save the

poor bed on which the beautiful girl rests; an old chair and a little table, on which a rushlight sends a feeble ray out into the darkness; a book and a bottle of medicine are on the mantel-shelf, and in the wide fire-place a few embers are smouldering.

The keen blast sweeps down the broken chimney, making melancholy music, and causing the candle to flicker, and cast strange shadows into the dim corners of the room. The sick girl has sunk into an uneasy slumber,—the mother kneels on the floor by her side, gazing on her child's pale wasted face,—gradually her breathing grew more quiet, and something like a smile stole over her face; the large bright eyes suddenly unclosed, and the girl looked up into the anxious face bending over her with a bewildered, troubled gaze; then she said, in a low tone, "Are you here, dear mother? Then it was all a dream!"

"What were you dreaming, dear—can you tell me?"

In feeble accents, often interrupted by coughing, the dying girl said, "I thought, dear mother, that we were in our own old home, and it was a new year's eve. You and I had arranged little tables, with presents for Willie and Mary and George; and, mamma, my table was in the middle, with a cloth upon it. I looked under, and there was a beautiful crown, bright and glistening like the sun; then all the other things faded away, and I saw only the crown, till I looked up, and in the air above were angels with crowns like mine; and, mother dear, one of the faces was my sister Mary's, and one was dear little George's; but, as I stretched out my hands to them, they floated away upwards to heaven, and they pointed to my crown as they rose, and I thought they sung, 'Sister spirit, come away!' Oh, mamma! you will let me go!" The mother clasped the burning hand of her beloved child, and while her tears fell fast upon it, answered, "Go in peace, my child; thy mother will join thee soon!"

There was a few moments' silence, then the dying girl asked for the Bible. Her mother took down the worn volume. "Can you see to read, dear mother? and will you read me once more the 23rd Psalm?" The poor mother read, or rather repeated, the sweet verses; and then, in tremulous tones, she began the 14th of John. Her voice and her faith grew stronger as she went on; and both the stricken ones were comforted. When she ceased the request was made, "Pray with me again once more, mother." She prayed, and God heard, and gave the dying girl Divine grace, and the poor heart-broken mother strength to bear this last trial. Just then a clock tolled the hour of midnight—the knell of the departing year! The dying girl drew her mother closer to her side, and whispered, "A happy new year, dear mother—in heaven!" Her breathing grew shorter,—a few gasps, and all was over! Then the mother with gentle hand closed the eyes and composed the limbs of her dearly beloved daughter, folded the small white hands upon her bosom, smoothed the soft brown hair, and then with lowered head prayed that she might soon follow her darling. The new year's sun fell upon the white face of the dead girl, and on the bowed form of her bereaved mother.

Oh! what a solemn stillness comes over one's soul, and over the whole watching, waiting circle, as the last breath departs, and the spirit of the loved one flies away, beyond our ken, to the land which no mortal may know; in vain we try to follow in imagination, and trace its flight. 'Tis mystery all! and we turn to our own earth again to weep and wonder. Do you remember what you felt then, mother? Will you ever forget the dawn of that morning when it fell on the face of your dead child? Husband—father—mother—perchance you have seen such a day dawn on all these dear ones—dead! Well, you shall meet them yet again. It is not all of life to live *here* a few short years; the dead—the dead are

living still. Are we meetening to spend "a happy new year in heaven," if the cry come, "Go ye out to meet Him?"

AUNT MARY.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

"MOTHER! Ebby won't gather up the wood, as you told him; he says he don't care, too! Is he not naughty, mother?" "Yes, Lizzie, dear; Ebby often makes my heart sad." "Does he, mother? then Polly will too; for she says she will only do what Ebby does, and she says don't care too." "Does she? tell her to come to me." "Yes, mother; shall Ebby come too?" "No, no; never mind Ebby." Little Lizzie Neale ran off, and soon returned leading the pouting sister to receive her mother's words of displeasure. "Polly," said Mrs. Neale, "what is this I hear?—that you say you do not care, and will not gather the wood?" "Ebby won't do it, mother, and he said, 'Don't do it, Polly, for I won't.'" "Ah, Ebby is naughty, and you must not do as he does; go at once and gather all the bits of wood into the wood-basket." "I will help," said the little smiling Lizzie, and the two children ran off to do their mother's bidding; but why is not master Ebby ordered to do the work? It seems *he* had the first order; ah, hereby hangs a tale.

Ebby Neale was an only son, and he was an indulged and ruined boy from his very babyhood, giving his mother more trouble than all the four little girls put together. At ten months old little master Ebby began to govern his mother, and at two years old he ruled the whole house. Many and constant were the excuses his foolish parents made for his ill-manners and unkind tempers. When he tormented his little sisters, it was said he was "high-spirited, and would know better by-and-by." When he was sullen to strangers, and stood silently

staring at them; like a sea frozen while a storm was raging, it was remarked that "he was a little shy." When he snatched a present from your hand, as one would tear a viper from an infant, the excuse was, "he did not like society, and did not like strangers." To say "I won't," or "I shan't," was a little matter in his way, and to contradict and disobey seemed his favourite employments. Oh, what sorrows are such fathers and mothers as Mr. and Mrs. Neale treasuring up for future years, by allowing their children to grow up without restraining and guiding love! How greatly are children, thus dragged up into life, disliked by all right-minded people, and how miserable are the little creatures themselves! We marvel how much "inherent goodness" is seen manifesting itself in these little, tyrannical, selfish, unrestrained mortals.

It may be asked, did the little girls grow up with the same hateful propensities as master Ebby? No. Mr. and Mrs. Neale were among the *partial* parents. Ebby was the "sweet" of the family; the others were "only me's." At times, indeed, the mother had some trouble to prevent the gentle little sisters from following Ebby's example, as the circumstances opening our paper will show—but, generally, they felt that to resist unbending firmness was not easy; while the young ruling l rd of the family had learned from experience that a loud scream, a little kicking on the floor, and a few tears, could soon make his father and mother yield to his wishes, lest, as they said, "the poor boy should injure himself by the unearthly fits that came over him!" Alas! they were indeed "unearthly;" for he resembled at such times the poor lad we read of who was possessed with a devil, that often threw him "into the fire, and into the water;"—in the one sad case we are called to sympathise with deep affliction; in the other, to charge the whole mischief on the parents, for their folly in ill-training.

DYING.

"Enter not lightly! Know ye not, the place
Where ye would tread upon is holy ground?
Angels attend the messengers of grace
Ministering to a dying mother there;
A soul is hovering on eternity;
A monarch, too, is there, with terror crowned,
And the God-man who died to save."

THE shadows of evening fell on a sorrowing group, watching, waiting, praying around a dying bed. A loving, precious mother lay there panting away her life. Severe and protracted had been her sufferings, and the once energetic mind had so deeply sympathised with the pain-stricken body that she had become, for some long time, a very child again, dependent on her devoted daughters for as much care as she had exercised over them in early infancy. Amidst the pains and infirmities of her suffering life, she had often been heard to say, "I want to go to Heaven!—I want to go to Jesus!" Long had she waited the approach of the bridegroom—behold! now He heralds his approach.

For many hours, during this last night of her earthly anguish, she seemed not to know the gate to endless joy was opening to admit her—at length she awoke suddenly to the reality of her position, and exclaimed, "Dying!" After this (to her) delightful revelation she spoke no more of pains or suffering, but as her panting breath would permit, she uttered the cheering words, "All joy"—"Blessed Jesus"—"Peace"—"Into thy hands," evidently intending to finish the sentence. Her children then repeated, "Fear not, I am with thee;" she added, "Be not afraid;" then, as the parting moment came, with a countenance beaming with heavenly joy, the spirit of this beloved mother was borne on angels' wings up to the seat of the Eternal.

'Weep not for her! she is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes.
Victorious over death, to her appears
The vistaed joys of heaven's eternal years
Weep not for her!

'Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers
Rich as a rainbow, with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night.
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! there is no cause of woe
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk,
Unshrinking, as she walked the path below
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back,
So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on
Weep not for her!

Who was this dying mother? God has said, "those who honour me, I will honour." The truth of this declaration was manifest in the last hours of this excellent woman—she lived the life of the righteous, and her end was peace. The world to her had not been all sunshine, but her bright-beaming eye and ever-cheerful countenance told the secret of internal peace, and hopes beyond the things of earth. She was a loving and faithful wife—a wise and affectionate mother—a sincere and large-hearted friend—a devoted lover of the sanctuary of her God—a comfort and joy to her pastor, always ready to cheer him amidst difficulties, and encourage him in his arduous work—loving and beloved in life—honoured and regretted in death—while life lasts, a beautiful memory to all who knew her, and a lovely embodiment of the religion of Jesus.

She is gone to the grave, but we dare not deplore her.

Those of us who knew her in happier days, often wept to behold her the wreck of herself—her feeble, suffering body pressing heavily on the mind that was wont to cheer others by its trusting piety and energy; yet that mind looking and waiting and longing for the rest of Heaven. Yet, however much our beloved friends may long for Heaven, we shrink from the thought of the last farewell at the open grave—even the tabernacle of clay is precious; but one thought alone cheers us here—it is, that these solitary places of the earth—these quiet homes of the dead—shall one day be changed in aspect. How, in a moment, will they become instinct with life—in that last dread day, what myriads will spring up from unnoticed retreats! All the secret places of the earth shall be made to give up their dead, as well as the hidden caves of the mighty deep—no lonely recess shall be forgotten.

The pious mother of Augustine said, as she drew near the shadowy vale, "Place this body where thou wilt—nothing is far from God; He will know where to find us at the resurrection." We may also believe and say the same. Let us be laid to rest among our dear ones—by mountain streams, uninhabited plains, or in ocean beds, it matters not; we shall still be subject to the mighty change—our dust shall be wakened to life on the bright morning of the resurrection—and this hope shall cheer us as we descend in our pathway to the tomb; and while we weep over departed worth, we will rejoice in the expectation of joining them in the home of the blessed. We know the holy and the righteous are gone to a land of perfect happiness; and we know, too, that if we press onward in the footsteps of Jesus, we shall soon be for ever with them, where there is no more death.

"Dying:"—farewell, ye enjoyments of time,
Ye oft have delighted my heart;
I die, to exchange you for scenes more sublime,
And joys which shall never depart.

'Dying:"—'Tis "all joy!"—ye beloved ones, adieu!
Your souls were entwined with my own;
We shall meet in that home I now have in view,
Where love—pure—immortal is known.

'Dying:"—but most peaceful the valley I tread,
Farewell to afflictions and pain;
My body shall rest now in hope with the dead,
For my Jesus shall raise it again.

Weep not that the Saviour has come to release
The soul He redeemed with His blood;
Remember, the watchword I leave you is "Peace,"
As I pass to my Jesus—my God

GOING TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL; OR, WHICH IS RIGHT?

"Mother, when shall I go to the Sunday school?" asked little Alice Rice. "Indeed, I don't know," replied the mother; "for when your sister Meleny went there I was always hearing some unpleasant remarks from her." "What about, mother?" "Oh, why about keeping Sunday, and about getting things ready on Saturday, and all that sort of thing—meddling with other people's business." "But mother, I would rather be at Sunday school than be at home all Sunday, busy like week-days. I never like my Sunday dinner, because I am thinking all the time about staying at home about it, to help; and sister Meleny said, God would be angry with us altogether, because the Bible says Sunday is God's day." "Get away, do, Alice; you are getting as bad as your sister was—she has filled your head with nonsense." "But, mother, sister was not *bad*, was she? When she was so ill, you know, and going to die, she said all her teacher had told her at Sunday school was true—which is right, mother?"

"There, go away, Alice, do," said her mother; "and

pare some potatoes." "Yes, mother, but will you let me go to the Sunday school?—I will pare a nice lot on a Saturday evening;—or, mother, don't you mind how nice they were when poor Melly mashed them on Saturday night ready for Sunday? Do let me go, mother." "Aye—aye, by-and-by." "But, mother, perhaps I may die too—and I want to know about dying and heaven, like sister did; and the Sunday school is the place they learn all that—when shall I go, mother?" "Well, well,—you must talk to your father about the matter."

Little Alice did not fail to "talk to father" when he returned from his work in the evening. The father looked very earnestly and somewhat anxiously at his little questioner, as she pressed her suit—then, patting her on the head, said, with much feeling, "I have been thinking for some time, my little lass, that it would be far better for thee to be at the Sunday school than at home, doing nothing—or, what is worse, breaking God's day; and I have my doubts, ever since poor Melly talked to me about eating food that keeps people all day Sunday working to get it ready—I believe the folks at the Sunday school are right, after all, and we are all wrong." "Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rice, "I do wonder what the world will come to next—we shall all be parsons before long, I suppose." The following week found little Alice an attentive listener in the class at the Sunday school.

THE FATHER'S PAGE.

It was evening—the setting sun gleamed through the open windows of a cottage—there sat a father with the Bible before him; its precious promises were to him as manna in the wilderness; he felt the blessedness of those holy words, and he sought to make his children love it

too. They were now gathered around him, for it was the hour of family prayer; and as he looked upon their youthful faces he knew they would soon be scattered here and there, for they were poor, and must early toil for their daily bread; but though poor in this world's goods, he sought to make them rich in heavenly wisdom. The father's heart yearned towards them, and looking on them he said, "Children, love and serve your Saviour *now*, while you have health and strength, for you know not, when sickness comes, whether you will be able to think of Him then."

These words, few and simple as they were, sunk deep into the hearts of one, at least, of that little group. Early were her hands inured to toil, the time passed by most children in infantine pursuits, was by her devoted to gaining a scanty pittance towards her own maintenance. Like the labourers in the vineyard, she went out for a penny a day, though her penny, poor child, was not equivalent in value—that is, in a mercantile view—to the Roman penny which the labourers received; but it was of equal value in her eyes as being earned by herself—the product of honest labour, though that labour consisted merely in attending a child younger than herself, and running on errands for the family who employed her, with other light services, which, light as they were, many children of six years of age (and she was not older) would have found it difficult to perform. But little Annie was quick, docile, and obedient: and for many years did she toil to the satisfaction of all who employed her, and throughout her whole life was ever cheerful, intelligent, and industrious, kindly disposed towards all, and respected in whatsoever situation she held; untiring in her duty through every trial (for trials she had both in single and married life, and who has not?)—while ever and anon the words of her pious parent would rise up in her mind, and while she mourned her hardness of heart, she trusted and believed in the God of her father.

The bond of true affection existed between the members of that little family, and one sister became early devoted to Christ; not a day passed that she did not retire to her chamber to pour out her soul in prayer to the God of her father, and receive that strength and support which is promised to all who seek it. Oh! who can tell the blessings of Christian parents! The seed they sow may seem to be scattered on stony ground, but sooner or later the dew of heaven will fall upon it, and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness bid it spring to life eternal.

Precept, however, will have little effect unless enforced by example. "Never," said Annie, "do I think of my poor father's words, and in fancy see him bending over the Bible, but I feel how in every thought and word and action he strove to serve and glorify his God. Infirmity prevented him from bending his knee in prayer, but his hoary head was uncovered, and his aged form bowed reverently, while his heart was uplifted to the throne of God." This is the testimony of one, now living, to a parent's memory, and who, as she stood beside the corpse, sorrowed not as those who have no hope; for his life and death assured her that through the merits of his Saviour he was now safely landed in the heavenly Canaan.

M. A. E.

TREASURES THAT ARE FRAIL AND FADING, YET NEVER DIE.

"A fair dwelling, furnished wisely, with a gentle tenant in it."

How glad and joyous is the feeling of a mother when she first presses her babe to her heart! How her eyes glisten with delight as she gazes on her beautiful bud of promise! How this new affection seems to spread a soft fresh green over her soul—plants of hope seem to blossom all around her, as she drinks deep of this purest fountain of love—yet the moment this precious treasure

is placed in her hands, the pious mother asks, like the father of Samson, "How shall I order the child?"

Soon you will see the admired creature putting forth the thought—the preference—the affection, like timid tendrils, seeking where to twine. Ah, we know full well they will soon twine and cling round your heart—take care they do not bind you too closely to this passing life. Household gods are very dangerous things—yet often we do not see we really have them till they are gone. Ah, how much have we to learn, that we may bring this beautiful and mysterious creature to the light of knowledge, and guide it onward to the perfect bliss of immortality! Has any being on earth a charge more fearfully important than that of the mother? We answer, No; and, we repeat, the influence she exerts, and the example she exhibits, will be lasting as eternity.

The little frame of the babe is a beautiful piece of workmanship, so delicately, so exactly fitted to answer the purposes for which it is designed—it is wanting in nothing—it is superfluous in nothing; it is a union of matter with mind, which man's reason fails to comprehend. The little body is, indeed, but finely organised clay, but it is designed to be the organ of the soul's operations, and is to exert no unimportant influence on the soul's character and destiny. If the little body is laid in the dust, the soul will still live—but if the faculties of the body are not suitably developed, the mind which inhabits it will find itself proportionably cramped and contracted in its operations, for one is the medium through which the other acts.

True, indeed, we see nothing in its very earliest infancy to indicate that it possesses any higher faculties than the lamb or the lark, or any other of the animal creation; but, all helpless and unconscious as it seems, there is a glorious principle of intelligence belonging to the babe, which the mother will *soon* see revealing itself, and which, if rightly developed and directed, may render

it a fit companion for an angel—yea, for an angel's God. Where all seems blank and dark, the light will, ere long, shine; and a mind that can discriminate—that can reason—that can feel—will be seen coming up in its strength and glory.

You are saying, perhaps, "Alas, I am a POOR mother!" Well, be it so. You may bring up your nursling in a mud-walled cottage, or a fisherman's hut on the sea-shore. Its fare may be coarse and its raiment scanty, yet may your child guide a nation to prosperity or ruin. Had you seen the poor boy in rags peeping into the village school, would you have imagined that a mitre would have been placed on his head? Or had you seen the little boy running by his mother's waggon, would you have recognised a Newton, who measured the heights and fathomed the depths of the material creation? Did the mother of Locke imagine, think you, that her infant boy would bring out the mysteries of thought, and reveal to man the secret springs of his own conduct? Your boy, for aught you know, may have the mind of a Milton, attuned to heavenly melodies, and touched as with a seraph's fire. What her infant may become the mother knows not—cannot know—enough that she knows he possesses a spiritual, thinking, active principle, destined by the decree of Heaven to an indefinite expansion.

Our pen must rest till next month, or our paper will be too long.

THE ERRING SON AND PRAYING MOTHER.

"HOPE ON, MY MOTHER."

EIGHTEEN or twenty years since there lived a family consisting of the parents and six children. The parents had long been devoted to God's service, and the children, as they grew up to years of thoughtfulness, in the order of their ages followed their parents' holy example. But

the youngest son seemed to be an exception. He was a reckless, disobedient boy, and though not fond of bad company he found means to commit many great sins without any such unholy aid. Many were the fears on his behalf that agitated the breasts of those pious parents, and many were the prayers that ascended from their lips that God would open his heart to the showers of grace.

On one occasion he was detected in a very heinous offence. The mother's heart was almost broken by this new instance of depravity. What could she do? He seemed not to care for punishment. How could his heart be reached? Taking him into her chamber she talked with him long and solemnly about his conduct, while the big tears chased each other down her sorrow-wrinkled cheeks. Then making him kneel by her side she poured forth such a prayer as only a mother, with a heart stricken by a child's sinful wanderings, can utter. His heart could not withstand such an appeal. He was humbled, he wept, he repented. A few years rolled away. Some few changes marked the history of that household; yet the daily sacrifice continued to be offered on the family altar.

One evening the father was hundreds of miles away, toiling for the maintenance of his loved ones; the elder brothers were absent at college. The high priest was, indeed, away, but the mother failed not to call around her the members of the family, and placing the Bible in the hands of her youngest son, asked him to conduct their devotions. He who once knelt by his mother's side stained with sin, and trembling at her prayerful eloquence, was now indeed kneeling again by her side; but, rejoicing in the peace-making blood of Christ, praying for her and hers. The mother's supplication was not in vain. She is now gone to her rest, but that son still treads the path of the living; and while pressing along life's eager race, emulating the progress of others towards fame and usefulness, his busy mind often reverts to that

chamber of prayer, and that mother's face stained with bitter tears. The hour of temptation is then his hour of strength, and the moments of grief for her loss are brightened by the recollections of her reward.—R. S. J.

ENDINGS OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

"For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things;
And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.
The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms;
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant."

A LITTLE boy was playing by his mother; for a trifling offence he struck a baby brother; his mother passed by the unkind act unreproved. Then little master George began to act my lord tyrant over his sisters—still the mother looked on carelessly. At school he tried to carry on the same game of "lording" it over others, until one day a stout boy, who was roused to anger by master George's conduct, gave him a blow on the chest from which he never recovered. Too late his mother saw that a small beginning may have a terrible ending; an ending she may trace to her own supineness, and lack of early training and discipline.

A neighbour with a sharp eye and thin lips called at number ten. "Good morning, Mrs. Barnes," she said, as she entered the little shop, "how are you?" "Not very well, thank you," replied widow Barnes, "I am rather worried this morning." After a little chat on common things the neighbour went on, and called in her way home on Mr. Allwood, who happened to be Mrs. Barnes's landlord. "What is the matter at number ten?" asked Mrs. Fry, looking very archly with her sharp eye. "Nothing, as I know of," replied the man of

houses. "Oh, but there is, though! I think there is something more than common the matter" "Indeed! then it's time for me to look out, for she is rather behind with her rent." "Well, don't mention my name, that's all." Before the end of the week the poor widow and her little children were turned out of house and home, through the gossipping propensity of a neighbour. Alas, what a sad ending to a small beginning!

"Mary, do have my food ready for me by the time I come home," said John Jones, the carpenter. "Oh, I dare say, you are always in a hurry." "You may say that, Mary, for master keeps a man up to it from morning to night." "Well, I don't care for him—I'm of as good a family as he; all the matter is, he has a little more money, that's all." "What does that signify, Mary? Come, let me have something to eat, or I must be off again." "Well, go if you like,—I don't mind." Alas! the time came when Mary *did* mind, for John Jones does not care now neither for wife nor home—that little beginning of cross purposes brought a terrible ending of bad doings

"Harry, I do wish you would read a bit of your book to me, while I mend baby's socks, perhaps it would make me forget the pain in my side." "No, indeed, Sally, I cannot," said the young husband; "I hate reading aloud as bad as nursing babies." Sally did not ask Harry again, but he could have seen, had he taken the trouble to look, that the tears were falling on baby's socks pressed forth by this small beginning of unkind words. The little fellow in the cradle soon began to move. Sally rocked him gently, hoping he would "hush off" again. "Nobody can enjoy reading with that everlasting rocking," said Harry. Poor Sally ceased, but soon baby cried. Harry began to storm against "crying babies." Sally took him up stairs, but being severe weather the infant took cold and was hushed in an eternal sleep

before the week was over. Sally had been in delicate health some time This deep sorrow, with a home anything but happy, soon brought her to the grave Harry can read now without being asked to share his book with his wife, and without being troubled with a "crying baby!" I wonder if he ever thinks of those two sweet faces he once could have made so happy. The beginning of Harry's selfishness was something for him to ponder over while he sat in his lonely home!

"LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD"

THE writer has lately especially felt the comfort of these words, as she has, in common with many mothers, been called to watch beside the sick-bed of her beloved children One night especially, when rather alarming symptoms appeared in their disease, did she feel how sweet it was to be able at *at all times* to address her Father in heaven, and when others were sleeping, and human aid at a distance, to remember Him who has said, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" With you in the sick chamber; in every trial ever ready to listen to His children when they cry, and grant them strength equal to their day, and if not His will to remove the bitter cup, to enable them like their dear Saviour to say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?—not my will, but thine be done"

Christian mothers! *you know* how sweet it is to draw nigh to God, but should any mothers read this who have not yet given their hearts to God, who do not go to Him in time of need, *they* cannot understand the comfort the writer experienced, when remembering that God was with her when earthly comforters would not avail. Where, oh! where do unconverted mothers go,

in a trying hour? Let them be entreated to go to their best Friend, who has "so loved them, as to give his only begotten Son to die for them," and says, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

R. B. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively;
Want them contentedly—obtain them honestly;
Accept them humbly—employ them lawfully;
Impart them liberally—esteem them moderately;
Increase them virtuously—use them subserviently;
Forego them easily—resign them willingly.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Whoever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals, that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Remember the Sabbath Day; with a Recommendation by Rev. J. C. Ryle.

A useful little catechism for families and schools. The name of Mr. Ryle at the commencement is sufficient to recommend the little work.

The Christian Lady's Magazine. Edited by Mrs. Milner.

A very interesting periodical, under the direction of a very superior mind.

FAMILY PORTRAITS—GROUPED.

"I KNOW of no home influence," said a friend one day in conversation, "that had such power with me as our family worship. Often, if we children were bickering or unkind to each other, near the time of our assembling around the domestic altar, we felt sure all our stormy tempers would be hushed and calmed there; and often during my wanderings in the bustle and turmoil of life, I pause to reflect on the sacred picture that family group presented. There sat our dear and consistent father, with the large Bible open before him; our precious mother sitting near with an infant on her knee, and the next to baby on a stool at her feet. John, an elder brother, stood by my father's chair with the well-used hymn-book, prepared to give out the sacred song selected for the day, and to commence the tune; but, first, we all in turn repeated a short text from memory, even down to tiny Willie, who would lisp out, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and then, when our dear father's voice ascended so solemnly and fervently for blessings on our young heads, it seemed like heaven commencing on earth."

Doubtless it did; and certainly we think, if there is one spot on earth where an angel might like to rest his wings, it would be on beholding such a picture as our friend described; it is surely a tableau of moral glory, which nothing but the religion of the cross can present—green spots in the wilderness, where the young plants are trained and nourished for the heavenly paradise. We pity the family where no such picture is seen. They arise in the morning, and go forth to busy life, with all its seen and unseen dangers, without asking a Divine Protector through its perils; yet they know not what may befal them ere the sun shall set. Many leave their homes in

the morning never to re-enter them alive. Dangers stand thick through all the way to press us into the dust, and none are safe but those who have taken shelter under the wing of the Almighty. Temptations, too, are ever about our path, and the "roaring lion" may molest us, and overcome, unless the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" stands by our side.

Of course, all will feel that it is especially the *father's* duty to erect a family altar, and gather the whole of his household around it, while he, the responsible head and constituted high-priest of his family, offers up prayer and praise to the God of his many mercies; but where the father is not inclined to this good work, or circumstances prevent him from performing it, then, in his absence, it becomes imperative on the *mother* to take his place. The father's absence should never be a reason for omitting the family devotions. We have known several cases where the mother has conducted the worship of the family, morning and evening, with blessed results. In one case, the father had no inclination to this duty, but he had no objection that the mother should read and pray with her family; she did so; and after a little time the father joined them when his occupation would allow. After some time of quiet waiting and earnest praying on the part of the mother, the father took his own place and became a blessing to the family and to the world.

In another case, the father was very cross with his wife for wishing to introduce domestic worship, yet did he always join the little circle when he was at home, grumbling, yet kneeling in his place! with what result eternity will tell us.

In a third case, the father left his home in the early morning, before the little ones were stirring, and did not return till long after they were asleep. Of course, the mother's path of duty was very plain. On the Sabbath-day only could the pious father resume his place. One

instance more of the blessings descending on family worship and we will rest our pen.

A wife who moved in the higher circles, and who became pious sometime after her marriage, was in the habit of assembling all the servants in a private room, morning and evening, for reading and prayer—she had no children. Having a lingering illness, a pious and beloved friend became a visitor for a long time in her house, and at her very earnest request, this friend took her place at the family altar. One evening the husband happened to be near the room where the worshippers were assembled, and his ear caught the sound of a low voice in prayer; he drew nearer, and heard his friend remembering him—asking for blessings to descend upon him, his wife, his household. His heart was touched—he wept like an infant—and retired to his room to pray for himself.

For several days he was observed to be very thoughtful, and his spirits very depressed, but his wife's illness seemed sufficient cause for this. At length he addressed his friend, saying, "I find you have pity upon my household, but you exclude me from the privileged assembly; why is this? Have *I* not a soul? Let me join you all this evening." Before the pious wife was recovered, he became a new man in Christ Jesus, and conducted the domestic worship of his family; and to the end of his life devoted all his talents and large property to the good of man and the glory of God.

Look at these portraits! such are a few of the blessings descending upon the families who call upon the Lord. Yet, alas! how many mothers and fathers will go forth themselves, and send forth their dear children, exposed to all the temporal and spiritual dangers which ever surround the children of men; but the families who meet morning and evening around the domestic altar, shall carry with them where they are scattered, by field

and flood, the recollections of that same group; and the occasion of their gathering shall act as a talisman amidst the snares and temptations of life, speaking in a sweet, gentle voice to the world's wanderer, "Forsake not the God of thy father and thy mother."

But what shall be the case with those poor children who have never seen a family altar erected in their home? —have never seen a father or a mother on bended knee, asking blessings for them as they travel on through the strife and jostlings of the selfish world? Mother! father! let us appeal to you for these neglected ones; do, oh! do commence this year to assemble them around the family altar—it is not too late now—it may be, soon; some of them will, ere long, be far away from your voice and your influence, and, it may be, will soon be in eternity, beyond the reach of prayer and of mercy. Make haste—delay not; now is the time a gracious Saviour bends His ear and listens to your request. Make haste, lest you delay till the door of mercy is closed, and you and yours for ever shut out beyond the reach of mercy and the hope of pardon.

MAKE HASTE, DELAY NOT.

Time is earnest—passing by,
Death is earnest—drawing nigh
Mother! wilt thou *trifling be*?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest—when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest—solemnly,
Float its voices down to thee
O thou mother, art *thou* gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest—fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul.
Woe for thee, if thou abide,
Unredeemed, unsanctified!

God is earnest—kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away—
Ere be set His judgment-throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone!

Christ is earnest—bids thee "come!"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

When thy pleasures all depart,
What will sooth thy fainting heart?
Friendless, desolate, alone;
Entering a world unknown!

Oh, be earnest! Loitering,
Thou wilt perish!—lingering,
Be no longer—*rise* and *flee*—
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee!

AUNT MARY.—No. II.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

A few years roll on, during which Master Ebby mars the peace of the whole house by his overbearing and self-willed conduct. Mother, father, sisters, and servants were made to yield to his bidding, however distasteful it might be; and it often happened that even friends who visited the family were annoyed by this little household tyrant. The little girls, who had been differently trained, were docile and obedient, and all attended the Sabbath school regularly but Ebby, who went, or remained at home, just as he liked, and his teacher complained of his temper and habits in vain. "Poor boy—he was not very well,"—or, "he felt the school too hot!"

"Mother!" said little Lizzie one day, "Annie May-

field is gone to heaven—what is it to go to heaven, mother? Won't she ever come back? Aunt Mary says she is gone to live with Jesus—can I go too, mother? Aunt Mary said, yesterday, that heaven was a beautiful, happy place, where the angels are, and where everybody can see Jesus and love him, and where all the people are as happy as can be—I should like to go there, that I should!—I suppose Ebby won't fight there, and be cross, will he, mother?"

Mrs. Neale wiped a tear from her cheek as she listened with astonishment to her little prattler, who had been preparing, under the teaching of her pious "Aunt Mary," for the kingdom of heaven. In less than a week little Lizzie was where she wished to be, in the home of the angels and the angels' God, in the "happy place." Scarlet fever was the messenger the dark-winged angel brought to convey the little lamb from the strife of earth to the quiet of the skies. Aunt Mary took her post of observation by the little sufferer's crib, leading her young heart to trust in the love of Him who pronounced a blessing on little children.

"Mother!" said the dear child, a few hours before she died, "mother, Aunt Mary will tell you where I am going—you will come too, won't you? Oh, 'tis a beautiful place—I will ask gentle Jesus if I shall come and fetch you soon. And will Ebby come too? If he does, he must leave off his naughty ways, 'cause Jesus said, 'Little children, love one another.' Do come soon, mother. Aunt Mary, please sing,

'There is a happy land,
Far—far away.'"

With streaming eyes Aunt Mary commenced the song, but before the close little Lizzie appeared to be composing herself to sleep—it was a sleep that knows no wakening this side the shadowy vale—she had gone to the happy land, far, far away. As the excellent Aunt

Mary closed the eyes of the folded lamb, she said to her bereaved sister, "You have a blessed child in heaven, dear; mourn not, as those who have no hope—'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.'" The cloud still remained over the household.

A MOTHER'S DYING WORDS.

HUSHED is the chamber of death, fearful in its very stillness; yes, all is quiet; no one dares to intrude upon the privacy of that solemn hour—mother and son are locked in one last fond embrace. "My son, read the Bible; act honestly in all things, trust in God, and He will bless you." "I will, mother—I will." "Good-bye, my son, God bless you." "Mother! mother! mother! dear mother!" shrieks the youth, when he finds that all he cares for on earth is now a lump of clay. Bitterly does he reproach himself;—O what would he give for one short year to live over again—how good, how kind, how obedient, he would be.

Again we see that youth—after months of destitution and misery, he has determined to drown himself. See, he stands at the river's edge, ready to give the fatal plunge—but ah, look, he has fallen on his knees, and is thanking God for his narrow escape from suicide. What has caused him to abandon his wicked design? 'Tis his mother's last words, which rang in his ears at the moment when he was going to do the deed,—"My son, read the Bible; act honestly in all things, trust in God, and He will bless you." He remembers, "that whom God loveth He chasteneth;" and, seeing his sinfulness, he fervently thanks God for his escape, and determines to trust in Him.

Once more we see that youth, now grown into a young man. This time he has a good coat on his back—he has

succeeded in getting a good situation; his master is kind, and wishes to further his interests. But watch him!—His hand has grasped the handle of his master's bedroom door—he knows there is nothing to prevent him from robbing his master without detection But see, he stops, and stealthily retreats to his own room. Why does he do so? It is his mother's last words,—"My son, read the Bible; act honestly in all things, trust in God, and He will bless you." He recollects her dying look—again he is saved—he determines to act honestly.

Reader!—do you see that benevolent-looking old gentleman? It is Mr. ——, whose liberality and Christian worth are so well known;—if that man had not had a good mother, he would have become either a suicide or a thief. Mothers! great is your power; try to use it well.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. X.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER

"JOHN," said Mrs. Ormsby, resuming her narrative, "ventured now to speak of his desire to be a missionary to his mother; and of his determination, if spared, to study for this purpose. Alas! for that heart-stricken mother, who now looked upon her pious boy with delight, and thought him more lovely than any other of the children of men. Sometimes hope would enter and dwell in her heart; and there were seasons when all his friends hoped he would recover, and be a bright and shining light amidst the darkness of a heathen world.

"But this young soldier of the cross was now called to prepare for his last battle, and when he felt his cherished hopes would soon be buried in his early tomb, not a murmur escaped his lips. There he sat, day after day,

like a bright and beautiful being, made ready for better society than earth could afford—his pale brow unclouded, and his eye full of love, while the frail body was passing rapidly to decay.

"During his illness, John greatly enjoyed the conversation of pious friends, and to them he would sometimes speak of his departure from a world of sin with great composure, expressing his thankfulness that he had sought and found the Saviour before he came to that weak state. But such remarks he would only make when his beloved mother was absent; he never ventured to talk of his death in her presence, because it distressed her; and all the anxiety he felt connected with earth was on her account, knowing what a blank there would be in her home and in her heart, when she had laid her only child in the grave. And his poor mother dared not refer to his state, although she longed to do so, for her bursting heart felt how much she had to lose in this cherished boy, who had never caused her a moment's sorrow by any action of his life.

"Everybody who saw John admired his patience and gentleness, but one day he expressed to his mother his sorrow that he felt inclined to be irritable, and remarked that he was obliged to pray against it, adding, 'We must watch as well as pray.' Sometimes it happened that persons who did not adorn in their life the Gospel they professed to love, would call and talk to him about religion. This made him very restless and uncomfortable, and during such visits he would seldom enter into conversation. 'It distresses me,' he would say, 'to hear such persons talk of a Gospel that we know from their daily conduct they do not love.' He was very much grieved, also, when injudicious visitors attempted to entertain him by speaking evil of absent persons, and did all in his power to put a stop to such unprofitable and sinful conversation."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE—A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Listen, O ye mothers! there is a sweet love,
Which, flowing from your breast, your children doth move.
O! let that sweet spirit, as it influences their heart,
Lead them to Jesus, that from sin they may depart."

MOTHERS! I have somewhat to say unto you. Give me your ear and your heart for a small moment, whilst I show that mothers have an influence either for good or evil. A father's authority may be great; but what is to be compared to that soft, tender, and mild influence which sweetly enters into and entwines the affections of the child around her heart? Let me cite an instance or two, where the influence of a mother's words and actions, joined with earnest and pathetic appeals to the throne of grace, has been for good; and then, with your eyes lifted towards heaven, and your hearts at the throne of grace, go and do likewise.

Mrs. Thorpe was a kind and affectionate mother, whose solicitude for her children's spiritual welfare was exceedingly great. Morning, noon, and night did she endeavour, by her words and actions, to induce them to love Christ. Day by day her prayer was, that she might see them all walking in truth and righteousness. She had felt the power of God's word on her own soul; she had realized the true excellency and value of saving grace, in destroying the power of sin, raising the affections to heaven, and imparting a joy and peace, far beyond the gift of the world; and therefore her desire was, that the same grace which had affected her heart might be bestowed upon her offspring, and that their days might be dedicated to the service of Him, whom to know is life everlasting. And was her suit denied? Was her earnest prayer flung to the winds? Were her examples, precepts, and kind advice of no avail? Oh, no. He, whose eye is ever directed towards His own people, and

whose ear is ever opened to the voice of their supplication, had heard her prayer, narrowly watched her solicitude, and sent down His blessing and influence on her desires, actions, and words; so that not only were those desires answered, but more than answered, in the surrender of two sons and four daughters—first to Him who is above all, and then to the Church, by the will of the Lord. That mother now sleeps in Jesus; but her removal from earth to heaven was not until she had witnessed the truthfulness of God's promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." "Before they call, I will answer: and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—(Isa. lxv. 24.)

Mothers! are you under the influence of deep-rooted piety, and are you looking on your children with anxious care, lest they should be found at last without the one thing needful? Are you endeavouring, by your walk and conduct, to show the excellency and value of true evangelical piety? Then walk on—watch on—pray on—and rest assured that,

> "In course of time, you will know
> All you desire or wish below."

More another month.

OLD ANTHONY.

TREASURES THAT ARE FRAIL AND FADING, YET NEVER DIE.—No. II.

In your infant are the elements of passions and affections, of desires and aversions, in which its happiness or unhappiness will chiefly be found, and which must decide, in a great degree, the complexion and destiny of the soul. Within your infant, too, is concealed the noble principle of conscience, which, perhaps more than any other, bespeaks the dignity of human nature, and will occupy the judgment-seat in the soul, and bring peace and joy,

or remorse and terror, according to the decisions which it renders. In the earliest periods of infancy there may be no higher happiness, or at least none more apparent, than bodily gratification; and there may be no other suffering than that which consists in bodily pain; yet has the babe a hidden nature, susceptible of enjoyment or misery, that outruns all human comprehension; there is that which may kindle into a consuming fire, and show itself great in wrath, in desolation, in self-torture, or which may glow with a genial fervour, diffusing serenity within, and light and joy as far as its influence extends. What a solemn thought is the fact, that the unconscious infant is constituted in such a way that, ere long, its actions shall sustain a moral character, and that the whole history of its life shall be reviewed as a ground of approbation or of condemnation at the bar of the eternal Judge!

The little body of your infant, mother, will indeed last but a few short years; now you fold it in your arms, and dandle it upon your knee, but soon it will have expanded to the measure of a youth; at a period a little more remote, it will have reached its mature growth; and a little later, even if spared beyond the average length of human existence, it will return to the dust whence it came. But the spirit, that gives the babe its chief interest—the soul, that thinks, and speaks, and burns with celestial fire, is imperishable; the sun that shines upon your babe will be extinguished, and the skies that attract its infant gaze will be rolled up as a burning vesture, yet shall the infant survive, not only unimpaired, but constantly increasing in energy. For aught we know, other suns and worlds may take the place of those we now behold, and, having fulfilled their end, may pass away as a midnight dream, and be lost in the abyss of annihilation; and yet that infant mind, whose operations are now so feeble that you can scarcely detect them,

will live through all this wreck of worlds, and even then will feel that its existence is only begun. When the mother resigns her babe to the tomb in the budding season of its faculties, let her not look despairingly at the narrow house, as if her infant had perished there—but let her rather think of the grave as the temporary dwelling-place of the corruptible body, and feel it an honour that God has permitted her to be the mother of one who shines among the immortal and glorious population of Heaven.

It is sometimes difficult to persuade a young mother, with her first infant on her knee, that it really possesses a sinful nature! "What!" she exclaims, "my smiling, unconscious babe a sinner!" No, young mother, not an actual transgressor of God's law, for its faculties render it incapable of this; but a sinner, in precisely the same sense that it is a rational being. There is that within it that will by-and-by kindle up and show itself a rational being; and there is that within it also, that will by-and-by kindle up and manifest a sinful disposition. We will not refer now to God's word for the only satisfactory explanation of this fact, but the fact itself is proved by universal experience; there never has been in the world's history a single instance—save that of the blessed Jesus—in which what has seemed innocent infancy did not prove itself the germ of sinning childhood. Yes, mothers may talk much of their innocent babes, but every one of them inherits an unholy nature which will certainly develope itself in unholy action.

There was an infant born some forty years ago, that doubtless smiled upon its mother with the same apparent innocence with which other infants are wont to smile; and possibly some advocate for the original purity of human nature may have drawn an argument, from what it seemed to be in its helpless, unconscious state, to disprove that severe creed which recognises infants as inheriting a

moral taint by their birth; but that infant had not lived long before he began to give proof that this doctrine was too true; in his boyhood he was revengeful and wicked; in his manhood he was a murderer. Now, your dear infant may not, we trust will not prove, like him, another Cain; but you will deceive yourself if you expect or imagine that, with all your dear infant's loveliness, it has not the same sinful nature that made him a murderer. More next month.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonizing and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit. After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy-looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance." "Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

——————' On that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you calm at the end of your voyage." "God has always dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of His kindness, in permitting me to see *you* before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer." "O, mother!" replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it." She listened with devout composure to the account of

his conversion, and at last taking his hand she pressed it to her dying lips and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God! And as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

ENDEARMENTS bind together the members of the same household—sharers of the same flesh and blood, which are found of the same kind and to the same degree nowhere else on earth. The dwellers in the common home, too, have a common share in the blessings and trials which befal their habitation. They are fed at the same board, repose under the same roof, and the joys and sorrows of the one are very much the joys and sorrows of the whole group. What a place those parents hold in this little empire! How their words have power, and their will is law, and their very footsteps are walked into; and how those whom God has given to them are prized beyond all earthly things, as the jewels of their casket! Where, where, in all this footstool of the dispenser of our mercies, should God be acknowledged, if not here? Should not the voice of gratitude and praise ascend from that board spread with plenty, and around an altar reared for the morning and the evening's sacrifice of humble and grateful hearts? You may not only burnish your own armour, and find refreshment for your own spirit here, soldier of Christ, but here is a favoured spot on which to train recruits to join the sacramental hosts. You should pray in your family.

LEYBURN.

A LEAF OF MEMORY LOST.

An old man's memory is a queer place; indeed, it resembles an old-fashioned garret, full of relics and souvenirs of the past; the rubbish of to-day, but the riches of yesterday. In conversation lately with an old man, who has passed a long and useful life, and with whom it is now Indian summer, we were impressed with a remark which he incidentally made. He had seen the opening of nearly seventy springs; at first, the winters came and went, but by-and-by unmelted snow-flakes lingered in his hair, and he saw them drifting over the graves of one after another, whose feet with his had brushed the morning dews together. At last, they whitened over his old wife's last resting-place; over her who knew him when the shadows fell to the westward, and "the day was before them both;" who never thought him old, though all the world pronounced him so. Everybody said, when she died, "it is a terrible blow to the old man," and a few did all they could to make him forget, but there was no need of that: "For," said he, "they didn't seem to know where the blow fell, they so deplored—they didn't think *how much I missed somebody to help me remember.*" Those few words, indeed, contain a world of meaning. He *did* miss *the other leaf* from memory's tablet. Two pairs of eyes had but one rainbow; but one pair beheld it now. Two hearts had lived over again the past; but one remembered it, and imperfectly, now. Who would have life's little thread extended till he, too, should be compelled to take up the words and say, "I miss somebody to help me remember?"

A SAFE HOUSE TO SLEEP IN.

A lawyer of high reputation was one evening travelling, and being late after a long day's ride, he was compelled to turn into a house in a solitary place, and

ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening he thought he observed something reserved in the master of the house, which awakened his suspicions. He was at length conducted to his chamber, which was adjoining the family room. There he dwelt on the circumstances which had alarmed him, till his excited mind was filled with thoughts of night robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as well as he could. He fastened down the windows, against the doors he piled up tables, chairs, everything that was moveable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear, and caused him alarm. He placed his ear at the keyhole. The man of the house was engaged in prayer—family prayer. Among the objects of intercession he was praying for "the stranger whom the providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath their roof that night." When he had got through, our travelling friend arose from his stooping posture. Imagine the change in his feelings—all his fears had vanished. Though no Christian himself, he knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up; and he went to bed, and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house where God was feared and worshipped was *a safe house to sleep in.*

— — —

A SONS EFFORT TO COMFORT A DISTRESSED MOTHER

Why dost thou weep, fond mother?
  Thy daughter still survives,
She is fled from sin and sorrow,
  And with the Saviour lives.
A spotless robe she weareth,
  That knoweth no decay,
And in her hand she beareth
  A palm of victory.

Why dost thou weep, fond mother?
Why thus in anguish mourn?
Thy daughter thou must follow,
But she can ne'er return.
Her soul that was immortal
Can never, never die,
'Tis passed the heavenly portal
That leads to joys on high.

Why dost thou weep, fond mother,
While angel-bands rejoice?
Midst saints in heaven she singeth,
With a melodious voice.
Why wouldst thou wish to have her
Back from her holy rest?
She is happy now for ever,
Leaning on Jesus' breast.

Dry up those tears of sorrow,
And weep not thou in vain,
Before the coming morrow
You both may meet again.
Thy soul may be required—
This night the call may come;
Then, oh, be thou prepared
To meet in heaven—her home!

Hermitage J. D.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

George G. was a fine fellow. He never quarrelled with his companions, and was faithful to the man with whom he lived; but, as is often the case with other boys, he fell in company with Sabbath-breakers, who led him astray. One Sabbath in autumn, after the pond became frozen, he, with some others, spent most of the day in skating. He came in about four o'clock, ate his food in haste, then left the house, and in twenty minutes the cry was heard, "George is in the pond!"

Every exertion was made to rescue him, but before he was taken out he was dead. God had called him to give up his account of his day's work; and the great question with him has long been settled. Children, never consent to violate the Sabbath, either in the house of God or out of it. Perhaps your next Sabbath may be the last.

I distinctly recollect two cases of young persons who behaved lightly and rudely in the house of God, on the last Sabbath they were able to be there. The next time they were there their bodies were in their coffins, and their souls had gone to their last account.

When I see one in the habit of such trifling, I expect I shall hear something worse of him; and it very often turns out as I expected.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES HYMNS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

Dear Friend,—In one of the periodicals, some little time since, the subject of children's hymns was noticed, and regret expressed that they should not be more frequently taught hymns, which in after-life would be cherished as yielding spiritual food. It is quite true that the hymn learned in childhood is retained in the memory much better than that which is learned in after-life Therefore, the matter with which the child's memory is filled is of the utmost consequence. It is, therefore, a subject of regret that "Dr Watts's Divine Songs for Children' should be so little in use now; fifty years ago, they were the only children's hymns (or nearly so), and in consequence were invariably found a standard book in the nursery of every Christian family. But now it is a very different thing: since that time there have been so many writers who have written hymns for the young, and many of them most beautifully adapted to the infant mind, that "Watts's Hymns for Children" have been almost laid aside; and yet they contain the deepest Gospel truth, in the plainest and the most simple form. They were my delight in childhood, and they are equally so now in maturer years; and I am just returned from the sick room of an aged

believer who recalls them to mind with a holy pleasure, as her feeble lips repeat—

"Blest be the Lord who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood,
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God."

I should be very glad if they were more constantly used. I think there would then be no reason for the regret which the writer of the article referred to has expressed.

Believe me, yours truly,

A FRIEND TO CHILDHOOD.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE SYMPATHISING FRIEND.

TAKE all your smallest sorrows, your least cares, your trifling annoyances, to God; the friend who can and will sympathise in these will soon become your choicest friend.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

The season of heaven is an eternal summer, unsucceeded by winter; that of hell is an eternal winter, unsucceeded by summer. Endless light, unsucceeded by darkness, is the *day* of heaven; endless darkness, unsucceeded by the dawn of morn, is the *night* of hell. Eternal mid-day is the *hour* of heaven—its sun never declines; eternal midnight is the hour of hell.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Real Happiness. By MRS. TRICK. London: Simpkin and Co.

An interesting and useful tale.

Parental Tears Wiped. By the REV. J. H. HUGHES. Hartlepool: West. Liverpool: Marples.

Consolatory and beautiful thoughts for all whose friends "sleep in Jesus."

TREASURES THAT ARE FRAIL AND FADING, YET NEVER DIE.—No. III.

We should always bear in mind, in the early training of our children, that they are to exert an influence on all around them as they advance in life. As they are not to exist in a state of solitude, they are endowed with a disposition to mingle with other beings, and to them they will impart more or less of their own character—that very character which the mother moulds in the spring-time of life. No man lives for himself alone; as he is bound to society by various ties, so every relation that he sustains is a channel of influence for good or evil that is operating constantly upon his fellow-men. It is a most serious thought, that the infant in your arms, if it live but a few years, will be an active member of society, and will not only be himself forming a character for eternity, but will be exercising an influence that will tell on the destinies of other minds through the whole period of their existence. If this is really true, how important that a mother, *every* mother, should feel her great *responsibility* and *accountability*, and the want of that divine wisdom which she so greatly needs in training the immortal beings committed to her care, not only for this short life, but in reference to its whole existence.

Admit, for a moment, that this life were the only life we have to live—that when our children die, whether earlier or later, they pass into a state of utter and eternal unconsciousness—and then look around you and see how many children are educated precisely in accommodation to such a state of things. What say you of that mother who watches carefully the first developments of intellect in her child with a view to begin its education *for this life only*, who, if she believes its *immortality*, does not think it necessary to communicate to it so gloomy a truth—as she deems it? Who, in fact, thinks of it and behaves towards

it in all respects as if it were the creature of a day? *Madness* is in the heart of that mother who ventures upon such a course as this, and she has nothing to expect but that the blood of the souls of her children will testify against her at the day of judgment.

The mother may forget it, but the fact still remains—that her child is born for *immortality*. If you fulfil the duty of a Christian mother your maternal labours, from the very beginning, will have a bearing upon eternity. You will communicate to him the amazing fact that his spirit is to exist as long as God exists; that death is only an incident in his existence, not the termination of it; and here on earth his character is to be formed with reference to a future unchanging scene of retribution.

You must bear in mind, mother, that your child has a corrupt nature, and that, as his faculties unfold, his sinful propensities will inevitably develope themselves; and that unless that nature be renewed by the Spirit of God, your child can never inherit the kingdom of heaven. But you may bear in mind, too, that that very course which will really most subserve his eternal interests, will also most promote his temporal interests; for if godliness has the promise of the life which is to come, it is also profitable for the life that *now is*. Educate them on any *other* principle, and you neither secure their happiness here nor hereafter. Educate them with a view to this life only, and they are not fit to act their part well even here, for they must be governed by loftier motives than this world can furnish; but if you educate them for eternity, you make the best provision for both worlds at once, and in both worlds you will receive their blessing.

We were conversing with a missionary one day, and congratulating him on the early conversion of so many of his children, and we asked him of their mother. "Ah!" he said, "there was the secret; the mother's influence in each case must be told; the last who became

pious was only between six and seven years of age when her mother died, but to her counsels and prayers may be traced all the good that is seen in her daughter." Thus was this faithful mother the means of the salvation of her child; and although her sun went down while it was yet day, and a careless looker-on might have said her labour had been in vain, God has pronounced the blessing.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"YOUR next-door neighbour looks ill, Mrs. Pott," said the tract distributor to the inhabitant of the second cottage of two, which, in spite of age, looked as if they *might* be the abodes of peace and love. The woman looked down, and did not reply until the remark was repeated, with an additional inquiry as to the probable cause. "Come in, ma'am, the wind is cold," said Mrs. Pott; and then, carefully shutting the door, she continued, "I don't like telling it, but they quarrel every night. He comes home drunk—she aggravates him—and last night we thought she would have been killed." "He beat her, did he?" "Does so, constantly, and he threatened to kill me, too, and so my husband won't let me interfere; but as I sit here it makes me tremble. Dear lady, do try to do them good, for he will be the death of her." "Poor Hannah, she has sown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind, but I will try," replied the visitor.

Hannah Cotton was an orphan girl, and had found a kind mistress and a good place in the village where the above conversation took place. Her pretty face attracted the notice of an idle young fellow, who, being of superior appearance and manners, persuaded her to leave her place to be married. Being out of employment, he borrowed her savings to buy a suit of clothes and the wedding dinner. She left her situation and went to her only home

with a brother-in-law. The day came, but no lover; and Hannah learnt with agony of heart that he had decamped, and no one knew whither.

Wecks passed away, and her relation refused any longer to give her shelter. The unhappy girl, houseless and homeless, wandered to the village where she had lived, and to which her artless betrayer had returned. With tears, she begged him to marry her, and he consented and took her to his mother's cottage. A week or two of quiet followed, and as he had obtained good employment in a neighbouring town, they might have been happy. But John loved gay companions, and came home tipsy. Hannah scolded and raved at night, and cried by day, so her house was dirty and forlorn, and less money came to her every week; till, just before her first confinement, she found herself without bare necessaries—ill and hopeless—constantly lamenting her obstinate, wilful opposition to good advice, and dreading his step at night as the signal of violence and misery. Such was the interior of the white cottage when our story begins.

CARE FOR THE OUTCAST.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

On the steps of a large house, a pale, delicate young woman, neatly dressed, was seen resting with an infant on her lap—her countenance betokened recent illness and present anxiety. The lovely infant was nicely dressed, but was crying, as if in great suffering; its cries attracted to the bow-window of the house the mother of the family, who ran to open the door, and to ask the cause of the nurse resting with her charge, and of the babe's cries. "I do not know, ma'am, what is the cause of the dear babe's crying, but I was so faint, I was obliged to rest on your steps; I hope you will pardon

me." "Pardon! to be sure I will; bring the dear child inside; where does your mistress live? come in, come inside."

The young woman attempted to rise, but her strength failed, and she sank back almost fainting. "Oh dear, dear!" exclaimed the kind lady, taking the babe in her arms, and helping the young nurse to arise; "pray come in by the fire, my servant shall take the baby home for you."

Soon the exhausted young woman was seated in an easy chair by the fire, while Mrs. Angus examined all the pins and strings on the infant. "I wonder your mistress allowed you to take out the dear child, this morning," said Mrs. Angus. "I am sure you are too weak to be a nurse; how long have you been ill?" "Some months now, ma'am," said the young woman, in a faltering voice. "Dear me, I wonder you remain in your place as nurse;" then turning to the infant, and rubbing its tiny limbs, she asked, "How old is it? and where does your mistress live?" "Baby is four months old, ma'am," the pale one replied; and added, in a trembling voice and blanched cheek, "I have no mistress, ma'am." "No mistress!" exclaimed Mrs. Angus, "dear me, whose babe is it then?" The young woman burst into a flood of tears, saying, "Oh, ma'am, do not frown upon me—I am its unfortunate mother."

Mrs. Angus looked at the trembling young creature in astonishment; then at the superior dress of the infant, as if to ask the history of the pair. The young woman understood the look, and amidst her tears she said, "Ma'am, I am guilty, and not worthy to sit here a moment. I am, indeed, a wretched, miserable creature; I fell in an evil day under the power of temptation; my betrayer is superior in rank to me, but society brands him with no mark of infamy—no, this is fallen woman's lot! He cares for the helpless infant, and by the hand of

his sister he sends enough to supply it with food, and the raiment she makes for it. He says he will care for it when I am gone, but this I must try to leave; my desire is, that it may be left with my mother, and trained up in the right way."

It was not in the heart of woman to crush this falling creature, and while a tear fell on the dress of the babe, Mrs. Angus asked, "Is your mother a pious woman?" "Yes, ma'am, but she was not always so; not when I was young, or I should have been in different circumstances." "Your case is a sad one, indeed, young woman, but you do not seem to glory in your shame, so I hope you are seeking pardon from your offended Maker." "Oh, ma'am, that is my trouble; if I thought there *could* be mercy for such a worthless being as I am, how gladly would I hide my dishonoured head in the grave! No, no," she continued, in tremulous accents, "I do not, indeed, glory in my shame. Oh, ma'am, I shudder while I hear the daring words of some who like myself have fallen, and I wonder how it is that in this land so few are found to say a word to them, which shall incline them to forsake their evil ways, and seek pardon; and even the nurse who attended me in my trouble, laughed at me for being cast down, and made fun of my misery. No one can tell what I have suffered; I know too well the consequences of sin; I learned this in the Sabbath school from a dear young lady. Ma'am, you are the first who has spoken kindly to me, except my poor mother; every one else either laughs at me, or speaks in a way that crushes the heart that is well-nigh broken."

"What school did you attend?" inquired Mrs. Angus. "At C——, ma'am; my mother is only just come to this place to live; my teacher was Miss Roden." "Dear me," said Mrs. Angus; "is it possible you are Mary Jones?" "I am, ma'am; have you heard of me?" "I have; Miss Roden is my sister; she has told me the tale

of your fall." "Oh, ma'am, then I hope you will have pity upon me, and help me to understand the way of mercy as she does, for I can hardly find one passage of Scripture where I can get any comfort." A flood of tears prevented the continuance of her speech for some time; she then added, "I hate my sin, and only hope I may be washed in that precious blood before I die, for I feel I must soon appear before a holy God. May I find mercy, as Mary did" "Do you reside with your mother?" "Yes, ma'am, but I shall not need any earthly home long; the doctor says I am in a consumption, and I feel he is right." When Mary Jones left Mrs. Angus, that lady promised to visit the poor penitent at her mother's house.

Mothers! there is a great fault somewhere, or why is it that so many young women talk unblushingly of their degradation and shame; almost declaring that sin an honour which the Scriptures declare shall, unrepented of, exclude those who are guilty of it from the kingdom of heaven Yet are there some cases like the one before us, where a Christian mother's sympathy and instruction may lead the weeping wanderer to the cross for mercy and comfort Yes, there are many among those fallen ones who would weep tears of joy at the warm pressure of a friendly hand. Do you ever feel for the forsaken and the outcast? Begin NOW; they are perishing around us, and some of them are saying, as they pass into the dark valley, "No Christian woman ever cared for my soul" Make haste to the rescue—to-morrow it may be too late.

CHRISTIAN WOMAN, SPEAK TO THAT FALLEN ONE

FADING so rapidly,
  From her heart's care,
Bright eyes so glassily
  Anxious with fear

Weeping so bitterly
 O'er her lost state;
Say to her fervently,
 'Tis not too late.

Speak to her lovingly,
 Ere her young head
Passes dishonouredly
 Down to the dead,

Asking imploringly,
 May I find rest?
Shut in eternally,
 Up with the blest.

Christ condescendingly
 Once sat at meat;
Mary most lovingly
 Bathed His soiled feet

Simon pharisaically
 Spoke of her sin·
Jesus most searchingly
 Reasoned with him.

Tell her, most certainly
 Jesus hears prayer,
Beg her most tenderly
 Not to despair

THE POOR IDIOT AND THE PLEASURE-LOVING MOTHER.

PAGE OF A VISITOR AMONG THE POOR.

I WAS one day accosted by a clean-looking woman, who respectfully begged I would visit her, as she needed instruction. Entering her dwelling the following day, I observed cleanliness and order prevailing; although every article of furniture was humble, there was no indication of poverty or want. It was by no means difficult to introduce the subject of religion, for her heart had

evidently been opened to a reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. All she desired was scriptural instruction. I first secured her attention to our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus respecting the new birth, after which she said, "Blessed be God, I have experienced that change myself." Having seldom seen such an ardent desire for spiritual conversation, I begged her to give me an outline of the Lord's dealings with her, which she did as follows:—

"From the day of our marriage we were hard-working people, and having a large family, taught our children to be very industrious. We never cared to mix with our neighbours, but used every means in our power to prevent the children from having anything to do with those by whom they were surrounded. The best way to avoid it, I considered, was to take them out of it every Sunday. For that purpose I frequently sat up three nights in the week, after washing all day, to make their clothes clean and smart, that they might appear very respectable. I feel ashamed to tell a stranger that this was our practice for many years, nor had we a care for our children beyond it.

"One Sunday afternoon we walked to the end of the tea-garden, according to our custom, admiring the fruit and flowers, when my attention was arrested by an idiot boy, who was looking upward so happy, as if attempting to sing, with a book in his hand, which appeared dirty from constant use. My surprise was such that I asked his father what he was doing? 'Oh,' said the man, 'he is only talking to his blessed Jesus, as he calls him. The book in his hand is a Testament, which he is always reading. Poor boy, it seems to amuse him, and prevents his getting into mischief.'

"Having received this account from the father, I shall not easily forget the shock which passed through me, to think I had induced my husband and children to

break so many Sabbaths, utterly regardless of what the Saviour had done and suffered for my soul, while it was the delight of that poor idiot to retire to a lonely spot of his father's garden to enjoy communion with his blessed Jesus. Oh! I cannot tell you the horror with which I viewed my past life; I feared to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. On the next Sunday, I begged my husband to take the children to some place of worship. He promised to do anything if I would cheer up for he had never seen me so miserable before. My mind, however, became more wretched—I could neither sleep nor work. At length my husband persuaded me to go to hear a minister who was a plain-speaking man, who would no doubt say something to comfort me I went; but then I wanted to make my sorrow known to the minister. I could not pray myself, and therefore wanted him to do it for me. After many attempts, I went to him. Never shall I forget the time, for the gentleman seemed to me like an angel. He talked, read, and prayed so sweetly with me, that after a few interviews I forgot my great burden, a sense of pardon was felt, and peace restored. From that time to the present it has been my happiness to love and serve the Lord; that is why I earnestly begged you to visit me, for I feel much love to all who love the Lord'

AUNT MARY.—No. III.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

BEFORE little Lizzie was laid in the tomb, Ebby was prostrate in the same fever. The unselfish and untiring Aunt Mary was anxious to remain by him, to relieve her heart-broken sister; but such a storm arose, when Ebby

saw her take her station by his side, as is seldom seen, save in the sick room of a ruined child. "Go away—go away," he cried, at the top of his voice, "I won't take any medicine—no, I won't, mother. Mother, I say, come here—send her away—send her away—oh! oh! oh!" "Ebby, dear," said the gentle aunt, "I want to talk with you—if you rave so dreadfully you will soon be very ill, and make your poor mother ill also." "Go away—go away, I say," was the only reply she could get.

At length Mrs. Neale said, in a low voice, "Pray, my dear Mary, do go behind the curtain; he will make himself very ill, and it is time he took his medicine." The quick ear of the sick boy caught the sound, and he replied, "No, she shan't go behind the curtain, nor I won't take any medicine neither." "But, my boy," expostulated the mother, "if you do not take the medicine you will perhaps die." The words seemed to choke her, as she uttered them, and she sank into a chair near the bed. "I don't care, I won't take it," repeated the self-willed boy.

The mother entreated him with tears, for her sake, to take the medicine, but no—the spoiled boy had never been taught to obey, and he would not commence now—not he, indeed! While he had the power to resist he did so, but disease increased rapidly, and he was soon too prostrate to move or speak, and for a long time he seemed at the very gate of the grave. He was now wholly given up to the care of Aunt Mary, for delirium prevented him from recognising the kind face that beamed so lovingly upon him, or the gentle hand that smoothed his pillow, and conveyed to his lips the hourly draught. The father of the family was now smitten down, and the mother's undivided attention was needed by him. At length a lucid interval occurred to the sick boy; he looked around anxiously, asking, in a whisper,

"Where am I?—where have I been?—who told me about dying?"

Aunt Mary was ready, in her own wise and gentle way, to speak words of instruction and comfort to the young sufferer. "Ah!" he said, when she ceased, "and was Lizzie there just now telling me to be good?" Then, seeming to recollect himself, he added, "Oh no, how foolish—poor Lizzie is in heaven—I was dreaming." He listened now to all Aunt Mary said to him with a subduedness of spirit unusual with him, and did not ask for his mother for several hours. When he did, Aunt Mary told him of his father's illness, and reminded him that afflictions and death, as well as joy and happiness, come from the great and good God, who expects us to submit to His will, and that when our afflictions have accomplished their mission, He can easily command them to depart. Aunt Mary then repeated her favourite text, when she saw young Ebby, contrary to all her fears, gentle and obedient,—"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind,"—and thanked her heavenly Father for keeping within bounds the wild, uncontrollable spirit of her young patient.

Day and night did the kind and loving Aunt Mary watch and pray by her nephew, and with gentle words and kind ways she soothed the prostrate boy, leading his young heart to heavenly things, as he was able to bear it, constantly asking wisdom from on high, to aid her in her difficult work. All were surprised at the power the good aunt possessed to sooth and hush to rest the spirit of the turbulent boy. She would sometimes ask, "What should we do, if Ebby were not altered while sickness and death seem to reign around?" adding, in her own quiet manner, "this is the will of our heavenly Father,—'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.'"

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

It was at the calm hour of twilight, which invites to serious contemplation, that a youthful mother sat in thoughtful silence by the cheerful fire of her retired and happy home. Cradled in her arms was the cherished form of her first-born babe. For awhile the mother gazed upon her sleeping infant with an expression of fond intenseness, and countenance "as mild as mercy looking on repentance' tear;" at length a shade seemed as it were to pass across her features, and then a tear found its way to her eyelids, where it trembled but a moment, and then fell on the soft cheek of her unconscious babe, where it shone like the dew-drop that glistens on the vermeil tints of the rose-leaf.

What thoughts were those which, passing through the mother's mind, called forth that briny drop to testify that the deep fountain of feeling had been stirred? Her soul was filled with visions of the future; and those visions were not all bright. As she looked upon the helpless form now so gently slumbering on her bosom, she thought how soon that tender bud, which love so fondly nourished, must be transplanted to the world's cold soil. That lovely face, where so often now played the sunny smiles of infancy, she thought might soon be saddened, and though each lineament now bore the impress of spotless innocence, yet well she knew that *sin* could mar its beauty, and she sighed to think that her loved one should ever be less lovely or less pure than now. And should the Master say, "Give me thy jewel, that it may sparkle in my crown," oh! *could* she say, "He doeth all things well?" These were the feelings of that mother's heart which touched the hidden springs of tenderness, and woke the stainless drop that laved her infant's cheek.

But that tear had not had time to dry—it still glistened where it fell—when on the mother's features

shone a calm and holy smile, which told of peace within. It was a gleam of light from heaven that had dispersed the gloom and left its chastened radiance on her brow. She had raised her tearful glance to Him whose watchful care is over all below, and who loves to shield His tender lambs from harm. She thought that should the cherished plant, now so closely rooted to her heart, be thence removed, it would only be that it might shed its sweets in heaven; and should it live to shed its fragrance on her pathway, she knew that upon its gentle head the dews of heavenly love would be distilled. She had sighed to think that the parent stem to which it now so fondly grew might be removed; but then she heard the voice which said, "Leave thy little ones with me, and I will not forsake them." So she took her little, cherished lamb, and with confiding love entrusted it to the tender Shepherd's care. Then her soul again was calm, and heavenly peace and joy illuminated her features. Such power has *faith*, it lifts the soul above the confines of this narrow world, till it drinks in the pure calm bliss of heaven. And as the morning sunbeam disperses the remaining shades of darkness, and from the moist and drooping flowers drinks off the early dew, even so do the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness dissipate the clouds of gloom, chase away the tears of sorrow, and scatter light and gladness about the path which leads the Christian to his cloudless home—his mansion in the skies.

Christian mothers! to whose guardian care has been entrusted those precious plants so closely entwined about your hearts, and whose daily unfoldings fill your eyes with grateful tears, if ye indeed are carefully training those plants for a happy immortality, and upon all your efforts invoking the dews of Divine grace, think not your pious care in vain. The promise may tarry, but the fruit of your faithful labours you yet shall see maturing in the skies.

E.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT

I heard the angels singing,
As they went up through the sky,
An infant's spirit bringing
To its Father's house on high.
"Happy thou, so soon ascended,
With thy shining raiment on!
Happy thou whose race is ended,
With a crown so quickly won!

"Hushed is now thy lamentation,
And the first words to thee given
Will be words of adoration,
In the blessed speech of Heaven
For the blood thou mightst have slighted,
Has now made thee pure within
And the evil seed is blighted,
That had ripened into sin.

"We will lead thee by a river,
Where the flowers are blooming fair,
We will sing to thee for ever,
For no night will darken there
Thou shalt walk in robes of glory,
Thou shalt wear a golden crown,
Thou shalt sing redemption's story
With the saints around the throne

"Thou wilt see that better country,
Where a tear-drop never fell:
Where a foe made never entry,
And a friend said ne'er 'farewell'
Where upon the radiant faces,
That will shine on thee alway,
Thou wilt never see the traces
Of estrangement or decay

"Thee we bear, a lily-blossom,
To a summer clime above,
There to lay thee in a bosom
Warm with more than mother's love.

Happy thou, so timely gathered
From a region cold and bare,
To bloom on, a flower unwithered,
Feeding on ambrosial air.'

Through the night that dragged so slowly,
Rachel watched beside a bed;
Weeping wildly, kneeling lowly,
She would not be comforted.
To her lost one she was clinging,
Raining tears upon a shroud,
She could hear no angel singing,
See no brightness through the cloud.

TWO KINDS OF RICHES.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother. He looked long at the fire and was silent. When the deep thought passed away, his eye grew bright as he spoke: "Mother, I wish I was rich." "Why do you wish you were rich, my son?" The child said, "Because every one praises the rich, every one inquires for them. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not learn; he takes no pains to say his lessons well. Sometimes he speaks evil words; but the children don't blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy.

The mother thought the child in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness as an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honour who led unworthy lives; so she asked him, "What is it to be rich?" He answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me." "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you become a man."

The boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not some other way of becoming rich that I may begin now?" She answered, "The gain of money is not the only nor

the true wealth Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds may sweep it away, the moth may eat it, rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are worried with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince on earth goeth forth, like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment. Those who possess it are always praised by men, but do they receive the praise of God?" "Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches, or must I wait till I am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find." And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before God." Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down, every night and morning, and ask that you may love the dear Saviour and trust in Him; obey His word, and strive all the days of your life to be good to all; so, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven."

AN INTERESTING AND ENCOURAGING LETTER AND PAPER.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend"

MADAM,—I humbly beg your pardon for intruding upon your valuable time, but I have felt great interest in the *Mothers' Friend* for some time. A kind and benevolent lady having lent it to ten poor persons, me among the number, for the four past years, I have often thought it seemed most especially adapted for poor wives and mothers, and wished that all could see it and profit by its kind and useful pages. I am myself the wife of a day-labourer, and the mother of three small children, and I can truly say that I have found the perusal of it both profitable and pleasant I have sometimes thought, as I took up your cherished little magazine from time to time, that I could furnish a piece now and then, from my own experience, that

might be useful to some of your readers; and after imploring Divine assistance, I wrote the accompanying paper. Should you think it worth insertion, and wish me to write again, please to signify it on the cover of the number in which it appears; also, if you wish for my address, which I will forward to you, although I must beg you to keep it secret, as many might think it too presuming in me to set up teacher to my betters. If you decide that I am incapable of doing good in this way, I will still give you my earnest prayers and best wishes for the success of your valuable little book. I hope you will excuse anything you may think rude or intruding in this note, or the paper enclosed for your inspection; and allow me to sign myself, as your humble and obedient servant,

A LABOURER'S WIFE.

A WORD TO SERVANTS.

I often think that if those who are now in service, who, as you may say in a temporal way, want for nothing, could foresee how much care and management it will require, should they become the wife of a labouring man and the mother of a family, how very careful it would make them, now they live in the land of plenty, never to waste anything that in after-life they might be glad of. They little think how many contrivances they would have to make, to provide food and clothing, to pay the rent, and to keep out of debt. Be careful now, never throw a piece of new material away as large as your hand, nor yet thrust it into your rag-bag but keep a bag for all such pieces, and if you never want them, you can give them to some poor person who has a family to patch and mend for, and who will feel thankful for such a treasure

You need not mind being thought old maidish, or screwing, as some silly girls are apt to term any attention to trifling matters, but take for your example the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, who, after he had most bountifully supplied the great multitude of five thousand, did not think it beneath Him to tell his disciples to gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost. At the same time that I would advise you to throw away nothing that could be of any service to you or others, I would just give a word of caution, never to let the love of hoarding and saving ever tempt you to make use of anything, no matter how trifling, that belongs to your employers, and that you would not like them to see Ill-gotten gains never prosper or

profit in the end, and you cannot be too careful of the first temptation to take for your own what does not belong to you, however insignificant it may seem: but remember the lines —although they may appear childish, they are none the less true—

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to steal a greater thing."

FROM A LABOURER'S WIFE.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.
No. XI.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

"THIS interesting youth," continued Mrs. Ormsby, "remained in a languishing condition for many months, sometimes thinking he should recover and be made useful to his fellow-creatures, at other times feeling that he should be laid in an early grave. One evening, about twilight, after passing the day much as usual, some vessels on the lungs gave way, and he began to expectorate blood to an alarming degree; but John was as peaceful and as calm as ever, feeling that all was well. When a friend who had been sent for entered the room, he was unable to speak, but lifting his bright eye first upon her, and then casting it down upon the crimson tide which was fast flowing, he seemed to say, 'All is over now; I am going to heaven.' And so it proved. His hours were numbered; only a few more, and he would note time no longer.

"When he had a little recovered, and reclining for a few moments, his beloved father entered, and seated himself opposite to the couch, a silent but mournful spectator of the touching scene. The dying boy fixed his beautiful eyes upon his parent, and several times seemed to nerve himself to say something to him which was pressing on his heart, but the effort was vain. The thoughts, heart-stirring as they might have been, are buried with him in his grave—he could not give them utterance. As soon as

possible he was taken in a chair to his bed-room, his kind medical man assisting to carry the precious burden, which angels were soon to bear on their wings to the throne of the Eternal. His mother and a friend undressed him and placed him in the bed from which he was never again to rise.

"The flow of blood continued for two days, during which he could talk but very little, and the only anxiety he seemed to feel related to his beloved mother. As she passed round his bed from time to time, his eyes followed her; and it was evident that he longed to speak some word of comfort to her, but his feelings were too deep for utterance; and as the tears filled his eyes, he appeared to lift his heart to heaven in prayer, but the most he could say to that beloved mother, to whom he was about to bid a long farewell, was, 'Do take some rest, mother; or, 'mother, do not cry.'"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE BEST INTERPRETER

Love is the quickest and best of all interpreters; he who loves Jesus best, will best discern and know His will.

MOMENTS.

Let us have very much care for our moments, since some moment must land us in eternity; and no moment is so short as to be entirely free from responsibility.

Time flies, flowers fade, the body dies; character alone is immortal.

In the heraldry of heaven, goodness precedes greatness.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Christian Lady's Magazine. London: Partridge & Co.

This number still keeps up the high character we have before given to this interesting magazine.

The Young Men's Magazine.—"It is Written." London: The Book Society.

Two little periodicals likely to be useful.

AUNT MARY.—No. IV.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

Before young Ebby was sufficiently recovered to leave his sick chamber he was a fatherless boy. Poor Mr Neale had been called to appear in the presence of God, deploring, as he passed away from earth, his mismanagement of his only son, and his neglect of duties that the Bible enjoined upon him.

The widowed mother was overwhelmed by this threefold sorrow, and for many weeks she languished on a bed of suffering. Aunt Mary was now the stay of the whole house—the comforter and guide, the nurse and mistress. "Oh Mary!" Mrs. Neale would exclaim, when she was recovering, "what shall I do with Ebby, now his poor father is gone? If he returns to his wild, mad ways, which I fear he will, he will kill me. His dreadful disobedience and selfish temper will make everybody miserable, as well as himself."

"My dear sister," Aunt Mary replied, in her winning way, "try to look away for comfort to Him who alone can cheer the widowed heart, and guide you into the path of peace Nothing is impossible to Him who hushed the raging billows into a calm by three words—'Peace, be still'"

"Ah, Mary, if I were like you, I might be happy; but I feel I have neglected everything I ought to have attended to, and have lived only for earth; badly, indeed, even for this, for I have ruined my boy, and caused my dear little girls to feel that I am a very partial, unwise mother"

"Well, Hannah, I admit all this, but the first step to amendment is, to feel we have done wrong. Our heavenly Father is more willing to listen to our repenting sorrows and pardon us, than we are to go to Him for the mercy

we all need; and He is so kind that he has given promises to the widow that none else can claim. He knoweth our frame, and every sorrow that we experience. I always think that is such a beautiful passage in the Old Testament. Listen! I will read it:—'If ye afflict any widow, or fatherless child, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.'

"Thus, you see, dear Hannah," continued the kind aunt, "while God chastens, He still gives comfort, and will appear for those who 'cry' to Him in trouble. 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.' And then, again, you are not left in poverty and want, to mourn not only the loss of a dear, kind husband, but home and comfort also. Only look at poor Mrs. Norton. When her excellent husband died, she had to leave the pretty parsonage, where she had spent ten happy years, and go forth into the world with six fatherless little ones, not knowing where to find shelter; but you have all you need to keep you from worldly anxiety. Ah, depend upon it, Hannah dear, our sorrows might always be worse than they are. We can see many mercies left to us in the midst of the greatest earthly losses, if we only look for them. And then, as to Ebby," continued the good Aunt Mary, "I trust he may yet be a comfort to you, for, during his long illness, I have had many opportunities to lead his young heart to the Saviour; and I do not think he is really a bad boy, only, unfortunately, his early training—or rather, I should say, his *lack* of training—has made him a little household tyrant; but let us hope for brighter days. There is still light in the cloud. Our heavenly Father always 'stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind,' and setteth one thing against another."

"Oh! Mary, do help me to seek comfort, and wisdom, and peace, from the source from whence you derive so very much happiness."

GUIDE THEM, MOTHER, WHILE YOU MAY

Mother! watch the little feet
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed, and hall
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind if time it cost,
  Little feet will go astray,
  Guide them, mother, while you may

Mother! watch the little hand,
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
  These same little hands may prove
  Bearers of God's truth and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
  Prattling eloquent and mild,
What is said, and what is sung,
  By the happy joyous child,
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken,
  This same tongue may yet proclaim
  Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
  Beating soft and warm for you,
Wholesome lessons now impart,
  Keep, oh! keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and wholesome seed,
  Harvest rich you then may see,
  Ripening for eternity

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED AT BRIGHTON, BY DR. PETTIGREW.

. . . . . Taking the first period of life, that of infancy, it was observed that some physicians had said a child only came into the world to eat, to sleep, and to

cry. But it is not natural for a child to cry There must be something—a sly pin, or a derangement of the stomach—to cause it to cry. The best-tempered child is the healthiest child, but its future temper will depend much upon its training,—that is, as a general rule, very indifferent. The first thing usually done to an infant is to put a cap on its head: about the worst thing possible, inasmuch as it will tease and irritate, and will keep the head hot—that being just the part that should be kept cool. The rest of the child's clothes are usually as ridiculous. It is the custom to put it into clothes longer than itself, "just," as nurse says, "to keep its little toddles warm." The heat and weight of such clothes would make any child fretful; and then, as if this was not enough, the poor thing is often tightly swathed round the waist to prevent respiration, and interfere with the proper working of that important piece of mechanism, the human spine.

Well, then, when the child grows to be a few months old, the other extreme is resorted to. All the long clothes are cut away, and the child's neck, arms, and legs exposed to the inclemency of this climate. It is done with the idea of making the child hardy—a grand mistake! By leaving the extremities exposed the child's heart has about three times the work it should have in keeping up the circulation and vital warmth. The mottled state of the arms and legs, often pointed to as an indication of hardiness, only shows that the circulation is irregular, and not unfrequently does this absurd style of dress lay the foundation of disease of the heart.

Clothes should be warm, light, and loose; flannel should be worn next the skin, and linen specially avoided as being the worst radiator, and a good conductor—just the reverse of what is desirable in clothing. Calico is also bad, silk better; but it conveys away the electricity, and is, therefore, objectionable. The flannel should be

of a light kind, such as is worn in India, where life could not be maintained without it. The covering of the head should be light and loose throughout life. Hats are the cause of baldness.

There is a prevalent notion that a child is hardened by being taken out of bed and plunged into cold water. A strong child might overcome the shock, and benefit by the re-action, but a sickly child would not do so, and this is often the proximate cause of inflammation and death. Feeding has very much to do with health. Most children are over-fed. Of course, the mother's milk is the best food. The lecturer regretted that the system of engaging wet nurses is much on the increase among the rich, because the nurse's own child generally fell a victim to neglect. It was sad to find that this evil had increased amazingly within the last five years. Did ladies reflect on what they were doing, when, for their own comfort, they became instrumental in the death of so many of these unhappy infants? Milk of all kinds might be given to infants, with proper dilutions and sweetened.

There is a general impression that sugar is a bad thing for children. That is a mistake. They require a certain amount of warmth, and sugar and all farinaceous foods produce increase of temperature. As to rotting the teeth that is all nonsense; the teeth are generally rotted by giving the child a great deal of bad food, and then a great deal of physic to relieve it. A child should have small quantities of food, given often.

A little more next month.

TREASURES THAT ARE FRAIL AND FADING, YET NEVER DIE.—No. IV.

How often are a mother's words and prayers remembered, when her persuasive tongue and warm heart are silent and cold in the grave! We are constantly meeting

with instances of this nature; and although it often happens that the mother does not see the blessing come down while a pilgrim below, she finds her children, whom she had tried to lead into the narrow way, among the redeemed at last.

A pious young man, in the full dress of a soldier, was conversing with some friends one day on his past life—and he will serve as one illustration to prove the truth of our proposition. He was asked to recount a little of his early history, and with much hesitation he commenced by referring to the days of his youth, when under the fostering care of pious parents—whose instruction and prayers—whose holy example and tears—which, he said, he had wickedly resisted—he alluded to with deep feeling. After a course of sin and folly, he said he had enlisted as a soldier. "Before I left my native land," he continued, "my father offered to buy me off, and my mother implored me not to leave her. 'O, my son!' said she, 'my only son!—my only child! do not break your mother's heart, and draw down the curse of God upon your own head.' I felt I loved them; gladly would I have remained at home, but for their religion; it was their religion, *not* them, I hated—and to get away from IT, I resolved to go away from them. Being an only child, it was too much for the already broken heart of my tender mother, and, praying for her unworthy child, she sank into the grave soon after my departure.

"When far off at sea, one day, on getting out some linen, a small Bible dropped out from the folds of a shirt. My mother, concerned for my salvation, had placed it there when she had put up my clothes. I felt mad with rage; snatched it up, ran on deck, and cast it overboard as far as I could throw it. When I joined my regiment, I threw off all restraints and sinned with a high hand—the number and nature of my sins make me tremble and blush when I think of them; I regarded not future

consequences, and nothing but grace abounding to the chief of sinners could have reached my case. I was engaged one day with my companions, in our usual profane manner, when the sound of distant sacred singing broke upon my ear. My attention was arrested; I stood still and listened, and thoughts, altogether different from any which had heretofore occupied my mind, laid hold upon me—tears ran from my eyes. Home stood before me—my *father's* and my MOTHER'S prayers—the grief I had caused them—Sabbaths at home—family worship in my father's house—my heinous sins against God—all came crowding upon my remembrance until I shook and trembled in view of the wrath of God, to which I stood exposed, and which I thought had then overtaken me. My companions at first mocked at my distress, and then left me.

"I walked towards the place whence the sound of singing had proceeded, and I found a missionary preaching to a congregation of negroes. I laid down under a bush and heard the remaining part of the sermon, and heard also when they were to meet again. It would be impossible for me to describe how my nights and days were passed till the time returned. I had no Bible; nor was there in the regiment a man to whom I could apply for advice and instruction.

"At the time appointed I was again secreted behind my bush, but the sermon served only to call up to my mind fresh guilt. I had been a leader to the regiment in its follies and wickedness. Again and again my companions urged me to join them; some coaxed, others swore, many laughed, and all mocked me. I fearlessly made known to them the change which had taken place in my mind—what now were my views and feelings regarding the sins with which we were chargeable, and what would be the sad and everlasting consequences if we persisted in our wicked courses, and refused to repent and turn

to the Saviour. The whole barracks now rang with the tale of the enthusiast, as they called me; many said, he is mad; others, that one day some rum would cure me. Alas! they made a grand mistake."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.
. . . . If ye will be happy in marriage,
Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and holy."

We are always anxious for variety, and as we write for wives who do not bear the maternal relation, as well as those who are surrounded by interesting groups of little immortal beings, we like now and then to put in a word for them. Two or three papers before us, sent by dear friends, will help us to drop a few hints by the way: the first is headed—

THE QUARRELSOME COUPLE.

John and Mary Smith had been married some years; they professed to be Christians—nevertheless, their conduct was not such as would commend the Gospel to others; and at length their quarrels became quite a scandal to their neighbourhood, and a grief to their Christian friends. For a long time none had the courage to speak to them; the case was so bad, all were afraid to touch it. At length, a good man, whose heart was full of love, and who had often successfully settled difficult matters, was requested to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and try what could be done, for they had now declared they could not live in the same house any longer.

Choosing an hour when John was likely to be at home, the good man knocked at the door. John was sitting in one corner of the room, and Mary as far from him as

possible, both looking daggers at each other. "Good day to you both," said Mr. O., taking a chair and making himself as much at home as the circumstances seemed to permit. All were silent for a time. At length, Mr. O. suddenly turned to John, saying—"Well now, John Smith, I suppose you think you have the worst wife in the world?" "Indeed, I do," replied John, sulkily, "and I am sure of it, too!" "And you, Mary," continued Mr. O., turning to the wife, "I dare say you think you have the worst husband in the world?"—"Yes, Sir, that I think I have," said Mary, beginning to sob. "Well, then, you had better shake hands, for perhaps you are both right!" Then, taking Mary's hand, he drew her towards her husband; and taking his, made them shake hands. He then took up his hat and wished them "Good morning."

The reconciliation, thus hastily effected, was not so hastily broken. John's conscience told him he was a bad husband, and Mary's heart reproached her for being a bad wife. They sought and obtained mutual forgiveness, and by help from God they have since walked together in peace and mutual forbearance. Many a wife may think there is much to blame in her husband, and no doubt there is; but it will be well to try to find out how much blame is attached to herself That will dispose her to forgive him; and if she be a really Christian woman, she will ask help from Heaven to enable them both to bear and forbear—to pity and love, and seek the happiness of each other, as they intended to do when, as bride and bridegroom, they took possession of the same home. Nothing but death can sever the union. Ask every day for grace to perform home duties aright.

"The fondest and the happiest pair
Will find occasions to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

SOWING AND REAPING.—No. II.

A DAY or two passed without the tract lady, as she was called, being able to visit Hannah; but on reaching the gate, the kind neighbour met her to say that the night before John had, as usual, returned intoxicated, and, after a scene of brutal blows and outrage, Hannah was carried to bed insensible, and there lay between life and death. Not one word of reproach now came from her. She was past that; but she had poured a torrent on him the night before. By God's mercy she recovered, and a baby-boy was born of great beauty. In the spirit of Leah she said, "Now will my husband love me." As soon as her weakness allowed, the lady visited her, and gently led her to speak of her misery and its cause. Hannah frankly acknowledged her own rash and hasty reproofs provoked her husband.

"Now, Hannah," said her guest, "you must promise me that you will always have a neat and cheerful fireside in the evening; and if John comes in tipsy, don't say more than a remark about the weather, or a kind offer to help him off with his shoes, and have his supper ready. Be sure, if he speaks roughly, not to answer again, and get him to bed as soon as you can, taking care that his breakfast is ready for him to take the next morning. It will be hard work at first, but ask God to help you to win him into good ways. Is he fond of reading?" "Very fond, ma'am." "Well, Hannah, I will bring you some books, which you can show him, and perhaps he may take a fancy to read them. We will try our best, looking to God for help and success; and never fear that He will give both, if we ask in faith, and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord."

We will peep into the cottage a year after this, and kiss the new baby that is in a neat wicker cradle, watched by its mother, in her clean cotton gown and warm shawl.

"Well, Hannah, are you better?" "Yes, ma'am, and better in other ways. John will join your library, ma'am. He never comes home tipsy now, and seems so fond of his children; but he is very poorly—he can scarcely walk to his work, but says he must do it for my sake, and the little ones." "Does he attend any place of worship, Hannah?" "No, ma'am; that is to come. I must get him to that; but I work by degrees." "You found my plan of silence answered when he was drunk, Hannah?" "Oh! yes, dear lady: he never beat me again, and when I did not answer, he used to go up to bed, and was very sorry the next day."

More tidings of Hannah by-and-by.

PAGE FOR FATHERS.

Why is it that, nearly as a matter of course, we speak of mothers almost exclusively in regard to the work of infant instruction? Certain it is, to the mother belongs the earliest and therefore the most important part of Christian nurture; but it does not all belong to her, and her precious labours are powerfully reinforced by the aid of the pious father. There are families in which the children scarcely expect to hear a pious word from the father. The Sabbath evening is passed in the mother's apartment, where she helps them in their little lessons, joins them in their hymns, and suggests their youthful prayers; and when the other parent enters all is hushed. Great responsibility rests on the father as to the religious training of his household. The father has a superior measure of authority, and sometimes a higher cultivation and far more knowledge of the world. Over his sons, particularly, he exercises an influence which is formative, and almost absolute. Blessed are those children towards whom this trust is faithfully discharged. Happy is that father who, on entering in the evening,

gathers his little ones around his knee, enters into their little cares, and instils into their minds the sweet lessons of piety. Let Christian fathers snatch some moments every day for the performance of a duty which will thus be embalmed amidst the fragrant memories of their offspring.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—No. II.

"Mothers! and shall your children go
Into a world of sin and woe,
Without one single earnest prayer,
That Christ may guide them everywhere?
Nay, you cannot too earnest be
To fit them for eternity."

Amongst the varied scenes which shed a bright lustre over this sinful world, none appear more calculated to warm the heart of a genuine Christian than that of a mother bestowing her parting blessing on her son or daughter, previous to their leaving the parental roof to enter into life. As she stands with uplifted hands and eyes, her heart burning with holy and fervent piety, she invokes Heaven's best blessing on the child of her bosom, that the same grace which was sanctifying her soul may be vouchsafed to him.

It was as lovely a morning as ever shone out of heaven when Mrs. Selby stood at the garden-gate, watching her beloved son as he hastened down the hill to the neighbouring town, stretching itself along the valley, there to take the rail for a distant place. It was his first entrance into the world. Mrs. Selby had risen early, and, after commending herself, her husband and family, and especially him who that morning was about to leave the parental roof for the "wide, wide world," to Him who is ever watchful and kind, she hastened to prepare breakfast. The frugal repast being over, and family prayer

performed, whilst her husband helped to convey a trunk or two down to the station, she packed, in a small parcel, a few things for his comfort—not forgetting a neat Bible she had obtained, as the guide of his youth, and a testimony of the anxious thoughts she had for his salvation.

As he descended from his little chamber, she called him aside into the parlour, and, shutting the door, thus addressed him, her heart being full, and her eyes swimming in tears:—"My son, you are about to enter into the world; snares, temptations, and dangers will await you on every side. Lest you should fall, then, under their power, O keep near to Him whose strength is sufficient for every duty and difficulty. Take the word of truth, which you will find in this parcel, and make it your constant companion; and, with the Spirit of God to enlighten you, it will prove a 'lamp to your feet, and a light to your path.' Never turn your back on the sanctuary; it is there you will learn the infinite importance of religion. Seek the friendship of the good, and, above all, hold daily and hourly communion with God. And now may the God of Israel keep thee in all thy ways, and preserve thee in all thy goings. May He bless and prosper thee in all thy soul. May He never leave thee nor forsake thee, but may He plant His grace in thy heart, so that thou mayst serve Him faithfully here on earth, and enjoy Him hereafter in heaven. Go, my son, and may the Lord be with thee for ever."

And was that parting advice and blessing of no avail? Did it fall like the snow-flake on the hard and flinty rock? No, mothers; its soft and genial influence, like the dews of heaven, fell with fructifying effect on the heart. That blessing went with the lad. Its companionship was never lost. Years rolled away after it was uttered by that honoured woman of God, and now that young man is "adorning the doctrines of the Gospel in all things."

Mothers! see to it that you never let your children depart from beneath your roof without a blessing. Who can tell but that blessing may be the means of bringing them to Christ? OLD ANTHONY.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. XII.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

"AT one season of quiet," said Mrs. Ormond, "a friend observed to John, 'I trust your mind is at peace.' He replied, in a low voice, 'Yes; I am very comfortable.' 'What a mercy,' continued his friend, 'that you had sought and found the Saviour before this hour.' 'Yes; I have been thinking,' said he, 'how very foolish people are to leave religion till sickness comes on. Oh! it is, indeed, a mercy that I have found Christ.'

"Again and again he was asked, 'Are you still happy?' His replies were, 'Yes, very peaceful, comfortable, happy.' 'You are not afraid to die, dear John?' 'Oh, no, no! I have no fear.' 'You know you have a mansion prepared.' 'Yes; I do know there is. I am not afraid.' 'You enjoy a peace of mind the world cannot give you?' 'Yes; I am resting on Christ; this I can do.' 'Well, this Rock of Ages will support you. Never shall you sink on this resting place.' 'No; I know I never, never shall.'

"Violent bleeding now came on. His mother, who had retired to rest, was called to join those who stood around to see her precious boy depart, but she was not permitted to see the distressing scene. Her darling was unable to speak again. His eyes were fixed as if gazing on angels descending to bear him away in triumph to his home in the skies. Soon he lay in a stillness too profound for sleep. He had departed to be with Christ—one moment a sufferer here, the next a saint in glory.

"The beloved youth," continued Mrs. Ormond, "is now a bright spirit, reclining on his Father's bosom. He wears his white robe and his dazzling crown. He waves his palm of victory, and plays his golden harp, while from seraphim and cherubim he learns the notes of heaven. On earth he delighted in knowledge; now he has entered the school of Christ in Paradise, and the blessed Saviour is his teacher. His studies are the volumes of eternity, his heart is love, his soul is joy. On earth, while a dying sinner, he looked beautiful, with his placid brow and brilliant eye; but how lovely does he appear now, as with a crown of glory on his head he bends at the feet of Jesus! He has cast off mortality, and the immortal spirit is now in the presence of God, where is fulness of joy, and at His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

PRAISE.

It is Saturday evening—the little cares and domestic anxieties of another week are nearly closed—the dear little ones are peacefully slumbering above, and their mother, in the calm quiet, reads to herself from the 146th Psalm to the end of that beautiful book penned by the sweet singer of Israel. It is peculiarly striking to observe how much of praise is joined with the devotional feelings of the Psalmist. We find him praising God for everything, and from the loftiest object down to the meanest of God's creation is praise invited, not excluding the praise of a little child. As soon as its infant powers can give utterance to those sweet but simple lines—"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," &c.; "My God, who makes the sun to know," &c.—they praise him. Let us mothers endeavour to offer praise to the God of our little ones, lest they, by their genuine and simple language, rise up and condemn us.

How much good do we receive at the hands of our heavenly Father, in his kind care over us from Sabbath to Sabbath! During the week, domestic business-affairs engross much of our time; we are often called upon to leave our dear children in the care of others; or, it may be, some of them are about leaving us. How glad we feel, on returning, to find them safe from accident; this is matter for praise. Sometimes our heavenly Father puts upon them, or us, a slight or severe affliction; upon being restored, how much of praise becomes us! It is a great mercy to find their minds capable of comprehending all we say to them—and a sweet employment it is for the gentle mother to unfold the dawning ideas of her infant—how responsible for the channel into which its thoughts are directed. Mother, teach its little heart to praise the God who made it, for the common as well as the unusual mercies we are constantly receiving.

We must and do feel grateful for our excellent helper and co-worker, *The Mothers' Friend.* Its pleasant pages have oft-times cheered us in our difficulties, encouraged us to persevere, and materially assisted us in forming many useful plans. Then there is connected with this our Mothers' Meetings, which are, perhaps, the best of all our sacred enjoyments. We especially feel them to be a source of the greatest joy and comfort to our minds, from the kind sympathy felt by the beloved wife of our Pastor (who conducts that service); and when we unite with her in prayer we feel, more than at any other time, a sense of holy joy and praise.

Let every sincere mother, who studies her own comfort or the happiness of the souls committed to her care, aim with delight to bring all she can to the Mothers' Meeting, that her soul, with many more, may mingle in praise to that Saviour who ever waits to be gracious to those who seek Him. Soon will the sacred hours of the Sabbath dawn upon us. May they be to us what they were

intended by our great Maker—a day of holy enjoyment in sacred duties. Let us endeavour, as much as possible, to teach our dear ones the sacredness of the Sabbath, and lead them by our example and prayers to the heavenly courts,

"Where all the air is filled with praise,
And heaven with hallelujahs rings." M. L.

STEPMOTHERS.—No. V.

SOME years ago I became acquainted with an interesting young person, who had lately married a widower with four children. When I was first introduced to these children they were all sitting on a form, the very picture of order and decorum, and I thought them very good children. But time passed on—troubles came on the family, which gave me occasion to be a frequent visitor, and many complaints I heard from the mother of her unmanageable children *They* also complained of *her* to neighbours and friends as well as to their father, who made common cause with them, and the poor mother complained that she could do nothing to please any of them.

I knew, from personal knowledge, that the elder children were very naughty, and I much pitied my poor friend. But the changes and chances of life parted us, and for five or six years we never met till a few weeks ago, when I found out my old friend and called on her.

The door was opened by a steady-looking young woman, who turned out to be one of the daughters, and of her the mother said, "She is my greatest comfort; she is my housekeeper, and nurse, and everything. I am often obliged to leave home for days together. I can leave all my little ones happily with her." Of the other

three, I heard a like happy report; two had died in the Lord, one was living to His glory. "My dear friend," I said to her, "you have much cause to be thankful that such naughty children have turned out so well. They used to give you much sorrow." "Ah!" she replied, "I have much cause for shame when I think of those days. When I married I did not know myself; I was not humble; I expected a great deal too much from my children, and I thought far too little of what my own duties to them were. But I am thankful I saw my error before it was too late. We are all very happy together now."

And so they seemed to be, in spite of much that was trying in outward circumstances; love, harmony, mutual confidence, and true religion reigned in that little cottage, and I trust many an unhappy stepmother, who has begun in the wrong way, may be encouraged to believe it is not too late to mend—that if now, unfortunately, disunion, disobedience and strife make the house miserable, it may yet be possible to reform matters. Let the poor stepmother ask herself whether she is sufficiently unselfish, and self-denying—if she suffers herself to be jealous and cross, and overbearing—and whether it would not be possible even now to win over those little rebels who otherwise will make her future life miserable? Much prayer, much self-government, will be required for this; and let her pray earnestly for more love to her young charges, and it shall be given her.

THE UNSEEN RIVER.

There is a mighty river,
  Whose sullen waters flow
A little space before us,
  Across the path we go.

Dense fogs surround its borders,
And veil it from our eyes,
Till we at last are standing
Where its dark billows rise.

And yet its solemn murmurs
How oft our spirits hear!
The dirge-like voice of billows,
To which we still draw near.

Toward that sweeping torrent
How fast we hasten on,—
How shall we breast its current
Unaided and alone?

O fearful, deadly river,
How *shall* we pass thee by?
No bridge can span thy waters,
No life-boat o'er thee ply.

Is there *no* way to shun thee?
May we not turn aside,
And scape the fatal struggle
With thy life-chilling tide?

Can *Art* no path discover,
Which leads *not* to thy shore?
Can *Science* show no refuge
From that which we deplore?

No! vain were each endeavour
To shun our certain doom,
And yet, insatiate river,
We need not fear thy gloom.

For One hath passed thy waters
Who robbed thee of thy sting,
And took away thy bitterness,
Thou cold, remorseless thing!

And now, though high around us
Thy howling waves may swell,
His mercy cheers us on onward;
"He doeth *all things* well"

With His strong arm beneath us,
In triumph we may sing,
"Dark stream, where is thy terror?
O death, where is thy sting?" H. B.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CAN GOD SEE THROUGH THE CRACK?

A LADY came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than was common. The mother could not account for this manner. When she was undressing him for bed he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?" "Yes," said his mother. "And can He see when it is all dark there?" "Yes," answered the mother; "God can see everywhere and in every place." "Then God saw me, and will tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into the closet, and took and ate up your cake; and I am sorry, very sorry," and, bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst into tears.

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

A very touching circumstance happened some months ago at Basseterre. A man with a family was left a widower. In process of time, he formed a connexion with a woman who, having children of her own, treated his slightingly. On the day of her marriage, new dresses were bought for the children of the bride, but none for the others. The poor things, having no one to take their part, or share with them in their grief, went to the grave of their departed mother, as if to tell her what had befallen them, and to ask her to help them, pouring out their agony of mind in floods of bitter tears.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Words of Comfort for Bereaved Parents. Edited by WILLIAM LOGAN. London: Partridge and Co.

A short memoir of an interesting child, with a number of extracts from letters whispering comfort to mourners who are weeping over the graves of little children.

AUNT MARY.—No. V.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

AUNT MARY now took up her abode with the bereaved family, and was the means of leading her widowed sister to Him who raised the young man from the dead at Nain's gate, in compassion to his bereaved mother. She had the delight of seeing her rest upon an almighty arm for support and guidance, and of helping her to perform those maternal duties which she had heretofore so sadly neglected. "Ah, Mary," she would sometimes say, "I never felt a mother's responsibilities until my heavenly Father sent affliction to my home. I can now say, with the king of old, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted;' and I only wish my voice could reach all the mothers in the land! I would say to them, 'Begin very early to train your children, as the Bible requires.' I could warn them, too, from my own experience, of the suffering mothers endure who spoil their boys. Every day," she added, "I see, that while Ebby is governed and guided by the glance of your eye, neither command nor entreaty from me will avail anything."

"This is, indeed, a painful view of the case," Aunt Mary replied; "but, in every instance, where I have known a spoiled child—and I have been a close observer of children and mothers for some years—in every instance where I have seen a partial mother, and a son 'left to himself,' I have seen that son grow up without either love or respect for that mother. Thus, mothers reap only what they sow. And we know it ever must be so; for God has said, a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame; and you can see, dear Hannah," continued the gentle Mentor, "if you look into the Bible, how the inspired historian records instances of this kind for our warning—Rebekah, you see, suffered dreadfully for her partiality to Jacob; when she bade him

farewell at the tent-door, on the morning she sent him away to her own early home—it was *for ever* on earth—her eyes were never allowed to behold her pet boy again. Thus, she might have read her sin in her punishment. Then there was Jacob himself—walking in the way of his mother—must have his family favourite too. What trouble and anguish did that coat of many colours cost him!—and what strife arose among his children by his unwise conduct as a father! Then there was David again, the king over God's chosen people—just read his history relating to his sons, and you will perceive at once what a partial father he was, and the sad suffering he endured as the consequence." "Yes," rejoined Mrs. Neale, "and old Eli, too. I have been reading his sad history; and we find, that although he was a priest of the Most High God, he was not to go unpunished for neglecting his parental duties."

"My dear sister," said Aunt Mary one day, as they were sitting together, "you are not very happy to-day, your eyes are red with weeping. An old divine once asked a widow, who would not receive comfort, 'if she had not forgiven God?'—It is our duty to try to acquiesce in the will of our heavenly Father, asking for Divine help to do so." "Yes, Mary, I know all this; but there is one thing presses very heavily on my heart, and often keeps me from sleeping at night. I have long wished to mention it to you, but too well I know it is not in human wisdom, or a sister's tender sympathy and love, to solve the fearful doubt." Mrs. Neale paused, and her tears flowed fast. "What is the anxious fear, dear Hannah?—tell me; I will comfort you if I can?" "Ah," said the widow, "it is the thought that my dear Charles has not reached heaven. I was too ignorant myself to help him, or indeed to see his real state; and since I have understood the plan of salvation, all I read tends to deepen my fears for his safety, because I feel

that we *might have known*, as well as you, in this land of Gospel light; we *would* "*not come*" to the Saviour, as He says, to get the wisdom needed, and which only a heavenly Teacher can give; and this morning I have been more distressed than usual, by reading an account of a father, whose eldest son had died without leaving him a scriptural hope that he had gone to be with Jesus. The father took all the remaining children into the room of death, and as they stood around the young man's coffin, he said, while he was in an agony of grief, 'My children, I wish to warn you by your brother's sad history—and if I tell you that I hope he is in heaven, I shall only lead you to imagine that religion is a thing of no moment. I confess to you all, that I do fear my precious son is lost for ever. God requires holiness—he had none; God requires faith and love—he had neither; God requires meetness for heaven—he was not meetened, as you all too well know; and while I read that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," I dare not make God a liar by supposing my poor boy is gone to live with Him and the holy ones in heaven, for he gave no evidence that he was washed in the blood of the Lamb!' Oh, Mary, every word of this comes home to my heart, and makes me feel that poor Charles neither believed in his danger, nor the remedy God has provided. There is no use in saying or believing that all who die go to heaven!—for ever these words are ringing in my ears, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Oh, that he had left me a hope of his future happiness! But the thought—too late!—too late!—agonizes my soul, and often casts a gloom over my own hope for a happy immortality."

Aunt Mary took the hand of the sorrowful widow, asking, "Do you remember, Hannah dear, my deep sorrow?" "Yes, truly, I do indeed." "Well, you will also remember dear good Mr. Cray calling to see me.

every evening, trying to comfort me?" "Yes, I do, well." "One evening I was more than usually distressed, when he took my hand, and said in his own sweet way, 'Think not of the *past*—the blood of Christ is upon it; fear not for the *future*—the grace of Christ will be with you to meet it.' This I must now say to you, my suffering sister—let it be a word of comfort, as it was to my burdened heart."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

THE PRAYING WIFE.

SAD is the prospect of the Christian woman who marries an unconverted man; she can expect nothing but disappointment and sorrow, for how *can* two walk together happily, except they be agreed? But, when a wife is brought to view eternal things in their true light *after* her marriage, she should be very earnest in hope and prayer respecting her husband, for the word of God asks, "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—(1 Cor. vii. 16.) These thoughts were suggested by an incident which occurred not long since.

"I was one day walking (said an old friend) across Newington Common, when I met an old lady, whom I had formerly slightly known as a tract distributor, but had missed for some time in consequence of the illness and death of her husband. She was now arrayed in that saddest of all costumes—a widow's robes, and I should, perhaps, have passed without recognising her, had she not saluted me.

"After a few inquiries I was proceeding on my walk when she placed her hand on my shoulder and addressed me very solemnly,—'My dear,' said she, 'you are young and I am old, and I have a message to all my young friends which I hope they will never forget. You have, doubtless, unconverted relatives. Oh, may you never know

what it is to have an unconverted husband! But if any whom you love are strangers to God, let me encourage you, by my experience, never to cease praying for them. When I was married I knew not the Lord, but after I was brought to the cross, my first desire was to see the conversion of my dear husband; but he would listen to nothing I had to say on this important subject. I could only pray for him; this I did, day and night, year after year, but all to no effect. Sometimes I grew discouraged, and thought it was of no use, and that I must give over; then again I felt I could not give him up, and so I began again and went on for FORTY YEARS, and as his health declined, and old age crept upon him, I felt more and more hopeless. At length he was seized with an illness which lasted for many months, and then was I rewarded for all my tears and anxiety by seeing him turn to the Lord with all his heart. He never recovered from that illness, though he lingered long, and gave sure evidence that he had passed from death unto life. Now, I will never cease to say to all whom I know, persevere in prayer for all your relatives and friends, and be encouraged to believe from my example that you shall be heard at the last, if not before."

Wife! have you prayed "*forty years*" for the conversion of your husband? if not, go on. Mother! have you prayed "*forty years*" for your prodigal son? go on, there *is* hope in Him whose mercy endureth for ever.

LIGHT AND DARK HOMES.

WE have sometimes seen a map of the earth drawn in such a way, that it gives us some idea of the extent to which the Gospel has reached, and, alas! who has not mourned over the very large proportion covered with darkness. But suppose we could see another picture, not of the world, but of the homes in our highly-favoured

land What would that aspect bespeak? Surely there would be many bright spots, but oh, how many dark ones!

Now let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to this subject,—the homes in which we live, and by which we are surrounded. Let us call to remembrance the time when there was an actual distinction made between the homes of Israel and Egypt. We are told, that during the time that the Egyptians were in utter darkness, "all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." Now, although this marked difference between the homes of God's people and His enemies has ceased, in one sense it still exists. The world sees no outward sign by which to form a decision, but God looks upon our homes and beholds them as either light or dark spots. Light is a beautiful emblem of knowledge, purity, and truth. God is light, and believers are called "children of the light;" and so the homes of believers are habitations of light, because God dwells there, and is honoured and loved by the families abiding in them. Oh! that parents, and especially those who are Christian professors, were more concerned to shed the holy light of the Gospel around daily duties and callings!

Is not temper sometimes ruffled by trifling annoyances, and then many other things follow, which cause a shadow to rest upon that home, and to make the difference between that and the worldling's so trifling that it is hardly to be discovered? Let us, then, be more concerned to have light in our dwellings, to live more habitually in the exercise of all that is lovely and of good report, to teach our children to love truth and sincerity in every form, and, above all, may we have grace so to live, that when the light of eternity is thrown upon our homes, we may neither be ashamed nor afraid. Then our daily actions, with all their untold influence, will be summed up by God's unerring judgment, and our eternal destinies fixed by that decision.

But we must turn for a moment to the contrast, and inquire what constitutes dark homes? Darkness is an appalling figure, often used to describe sin, ignorance, and misery; and that is a dark home where there is no prayer, no knowledge of God, no love to His Sabbaths, and no rejoicing in His commandments. It may be a home bright and gay as it regards comforts and luxuries, but if it has never been said, "Salvation has come to this house," it remains, in the sight of God, a dark spot. His smile never gladdens it, and no ministering spirits of love and mercy are bidden to descend and enrich it with choicest gifts and treasures. The picture is a dark one, but not more dark than the reality. Oh! that our homes may be made light and joyful by God's constant presence, and that they may be sweet earnests and pledges of the home concerning which it is said, "The Lamb is the light thereof."

PRAYER, THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

In days of yore, the treasures of the mind and the sympathies of the heart were locked up in the breast of their possessor, or confined to a small circle of friends. Now, the press of the printer conveys the language of the British mind to every corner of the wide world.

The mail-coach, too, has been supplanted by the railway train, which seems to vie with the hurricane as it sweeps athwart the landscape. But all will consider that the wonders steam has wrought are equalled, if not entirely eclipsed, by the exploits of electricity. This mysterious agent, which has so long roamed at large, has at length been tamed, and, as one of the many servants of the human race, toils for man. Who is a stranger to the electric telegraph? All have heard the fame of it. Some have gazed on it with admiration. How like a thing of life does it note down intelligence, and with

what amazing celerity does it convey the messages entrusted to it!

Few, indeed, ever heard of a message being sent so quickly as by this means; yet I know a more wonderful way of communication. You have not to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for it can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance. Nor is there any need of any visible machinery to aid this mode of communication. Besides all this, the plan of communication is superior to all others, from the fact, that you need not repair to any particular place to send your requests. In the lonely desert—on the waste of waters—in the crowded city, by night and by day, in sickness and in health—the way of communication is open to all; and the applicants can never be so numerous, that the simplest desire of the little child will not meet with immediate attention. An account of this wonderful manner of communication you will find in the following passages of the precious Bible: Isa. lviii. 9; lxv. 24; Dan. ix. 20—23.

And what think ye of the spiritual telegraph? Think now, if you have thought little before. The electricity is the sincere desires of the heart—the medium along which they travel, the atonement of Jesus—and the goal which they reach, the ear of our heavenly Father. Will you not join me in resolving, "I will use more frequently the spiritual telegraph?"

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'"

D. W.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. XIII.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

Mrs. Ormsby laid down the manuscript, and looking upon the young ones around her she said, "May you, my dear children, follow John as far as he followed Christ—may you love knowledge—may you love holiness—may you love the Sabbath-day—above all, may you love God, and communion with him. Always remember, that if you do not, while on earth, ask God to bless you, and to pardon your sins for Jesus' sake, He will not, when you die, take you to dwell among the glorious company of the redeemed in heaven, but will cast you into hell, to dwell with Satan for ever and ever. There you may pray in vain even for a drop of water to cool your tongue, for hell is not a place of mercy but a place of punishment."

Mrs. Ormsby rose to leave the room. "Where are you going, mamma?" asked little Mary, while her eyes filled with tears. "I am now going," replied her mother, "to join the mournful procession to dear John's grave. All the Sabbath-school teachers and early friends of this interesting youth are anxious to pay this last tribute of respect to one so deservedly beloved." Soon the knell was heard again, and John—the gentle, amiable, and prayerful John—was laid in his peaceful grave, to await the morning of the resurrection, when his glorified spirit shall be re-united to the now fading body, no more to be parted, but to dwell for ever with the Lord. Oh! dear young friends, will *you* join him? You can easily answer this question, by asking yourself *in which road you are now walking?* There are only *two*—the *broad* road of sin, where the multitude walk together; and the *narrow*, where here and there a traveller is found. But always bear in mind, the narrow road alone leads to

heaven. If you are found in the broad road when you die, you will surely stand among the wicked, on the left hand of the Judge, at the last great day, for God has said so in the Bible. May you now, in your early days, seek the Lord; then you shall share in the glory of the redeemed, and join young John in singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever.

THOUGHTS ON GENTLE JOHN: OR, THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

"Why wakes the bard before me the memory of those who fled?"
OSSIAN.

I saw him—first, a gentle boy, with fair and thoughtful brow—
A mother's only hope and joy—where is that loved one now?
Another look—an active youth, turning dense pages o'er,
Asking his compeers "What is truth?" but passing on before.
Again I looked—the steep ascent of wisdom he would gain—
But stopped to gaze upon a Lamb that cruel hands had slain.
And then I looked upon a form, so fair, so frail, so bright,
Just like a summer's fragile flower bowing beneath a blight
Once more I looked—life's tide was flowing, but all was placid still,
And lovely as an angel's form he met his Father's will;
And still I gazed—his mother's form drew forth affection's tear;
But still he tried with tender words that mother's heart to cheer.
And as I looked I saw a smile which told of visions bright—
Of the sinless clime—of the spirit-land—where faith is turned to sight;
And then I saw the shade of death cast o'er that lovely brow,
Away—away—the spirit passed. Where is that spirit now?
Once more I looked—unmoved he lay—death's river he had passed—
No more we saw that beaming eye, though tears were flowing fast.
Another look—it was the last upon that fading clay—
But all we loved had joined the blest in heaven's eternal day.

A TASTE FOR READING.

To estimate the value of a book is about as easy as to estimate the value of a human character. As we know not how vast the influence one man may exert for good or evil, so we cannot calculate the amount of thought, feeling and action one book may originate. One ennobling, spirit-stirring sentence may give energy and stability to a wavering character. One picture of human excellence; its struggles, its triumphs, its beauties, its achievements, may lead to an admiring and successful imitation. Think of the amount of good one person may do, directly and indirectly; the pleasure inseparably connected with good feeling and right doing; the bias which that person's influence may give to future generations—perhaps to the end of time; the never-failing bliss of Heaven; and then calculate the value of a book—perhaps a little tract—whose perusal may lead to those results.

Cultivate in your children a taste for reading. It will be to them an innocent source of pleasure, excluding desires for amusements less pure. Good books will purify their tastes, cultivate right feelings, nourish good desires, encourage in the path of duty, and reprove with less danger of wounding the feelings than a parent can.

Some people, full of worldly bustle, seem to regard reading as a mere waste of time. Such persons have wrong ideas of the purpose of life, and the relative value of its various engagements. The end of these engagements is human happiness; therefore, if they are so attended to as needlessly to defeat that end, there must be something wrong. Of course, it is admitted that reading is one of the many things that become evils by being carried to excess. This evil should be guarded against. Children should have employment—duties to which a diligent and punctual attention is required; and if care be

taken to secure a profitable course of reading, there will be little danger of evil.

Reading must be regarded not merely as a source of pleasure—though we act unwisely to frown on any innocent enjoyment—but as a means of qualifying for usefulness. Becoming familiar with the thoughts of the great, seeing a matter in the various shades of colour which differently constituted minds throw over it, following the flights of powerful imaginations, gazing at pictures of moral beauty, the mind becomes ennobled, expanded, and strengthened, and its capability of doing good is vastly increased. ELLEN.

EXTRACT FROM DR. PETTIGREW'S LECTURE.
No. II.

In the earliest stages, education, moral and physical, begins; and here children should be taught order and regularity—qualities, more than any others, conducive to success in life. Care should be taken as to what nurses teach the very young. The little toddling child of its own accord knocks its head against the table; nurse kisses the place to make it well, and says, "Oh! naughty table, beat the table." A simple incident, but objectionable, because it warps the child's ideas of self-responsibility—it alone being in fault—and inculcates the first lesson of revenge. Next day, the little sister inadvertently runs against the child—"Oh! naughty sister, beat sister," says the child, and knocks her down.

We begin too early to educate mentally at the expense of the physical powers. Crowding children together in infant schools for several hours is bad; the rooms are often ill-ventilated, and thus the seeds of disease are sown; and if not, the taxing of the brain is bad. For the first seven years, the mother is a sufficient teacher for a child, and she should take care that it learns, not as a

task, but as a reward for good conduct. The lecturer did not say anything against teaching boys the dead languages, but he believed they were begun too soon. Those who did not commence the study until ten or twelve years old, would know as much at fifteen as those who were bored with it very early. The boys should not be expected to learn equally, but according to their physical powers; a rapidly-growing boy shoots up tall, and then has not the mental power of a "clever little fellow."

College education is too much for the brains of most men. A boy should be educated according to the profession for which he is designed, or rather, which he chooses—for if he is to succeed in life his business must be his pleasure. The state of health should also be a consideration in choosing a mode of life. To each of the periods of life certain diseases belong. To infancy, those connected with dentition. To childhood and youth, epidemics; and, in connexion with these, he would observe, that it is a popular error to suppose that measles, scarlet fever, and so on, last only while the eruption is out on the skin. It is just after this period that patients require the greatest care. A number of persons die of diseases contracted by too early exposure at these times. A child should not go out for at least three weeks after the spots have disappeared. The lecturer here remarked that nothing in nature is wasted. Even our breath—which is so impure that if we were shut up in an air-tight box *it* alone would poison us—is the source of our voices; animals like fish, that do not breathe by lungs, have no voices.

KINDNESS TO PARENTS.

"MOTHER, how is the flour barrel? Getting low?" said a finely-built man, as he paused for a moment before leaving the house where his grey-haired parents lived.

"I must send you some, just for you to try. It makes the nicest and sweetest biscuits I ever tasted; and you'll say so, I think." And the next day came the barrel of flour, but not alone. There was a good supply of coffee and tea, and a dozen little niceties, and all for the old folks to try. That man knew the value of kind parents. He was a son to be proud of. Were any repairs to be done, he found it out almost intuitively; and he never called upon them with his hands empty. Something that "mother loved," or "would make father think of old times," invariably found its way into their pantry. And he actually seemed to like nothing so well as to leave, in their absence, some token of his fondness and respect for those who had worn out their lives in serving him. Sweeter praise can never be, than that of a dying parent as he blesses the hand that led him from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow, damp with the spray of Jordan.

How dear the thought, as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the grey-headed father, that you were very kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity. Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly, have they ever been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed upon their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and the cherub form were all mysterious to them.

TREASURES THAT ARE FRAIL AND FADING, YET NEVER DIE.—No. V.

"I HAD gone to almost every man in the regiment, inquiring for a Bible, but no Bible could be found. A person holding office in the town, hearing I was searching

for a Bible, sent me word if I would call on him he would give me one. Without delay, I called on him: he handed me a small package, carefully wrapped up and sealed, with the inscription "Holy Bible" written upon it. I thanked him for it, and hastened back to the barrack-room. To my utter disappointment and mortification, on opening the wrapper, I found a dirty pack of cards! The room rang with shouts of 'Well done!' 'It serves him right!' 'Just as it should be!'

"As a retreat from my persecutors, I now spent most of my time in the woods, and under the bush where I first heard the missionary preach. In my prayers to Heaven, I asked to be directed where I might find a Bible. To my astonishment, one day, on coming to the bush, I found under it a new Bible! Overcome with joy, I fell on my knees and thanked and praised God for the gift. When I had finished my devotions, I heard a rustling among the bushes as if some one approached me. It was the missionary. He informed me that on a previous occasion, while waiting for his congregation, he heard my prayer for a Bible—he had brought me one, and had listened to the thanksgiving I had rendered to God for it. I then received from him such instructions and advice as encouraged and comforted my spirit—I attended his ministry—I found faith cometh by hearing. After a short time, I could adopt the language of the Apostle and say, 'we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The great question now was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"I commenced reading my Bible in the barracks in the evening. This was met by great opposition. To drown my voice, my comrades mocked, swore, laughed, and some commenced singing songs; a few, however, gathered around me, night after night, and listened with attention to the word of God, and I hope not in vain. By steadfast, unflinching, and upright Christian conduct, with

help from Heaven, I put persecution to shame; they at last left me alone, apparently more afraid of my talking to them, than showing any disposition to attack me. So completely did persecution cease, that while some appeared to fear me, I found almost all ready to do me a kindness. Soon after this state of things, the regiment was ordered home; I then obtained leave of absence to visit my father, that I might confess my sins against him and obtain his blessing.

"At length my native village appeared in view, bringing with it many a guilty and painful recollection. My father's house appeared in the distance—I hastened to fall at his feet. I had not proceeded far up the street, when I met a funeral, and recognised a near relative walking as chief mourner; I inquired of a looker-on whose funeral it was. He told me. Alas! it was my beloved father's! I followed it as well as I could, and at the grave threw myself on the coffin, scarcely conscious of what I did. When I was recognised, it was murmured around, 'He has brought down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!' Oh, that this accusation had been false; but it was too true! When I look back on the many dangers I have passed, and reflect on the varied and great temptations to which I have been exposed, with the snares also that have been laid for my feet, I must exclaim, '*Kept by the power of God.*'"

How great the encouragement this soldier's conversion holds out to pious parents to continue in prayer for the salvation of the most prodigal of their children; and how it manifests the great importance of early religious instruction! It was his early impressions revived, which awakened, awed, and humbled the daring soldier. It was the sound of the sacred singing, which he had heard in the home of his childhood, that arrested his attention, and called up the remembrances of his past privileges and his past sins. Mothers! are your children so accustomed to

the sounds of prayer and praise, that should they in the providence of God be far removed from you, the voice of devotion will be sufficient to recall to their minds a mother's voice, and a father's prayer?

What a land of wonders will Heaven be! There the fond mother and affectionate father in rapturous astonishment shall meet and embrace their son—their only child, whom on earth they had given up for lost; will not the transporting event tune their harps anew, and swell their notes of praise? Let us sow the good seed with care and watchfulness in the spring-time of life, that we may rejoice when the harvest is ripe, and the angels are commanded to put in the sickle and gather the wheat into the heavenly garner.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

"And there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."—Ex. xii. 30.

The avenger of Jacob came down from on high,
And his countenance blazed on the far-distant sky,
And the boldest and bravest stood pale and aghast,
As he dreadfully rode on the pestilent blast.

And wide was the stroke to each unsprinkled door,
His death-gleaming meteor the fierce cherub bore;
Not a house would escape the fell swoop of his sword,
From the *cot* of the *slave* to the *dome* of the *lord*.

Then burst the wild death-cry and shriek of affright,
All flood-like and dire on the silence of night;
And the loud mingling clangour of curses and cries,
On the wings of the tempest rolled up to the skies.

Then arose the deep sob of hearts bursting with grief,
And the wild laugh of madness that mocks at relief—
And the moan that proclaims the full conquest of care,
O'er the heart-stricken victim of icy despair.

Then o'er her young babe did the mother's tears run,
As she pressed to her bosom her first-born son—
For its smiles they were fled, and, bereft of its breath,
All ghastly it writhed in the tortures of death.

Then sprang the proud youth from his couch of repose,
And grasping his armour he asked for his foes:
Half-way from its scabbard his bright falchion flies,
When unwounded he staggers, falls prostrate, and dies.

Then dropped the lone widow, and grey was her head—
By the son of her youth she was sheltered and fed;
Her pride and her comfort, she lived by his care—
She flew to his couch—but her son was not there.

She sought him and found him, he lay as he fell,
And black as the sulphur-scorched demons of hell;
His cheek it was cold, and his eyes shot no ray,
For his spirit had fled from his dwelling of clay.

She laid her beside him—her tears ceased to flow—
Not a sob or a groan gave a sign of her woe;
Her course it was ended, her journey was done,
And she pillowed her head on the breast of her son.

Hark! hark! how Egyptia the ruin bewails,
Her beauty is withered, her puissance fails;
Her sons they are fallen, not in fields that are gory,
They were struck without warning—and died without glory.

But lo! on the wind rolls the voice of a song;
Now louder and louder it echoes along—
Still higher and higher the swelling notes rise—
'Tis the pæans of multitudes piercing the skies.

But whence is that host that with banners unfurled
Rolls on like the flood that o'ermastered the world?
And what are those wild notes that through the air sweep,
Like the voices of winds when they burst from their sleep?

The men of that host are the children of Shem—
The fall of Egyptia is freedom to them;
No more shall the task-master torture his slave,
Nor the Hebrew be laid in a bondman's vile grave.

For the sword of Jehovah hath blazed o'er the land,
And Israel is saved by the strength of His hand;
And now their hosannas they raise to that might
Which hath scattered o'er Egypt destruction and night.

USEFUL HINTS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Having had twenty years' experience of the joys and sorrows, responsibilities and rewards, in discharging the duties of stepmother to three children, having reared five, and followed four of my own beloved children to the grave,—many circumstances of vital importance in the training of dear young immortals have been constantly developing themselves in my beloved circle. One very prominent duty is, early to inculcate a knowledge of the blessed Bible,—not as tasks only, but in our daily and familiar intercourse with our children, combined with an intelligent explanation of the passages best suited to their youthful capacities.

A striking proof of the acuteness of adapting Scripture to the every-day occurrences of even children's experience, and of the retentive nature of their memories with regard to what they either read or hear read, as well as the great necessity for the mother to be on the alert and able to direct their knowledge into the right channel, arose in my family last week. The two youngest, a boy of seven and a girl of five, were playing, when they accidentally knocked over each other's brick buildings. The boy, who is a very hasty temper, told his sister she was a wicked girl, and he *hated* her. Being in the next room, unknown to them, I waited a little to hear how she would take it, being of a sensitive mind, I expected to hear her cry, but to my surprise she rose from the door and said in a firm voice, —"Well, now you *are* a murderer." I stepped in to check them, but she appealed to me,—"Mamma, I am right, the Bible says, he that hateth his brother is a murderer;" but before I could set her right, the boy said,—"Ah! but it does not say *sister*, only *brother*."

I now requested them to leave their play and attend to me while I explained to them the meaning of the quoted passage, in reference to the awful nature and consequence of sin. They entered into my short appeal to them with much earnestness, and returned to their play together with greater unity than before.

Having taken your valuable "*Mothers' Friend*" from its commencement, and distributed by subscription and gratui-

tously twenty-four copies monthly, and having for some years established and conducted several Maternal Meetings, I think the above little incident will tend to impress the importance of the foregoing sentiments on the minds of some of your readers. As a hint to conductors of Maternal Meetings, allow me to say I have frequently found that familiar and home illustrations, especially amongst the poor, are aids to the instructions given at those meetings, as we all well know that "facts are stubborn things." There is no question but they will carry more weight, when imparting information of any kind, especially of a spiritual tendency, than all the most [illegible] and eloquent fictions that can be brought before the human mind.

Praying that the God of the families of the whole earth may continue abundantly to bless your ardent labours for the promotion of His cause amongst that most important class of the community, the "Mothers of the Nations,"

I beg to subscribe myself yours most sincerely

[illegible]

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PARADISE.

PARADISE was lost in Adam, but found on the cross.

PATIENCE.

Man's patience may be great; but to God's patience it is as a drop in the ocean.

EXAMPLE.

Bad examples are like a flood, which hurries along with it every thing that has *no root*, or that is not too heavy.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Juvenile Companion. London: Baxter.

Judging from the two numbers sent to us, we say this is a very nice little periodical for children.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

"A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron."
"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."—Rev. xx. 12.

MOTHERS who allow their children to grow up without culture or training, often tell us they intend to alter, and "turn over a new leaf;" but, alas! how little have those parents studied human nature, who imagine that the next page will be less free from blots and blanks than the last! The little self-willed creature of two summers will be a tyrannical young gentleman at five; and at ten or twelve he will determine to rule, not only his mother, but the whole house—and when he goes forth into the world he will marvel that it bends not to his lordly sway. Do not trust unrestrained, uncultivated human nature—it will surely disappoint all your hopes, and leave you, it may be, hopeless of your children's salvation on your dying day Let us look into two homes where the children are differently situated.

Mrs. Speedwell was early united to a young man who was loving, industrious, and pious. Mary, having been trained aright in the good-disciplined home of pious parents, "walked in the way of her mother," and accustomed her infants, at ten months, to understand what "*No!*" really meant. FIRMNESS and KINDNESS kept all the little household group in happiness and order. As they grew up, all her children (save one) rewarded her for the pious care she had manifested, and became comforts to her. Young Harry, alas! was a self-willed lad, thinking of *self* more than any other human being. He "would be a sailor," and a sailor he was; and when his mother died she left him a wanderer on the shores of India; but she died in peace and faith, believing all her heavenly Father had said. Let us turn the picture.

Mrs. Rice was the mother of a lovely family—her charming countenance, her youthful and elegant figure,

and her polished manners, caused her to become the attraction of the gay and thoughtless—every day found her wandering from her home and its many duties; and when the illness or misconduct of her children called her attention to them, she pettishly exclaimed, that they "hindered her from enjoying life!" At length, fatal disease laid the admired and still beautiful mother on a bed of languishing—but, alas! even here she was obliged to reap as she had sown—her home was one of confusion, riot, quarrelling, and discomfort; the elder boys persecuting the younger, and they again revenging the cruelty of the elder. Thus she left them—thus they lived on, unloving and unloved, not having been trained in the right path by the mother who had gone to render her account—they were cast upon the world as a blight and a curse to society. The mothers die, but their influences live till the angel declares "time shall be no longer." The dread day of account has come, and the dead, small and great, are gathering before the great white throne of the Eternal. The pious dead awake,—

> "They see—they feel themselves enshrined
> In a new form, bright, indestructible,
> And with intenser blessedness adore
> Him who hath summoned this access of joy
> From the sepulchral shade."

Listen to the songs of triumph, "This is our God, we have waited for him, who has heaven and earth at his command." The sound of the archangel's trumpet is joy to Mary, who stands among the blessed company, robed in the habiliments of immortality. Behold! from the far-off East and the dust of India's sultry plain, a band of disciples are approaching, and they, too, sing the song of victory through the Lamb. In the midst of the joyous multitude appears one who, while among the sons of earth, was a prodigal boy. "How came he there?" we ask, among the sun-coloured heathen redeemed from the

land of idolatry. Ah, we can tell the tale. He was trained by a pious mother in his early days, but fled from the restraints of his father's house to foreign climes; but, though far from home and early friends, he was not beyond the reach of a mother's prayers—a mother's God. An ambassador from the King of Heaven met him there, and led him to the cross of Jesus—and now, O joy unspeakable, he rejoins his sainted mother, to pass with her through the gates of pearl into the city prepared for the redeemed—no more doubts and fears and trembling faith now about his eternal salvation; the Saviour has pronounced the parents and children all blessed—and blessed they shall be for ever and for ever.

Now turn we to the ungodly mother. "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Fearful words—but spoken by one who cannot lie. Gladly would this poor wretched mother hide in the grave for ever, but this may not be. Methinks the thought of meeting her ruined children and hearing their eternal reproaches, will create for her the worm that never dies. There they stand, a guilty, unwashed family, with the sin of their destruction on their own and their mother's head—they all hate her now, and consent to her being cast into the most direful place in Satan's dark and fiery caves. Listen!—"Mother!" one cries, "mother! oh, cruel woman, I might have been one among that shining multitude but for *you*. You never told me of Jesus—you never led my young feet to tread Zion's courts—you never told me of my never-dying soul—now all is lost, for ever and for ever lost." The books are closed. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still; and behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me,

to give to every one according as his work shall be. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal."

SOWING AND REAPING.—No. III.

Weeks and months passed on, and John and Hannah Cotton seemed another couple. A few sovereigns were laid away in a jug in the cupboard, with the intention of repairing the cottage, and adding to its comforts when spring came. One day, however, John returned at mid-day from his work, very lame. A heavy piece of iron had fallen on his foot, and crushed it severely, and he had limped home with difficulty. There was now a clean, tidy bed ready for him, and his wife laid aside her baby, and applied poultices, as prescribed. The confinement of a fortnight to the house brought on a distressing ailment, to which John was subject, and which produced great weakness of body. In vain, however, did his neighbours, and even his wife, try to induce him to drink beer or wine. No; he was firm to his resolution. Their watchful neighbour suggested isinglass and cow-heel jelly, with milk, as a substitute, and they answered well.

To win him to an interest in his children, a set of Scripture prints were given, and these, pasted on brown paper, afforded employment on a Sunday to his active mind, and instruction to his little ones; whilst the mother, with tears in her eyes, watched gratefully this new way of spending the Sabbath in their cottage. A few common engravings of natural objects and animals were cut out of magazines and added, for week-day amusements; and, finally, a map of England, taken from Bradshaw's *Railway Guide*, and put on card, was voted by the delighted family too good for the children, and adorned the house-wall. But all this time the sovereigns

kept lessening in number, and, at last, were all gone, to prevent getting into debt. Hannah's heart failed, and John grew impatient to go to work. Her old mistress, hearing of their distress, sent relief; and washing came in from other sources; so they pulled through the dark day, and little Johnnie was sent to school, with his tiny sister in his care.

A lovely picture were those two children, and many strangers stopped to ask who they were, as hand-in-hand they walked down the lane to the village. Johnnie very proud of his charge, and little Meggie, with her curly hair and bonnie face, holding fast by her brother, with her hat oftener off than on, and her joyous voice repeating her school lessons, or remarking on the flowers and trees. A village library was formed, and John became a member of it—reading often aloud to Hannah, sometimes, as she said, a little too long at night, but it was a great deal better than drinking. How they are going on now, Hannah herself shall tell, in an extract from a letter written to the friend who, though removed from them, still continued to send the *Temperance Herald*, and now and then a book for the children.

"DEAR MADAM,—I ask pardon for taking the liberty to write to you, though I feel it my duty to do so, to return you our sincere thanks for your kindness in sending us the *Temperance Herald* I shall have great reasons to bless God, that ever you, dear madam, did send us them. I am most happy to inform you, madam that my husband has taken the pledge, and I hope and trust he may keep it He has been very steady for these late years, but it is entirely through reading the *Temperance Herald* that has changed him to what he is I shall always feel indebted to you, dear madam, for your kindness. I know you will be glad to hear this. John and Margaret were very much pleased with the little books you sent. I have four children, the youngest one year old We are seven in family now, and with things being so very dear, we are very poor We are all in a tolerable state of health, excepting mother and my husband, and he is never to be called well, and

mother gets a poor old woman. Dear madam, I hope you will excuse my simple way in writing to you; but I could not rest till I had let you know that my husband had signed teetotaller.

"Your humble and obedient Servant.

"HANNAH COTTON."

We leave John and Hannah, with an earnest prayer that grace may be given to serve God faithfully, and strength bestowed under every trial; and commend them to the prayers of their labouring brothers and sisters, as an example of sowing and reaping in both ways, and as exemplifying the motto, "Faint yet pursuing."

L. S. T.

THE CLOUD ON THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

"I know whence the shadow comes over ye now,
Ye have cast the dust on the sunny brow."

THE spoiler came, with a withering hand,
And rested amid a fond household band,
He breathed on fair forms of light and joy,
Beginning at one little fragile boy
Young heads were soon bent there in silent woe,
But relentless worked on the cold, direful foe
Then he gazed intensely on one so fair,
With her sunny brow and her waving hair—
Looking so happy—so loving—so bright,
That her dancing glance made the cloud more light,
But he heeded not. "I come," he cried,
"At the dread behest of Him who died,
The brightest of all the household band
I delight to take to the spirit-land.
Come, fair young Margaret, away, away,
You pass with me through death's vale to-day."
The bright and the beautiful
Bowed her young head,
And they laid her down
In his icy bed.

But still he rested his dark wing there,
Mid the mother's tears and the father's prayer;
He touched the boy on his mother's breast,
And scattered a blight o'er all the rest.
He hushed all sounds of household joy,
From the elder maiden to the infant boy;
Then he laid the father beneath his gloom,
While the stricken mother, from room to room,
Amid her dying and her precious dead,
Walked with sickening heart and silent tread;
Finding rest in Him who lives to save,
And sheds a bright light o'er the gloom of the grave.

MOTHER! TEACH YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

It was nearly two years after our dear mother's death. I was but three years old when she died, but Lizzie, though she was so much smaller and weaker than I, was two years my senior, and could remember many things about her. So, while we waited at the breakfast-table till our father came, (we had finished our own nice meal of bread and milk, but waited, as we always did, for his kind good-morning-kiss before we went back to the nursery,) we began to talk together of her. There was one portrait of her in the parlour, another hung in the little sitting-room beyond us, and I could just see it through the half-open door. "I really believe I look like her, Lizzie," said I, eagerly. My sister looked first at me and then at the portrait, and said timidly, "I think—yes, I am certain you do, Minnie. You have got just such eyes, and such a forehead and mouth,—yes, you do look alike." "Oh! I am so glad. I would rather look like her than any one else in the world! I wish I could be as good as everybody always tells me she was!" "That is the best wish you could make, my little daughter," said

my father's serious voice, as he stooped down and kissed first me and then Lizzie. "Be gentle and kind as she was, and everyone will love you too. And, above all, my little girls, be kind and affectionate when you are together. 'Little children, love one another,' for she loved you both."

There was a tone in my father's deep voice and a look in his grave face as he uttered these words that made the tears spring quickly to my eyes. We left the breakfast-room to go to the nursery, and all the way up the stairs those words rang in my ears, and I made a secret resolution that I would be kinder to my delicate little sister than I had sometimes been, and never never get angry with her again while I lived. I kept this good resolution nearly all the day. A caravan passed through the street in which we lived, and I gave up the best place in the window-seat to Lizzie; I let her have my great wax doll to play with, and did not speak one cross word when she fell and tore some of the lace trimming from its best silk dress; I shared my toys with her, and the cakes and apples we had for luncheon were common property,—in short, I began to look back upon the day with great self-complacency, and think what a good girl I had been, when Lizzie, by some mistake, stepped on the foot of my little kitten, Malta, who was dozing on her rug before the fire, and made her cry out with pain. Malta was my own kitty—my darling and my pet—and an injury done to her was quickly resented by me. I was ready to cry with anger and pity when she came limping towards me, mewing pitifully; and when Lizzie came to help me to sooth her, I struck her a blow that made her reel back and almost fall to the ground. She caught herself, and looked at me a moment, faint and pale, then she just said in a low, weak voice, "Little children, love one another," and went out of the room.

That night, when I went to bed, I found Lizzie there

before me; the tears were on her cheeks, and she was tossing restlessly. She had cried herself to sleep. Not more than a week after that our father broke up housekeeping, and Lizzie and I were separated. I was sent to board with an aunt, and Lizzie went away with my father's brother to be educated for a teacher. We parted with many tears and hopes, but I was too proud to ask her to forgive me that cruel blow. "I shall see her again next year," I thought, "and then I will tell her how sorry I have been." But the next year came, and the next, and many another year after that, and we did not meet.

Lizzie at length was married, and had a little daughter named after me, and I had grown to be a busy and ambitious woman. I did not think quite so often of her as I had done, but still that old fault rankled in my breast, and I longed to see her and hear her say she had forgotten it all. At last, they sent for me from her distant home. Lizzie, my dear sister, was dying, and I was hurried away, leaving business and friends and ambition behind me. I was in time to hear her last words,—to catch one last glimpse of the dear face that had grown so thin and pale. I knelt down beside her; my pride was all gone; and I cried like a little child, when I told her how unhappy that cruel act had always made me. She laid her thin white hand on my head and forgave me, then drew her little girl to my side and said, "I leave her with you, and I can die happy." And then she closed her eyes, and we two were in the room together. My little niece—a child like the Lizzie of other days, with the same blue eyes and sunny hair—now plays around me as I write; and every day with earnest prayers I teach what I would fain teach all my young readers—"Little children, love one another."

PAPER READ AT A MATERNAL MEETING,

Where sat the Childless Mother of Gentle John.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

PERHAPS there are few of us present who have not moistened our couch with tears as we have remembered those who once walked the rough path of life by our side, and thought of the words of love spoken to us by lips cold in death. Many of us have laid low in the dust the little one whom we tenderly loved; and when we have looked at the empty crib and useless toys, amidst our anguish we have said, "Thou canst not die again, my babe, death has no more power over my immortal child. Thou hast not lost thy way, my little one, for thy Saviour has passed through the tomb before thee;" and then, as the sorrows and trials of life have pressed upon our weary, sickening hearts, we have almost rejoiced in the thought that these lambs of the fold were safe from all the ills we feel in this shadowy land.

There are Christian mothers here, who have seen an answer to their prayers, as the child of their hopes has ascended to the skies, while a realizing faith has taught them to raise their eyes to the home of the blessed, and has enabled them to say with the Shunamite, "It is well." We are at a loss to know what an ungodly mother must feel, as death places his icy hand upon a youth, dead in trespasses and sins, going to an early grave, without giving any scriptural hope that he is prepared for a glorious immortality. Oh, may we be spared this dreadful anguish; but never let us forget who has said, "What ye sow, that shall ye reap." If we train our children for earth only, it is not likely that they will ever reach heaven; for God's holy word teaches us, that on earth

we must be meetened for the abode of the pure and blessed, or we shall never reach the place.

The Christian mother finds, from her own rich experience, the profitableness of reviewing—as on a map the voyager his course—all the way her heavenly Father has led her. The still waters and green pastures to which she has been conducted, call upon her to render thanks for the great benefits she has received, while the darker dispensations of His hand, if rightly viewed as blessings in disguise, will alike call for the tribute of gratitude and praise. As accountable beings, every dispensation of Providence increases our responsibility; and, surely, the severing of one of the dearest of earthly ties must draw us nearer to that Being who in mercy dealt the blow. We almost enter ourselves within the veil that separates time from eternity, when attending to its utmost verge a departing spirit, when realizing that at one moment it was within our mortal vision, the next disembodied in the presence of its Judge; one moment a sufferer here, the next a saint in glory.

> "Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone
> Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun;
> Or twice ten thousand times, twice told,
> Ere the forsaken clay is cold."

One moment we see the dying infant with a capacity so slightly unfolded as to be incapable of comprehending the simplest revealed truth; the next, it has received a fuller knowledge of the wonders of redeeming love than the most exalted intellect on earth ever attained. But there are those among us who have been permitted to watch the years of childhood—to guide the steps of youth—to rejoice in opening manhood—and just when the fruits of Christian effort, and the answer to humble prayer began to appear, the plant has been removed, to bear a richer fruit in the garden of the "better land." This was

your case, bereaved mother. I need not tell you that, when we look upon you childless, and remember how much you have lost, that our hearts sympathize with you, and our tears mingle with yours. Hard, indeed, must be that heart that feels not for you; it could not live in a mother's bosom.

But can you not realize, my friend, that your beloved one is in a more congenial atmosphere? That the soul is engaged in nobler employments, in the service of its Redeemer, in that upper temple, than it could have been while fettered and constrained by remaining corruption here below? Would you recal the freed-spirit of your child? Oh, no! You may mourn, as did the pious Richmond, who, pressing the lifeless remains of his darling son to his bosom, burst into tears; then, struggling with nature's anguish, exclaimed, "My child is a saint in glory; praised be God for His mercy." And so absorbed was this holy man with the contemplation of his child's entrance into heaven, and its union with the spirits of the just made perfect, as to be entirely unconscious of the presence of his family around him.

We are glad to see you here this evening. Some might have felt that, being a childless mother, would be a reason why you should be absent from our Maternal Meetings; we are glad *you* do not think so. Sometimes, when a mother is bereaved of all her children, she is ready to conclude that she is free from all further responsibility in the training and salvation of children; but I feel sure we shall see you in your place, both here and in the Sabbath school. When I look at you I am reminded of one who was asked, "How she could remain a member of the Maternal Association, seeing the Lord had written her childless?" She replied, "I feel that the Lord has signally answered my prayers for my own dear children, though in a very mysterious way. It was my prayer that He would make them His own, and educate them for His kingdom

and glory. I believe that He has done so, and that they are now enjoying the superior advantages of an angelic education. I do desire now to be more abundant in maternal labours than you all."

Ah! there are many little wandering lambs around us, you may be allowed to gather in. And then, if we remember, too, the burden of the Christian mother's constant prayer. What is it? Oh! that my child may so live as to gain heaven at last. This has been the great business of her life, so to train her children as that they may be meetened for glory. And when we see them depart before us, and go up, full of faith and hope, to join the blest assembly, we should try to remember, that the end of their existence is gained; and while we watch the last look, and listen to the last words of those precious ones, the words come back upon our hearts, as if a voice from the excellent glory proclaimed it to us, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Our paper is already too long, we must leave the other part until next month.

AUNT MARY.—No. VI.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

A FEW years passed as well as might be to Mrs. Neale, while the remembrance of the past, as well as the fruits, were as a dense cloud over her domestic hearth. One day Ebby called Aunt Mary into a little parlour, saying, "Come here, do, and shut the door; I have something to tell you." The door was shut, and Aunt Mary a willing listener—"Say on, my boy." "Oh, it is nothing agreeable, auntie; but you must bear it to my mother. I am going to sea—I cannot tell her—she always blames herself so much when I vex her." "Going to sea, Ebby!—surely you will not do anything

so cruel?" "Yes, aunt, I will; so don't say a word to me about it, for you are the only person in the world who can turn my will; but in this case I am determined that you shall not. I only ask you to tell my mother; and when I am gone, pray for me, that is all I ask—and mind, I am not going to say 'good-bye' to anybody. I expect to sail to-morrow evening for India." And sail he did—evidently feeling more regret at seeing Aunt Mary's tears than those of the mother who had blighted all his early days by her ruinous indulgence.

For four years did Mrs. Neale mourn over her absent son, only now and then receiving a short letter from him; while to Aunt Mary he wrote often, but always binding her to allow no other eye but her own to look upon it. During his absence Mrs. Neale's property had made to itself wings, and flown from her grasp, leaving her to struggle with deep poverty as well as widowhood—but she had now been taught by the Spirit of God to say with the apostle, "I have learned to be content;" and although she, as well as Aunt Mary—whose property had been mixed up with hers—had to pray literally for "daily bread," no rebellious murmuring came from their lips; and often Aunt Mary would throw out a hint, that she could prove the truth of her favourite text, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind," if she were allowed to do so.

One day the Indian mail brought a large packet, directed to Aunt Mary. She ran off to her room, as usual, to read the communication, but soon returned, holding a letter for Mrs. Neale in her hand, and exclaiming, "I may tell at last. Now you will see, 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind;'—our heavenly Father does not often allow both to blow together. Ebby has been getting on well for some time, dear Hannah; and many of the temporal supplies, over which you have wept tears of gratitude to our heavenly

Father, came through him; and now he has married a rich planter's daughter, and has a share in the lucrative establishment, and will remit you a nice sum quarterly! Oh, is it not true, 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind?' but read your own letter, dear Hannah, do." "I cannot, dear Mary—you must read it to me." Aunt Mary opened the letter, and read:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have long had it in my heart to write a long letter to you, but the time never seemed to come till this moment I am ashamed to think how hard my heart has felt towards you for many years, chiefly arising, I believe, from the fact, which I have often been made to feel, that your mistaken love spoiled all the days of my childhood by ruinous indulgence—(pardon this confession)—the consequences would, I am sure, have proved awful, if I had not been laid on a bed of affliction, and, while there, had an angelic Aunt Mary to attend me. She has led me at last to see my folly, and to seek for heavenly wisdom. Forgive me, my mother, the past. Our dear Aunt Mary will tell you all the rest—she has my permission now to do so. Oh, my mother, this dear friend has been to me a guide for earth and heaven—a helper in difficulties—a comforter in sorrows—my good angel. Much need have we all, my mother, to thank God for sending us an Aunt Mary.

"Your repenting but affectionate Son,

"E. NEALE."

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Neale, as the letter was laid on the table, "you have been to my boy what I ought to have been—a good and wise mother; may Heaven reward you for all you have done and suffered for me and mine. I know, indeed, that in eternity your reward shall be the joy of those who shall shine there as the stars for ever, for you have been the means of turning many to righteousness." "Well," said the gentle Aunt Mary, "we will praise our God together here, and wait to praise Him more perfectly when the sorrows of earth are passed away; and I am sure you will say with me, as

you review the past, 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.' Yes—yes—thanks to His name, He has not allowed both to blow together."

A WORD OR TWO MORE TO SERVANTS.

In a former paper, I wrote about saving odd scraps of any kinds of material: now I would say a word about treasuring up knowledge. Many of you, I am well aware, have it in your power to gain more knowledge now, than you ever had before you entered service, or ever will have after leaving it. How many kind mistresses buy books that are both useful and interesting, and after they have read them in the parlour or drawing-room, kindly lend them to the servants in the kitchen. They are welcomed by some as a treasure, and contribute both pleasant and useful recreation for odd minutes, and are the means of inspiring grateful thoughts and wishes in the readers to do all they can for the thoughtful and benevolent master and mistress who so kindly remember them. In other cases, they are thrown carelessly aside, with very ungrateful feelings, saying, "Does mistress think we have nothing else to do but read? She takes care enough we shall have plenty to do, without reading. I am sure I don't have hardly a minute's time to do a bit of work for myself." And yet, at the same time, if another servant should happen to call, they would stand chatting half an hour, without thinking about whose time they were wasting, or how much better it might be employed in working or reading.

Although I would never advise you to sit down, with a dirty cap upon your head, to read an interesting book, when you have got two or three clean ones ready to make up, yet I do say, that if you prize reading as you ought, for the sake of the knowledge to be gained from it, you will in the first place never neglect your Bible, and yet

will find time to read other good books, and I would say, *prize them;* you will find, in after-life, when there will always be something for you to do, that the reading you treasured and had love for in former days, now comes back to your mind, refreshing it, while you are toiling at your daily work, like the gentle rain which gives new vigour to the drooping flower. How many times will the thought arise, "Well, what must I do in this case? how must I act? Oh! let me see. I saw so-and-so in a book. I can but try it." How often is a mother called upon by her dear little ones to amuse them, or take them up, when her hands are so full of work that she does not know which way to go first—then, a tale or piece of poetry, picked up long ago, whilst out at service, will amuse the biggest, and keep the least quiet for some time, if repeated in a lively manner.

A LABOURER'S WIFE.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

MRS. L. was the wife of a sea-captain of French origin, a Catholic in his earlier religious education, but a decided sceptic in his maturer years, tolerating with affability the religious opinions of others, but utterly reckless of his own.

Mrs. L. believed, not only in the moral influence of domestic religion, but in the direct answer, sooner or later, of her prayers in behalf of her husband and children. Years passed away without the realization of her hopes; but she persevered humbly and hopefully at her altar, till God answered her, though in a way she could not have anticipated. He blessed her by misfortune. She had occasion to correct her son one day, by confining him to his chamber—the boy escaped by a window, and could not be found. Days passed away, weeks and

months elapsed, and no intimation of the missing child was heard. The mother, wrung with anguish, still clung to the domestic altar. Misgivings, painful misgivings met her there during these anxious months. He had embarked in a vessel, and, after a long voyage, arrived at Charlestown, South Carolina. Here he remained, destitute and dependent, several weeks; but at the moment of his extremity, his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbour, from Havre.

The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to the arms of his parent, confessing his misconduct with tears. The juvenile romance of adventure had died in his bosom, but the tender remembrance of his home still lived, melting his young heart, and disposing him to return to its deserted altar, and mingle there his tears with those of a mother's anxiety and love. The vessel sailed for Havana. It arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in that city. In a few days, the poor boy, predisposed, perhaps, by his anxieties and grief, was attacked by the dreadful malady. And now revived, in overpowering influence, the recollections of his early religious instructions. The confused reveries of a fevered brain could not dispel them. The atonement, the duty of repentance and faith, the terrors of death, judgment, and hell, were ever present to his mind. Ah! even in this extremity, the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven.

A SON REMEMBERING EARLY DAYS.

A young man, writing to a friend, says:—"The dispensations of Providence during the past year have been severe. Whether sufficiently so the future will demonstrate. For a long time after I left you I was in a continual state of excitement, though outwardly calm. I formed all sorts of schemes for the future, few of which

conscience would allow me to carry out without an exercise of its power. I cared or tried to care nothing about myself, but I could not succeed. I had the inclination to do anything mischievous or wicked, but was minus the power. I could not sin to the extent I wished. This was the effect of early training. Memory brought before my mind's eye scenes past long, long ago. I saw myself a little child, a very little child, sitting on my mother's lap, and listening to some sweet Bible story, or New Testament miracle or discourse of Jesus, concluding with some simple appeal to my tender feelings, and a short prayer which I repeated, asking the Friend of little children to bless me. Fourteen years have not choked the seed then sown. No; its fruit has been holy convictions, exercising a restraining influence; no doubt aided by the effectual fervent prayers of righteous parents.

IT IS NO TASK TO READ THE BIBLE.

Mr. Hone, the well-known author of the *Every-day Book*, in the days of his infidelity was travelling in Wales on foot, and, being rather tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage, where there was a little girl seated reading, and whom he asked if she would give him a little water. "Oh! yes, Sir," she said; "if you will come in, mother will give you some milk-and-water." Upon which he went in and partook of that beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book.

After a short stay in the cottage, he again came out and accosted the child at the door, "Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?" "Oh! no, Sir," she replied, "I am reading the Bible." "But," said Mr. Hone, "you are getting your task out of the Bible." "Oh! no, Sir; it is no task to me to read the Bible. It is a pleasure."

This circumstance had such an effect upon Mr. Hone that he determined to read the Bible too; and he became one of the foremost in upholding and defending the great truths contained in that holy book.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE is a filter that separates sincere friends from the scum.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

The mother is happy when her sweet babe is born, and when the helpless little thing lies in her bosom. She is happy when it begins to take notice, and return her smile. She is happy when it totters over the floor, and utters its first syllable. She is happy when the boy trips along by her side, and when the girl sews or reads at her knee. Happier still is that mother when she listens to the prayers of her beloved one. O how happy, when the youth becomes a child of grace! But, happiest of all will she be, when she meets all her children at the right hand of Christ. Christian mother, do you not find motives to prayer and fidelity in these simple thoughts?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Star and the Cloud. By A. S. ROE. London: Simpkin & Co.

A well-told and deeply interesting tale, with a moral well suited to English homes.

The Convent. London: Simpkin & Co.

A tale wherein the convent system is exposed with power; and withal very interesting for our young friends.

Hymns for Highways and Homes. London: 19, Paternoster-row.

A packet of very delightful hymns, with an anecdote at the end of each paper. Cheap and good for scattering by the way-side.

The Elastic Zone, or Infant's Belt.

This is a nice substitute for the "roller;" a perfect boon to the infant and mother.

MOTHER'S TESTIMONIALS.

"Teas her, and she will do it"

We all know from experience that little children are very observant of character, and that they have deep treasure-houses, from which memory is constantly bringing up words and actions of the past; and how very soon they know what firmness of purpose means We have often seen an infant of ten months old perfectly understand the little word, "No," look into the mother's face to see if she really meant it, and then act upon it. But, mother, you say "No," two or three times, and then allow yourself to be "teased" into saying "Yes;" and, depend upon it, your "No" will go for nothing another time.

A group of boys, from six to ten years of age, were standing by a gate in a pretty village. "Come," said one of them, "let us go into the stack-yard." "Mother said we must not go there, John," replied a younger brother, Henry. "Oh, all stuff! *my* mother said so too," rejoined George Mogwell; "but she won't care." "Don't she mean what she said then?" asked a gentle, little, pale boy, Amos Corand, "then I suppose your mother is like Jack Tirade's mother, for she said if he went near the pool she would cut his legs off" "Ah, ah," exclaimed Tom Harris, "he would look funny without legs!" "Well," added little Amos, "if *my* mother had said she would cut my legs off, she would be sure to, just because she said she would; she never tells lies, my mother don't." "Ah, your mother is a Methodist," said Tom, with a sneer; "I heard say she would not go to the tea-gardens on Sundays." "No, to be sure she won't, for the Bible and my teacher told her not to, nor she is not a Methodist neither," added the boy warmly, "she is a dear, kind, good mother." "Why, she will

not let you go bird's-nesting, will she?" asked John Burley. "No; but she gave me a peg-top instead." "Well, Harry, run home," said John, "and ask mother again if we may go to the stack-yard." "I did, I tell you, and she said, 'No.'" "Ah, bah! Go again. TEASE HER, AND SHE'LL DO IT." "Then father will be in a huff with her again, like he was when we teased her till she let us go boating." "Never mind, boy; go, I tell you, and tease her into it."

Away ran Harry to do his work of teasing the yielding mother. "Well, Harry," said Mrs. Burley, as her little son ran in, "I wanted you to keep the ducks away from the chickens." "We want to go and play in the stack-yard, mother." "I told you not to go there, Harry." "Yes, mother; but 'tis so nice there." "Nonsense—go somewhere else; drive away the ducks, there's a good fellow." "But, mother, Tom and John, and ever so many more, want to go there." "What a tiresome, teasing boy you are." "May we go, mother?" "Get along, do, you teaser." And away Harry did go. When he again reached his companions, Tom shouted out, "Well, did you tease her into it, Harry?" "Yes." "Then let us be off," said John; and off they went, all but little Amos, who turned towards his home saying, "My mother is not like that; when she says 'No,' she means no."

Now what think you will be the consequence of this mother of John and Harry Burley yielding to their "teasing?" Most certainly they will never take "No" for an answer; nor will they believe, as they pass up into life, that her word is to be depended upon, or her judgment worth asking. Weak, vacillating, untruthful mothers will be sure to reap what they sow, even in this life, by being tormented by disobedient, self-willed children. How easily can we guess the characters of the different mothers of this group of boys, by the remarks

they make relating to them, and the discipline of their homes. We shall hope some day to ascertain the result of Mrs. Burley's yielding, and Mrs. Corand's firmness.

ANNIE WARBURTON AND HER MOTHER.

"And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they are pleased to call
So beautiful, should die so soon."

MOTHER! are you doing your work with death and eternity in view—feeling quite sure that you and your children, perhaps both, will soon have to render the account of all your work, and the way in which you have performed it? Oh, if you have never yet commenced in right-good earnest to do your life-work, begin AT ONCE. While you are loitering, some direful fever, or one of the thousand ills at God's command, may be commissioned from the throne of Heaven, with the awful sentence, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" On the other hand, if you *are* doing your work as God would have you, diligently and earnestly, with the Bible in your hand—the truths of which are to guide you here, and will meet you again at the bar of God, to decide your case there—it will matter not at what hour of the day you hear the voice proclaiming to you or your child, "The Master has come, and calleth for thee."

Let us try to impress these truths on your mind by a scene from real life, not a picture from the imaginative pencil of the artist, but a scene, alas! too often witnessed in this beautiful but fallen world of ours. Come with us to yonder neatly-curtained cottage; it has been for many years the home of peace and happiness; but the spoiler has come, and has woven his web of blight over the most beautiful flower in the family garden—as he is wont to do. Touchingly does Kirke White describe the advance of consumption :—

"Who comes here?
Oh! I know her by that tear;
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair;
She is mine,
And she is thine.
In the dismal night-air drest,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,
When they sparkle most, she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,
Comfort she will breathe in death?
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie;
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has closed her eye."

Oh! how many British mothers, with sinking hearts and weeping eyes, are every day realizing the truth of these touching lines! Now come up with us to a neat little bedroom—step gently, it is a sacred place; within the snow-white curtains of a little bed rests a beautiful girl, over whose head some seventeen summers have shed their fragrance; her brow is white as marble, and the tresses surrounding it are black and shining as the raven's wing; in her beautiful hazel eye there is a light and brilliancy only seen where the blight of our country has fallen. Bright rose-like spots are on either cheek, telling the sad tale of the hectic fever burning within; her white and almost transparent hand rests on a small, nicely-bound book, enfolding the words of eternal life; it was the gift of her father on her twelfth birthday, when, as

a sprightly girl, she looked bidding fair to see threescore years and ten. By the bedside, in an easy chair, sits a pale and anxious-looking woman; her face is turned towards the window to hide the falling tears that will burst forth from the overburdened heart within. This is Annie's mother.

Now draw near the bed and learn a lesson. Dying lips speak truth. In a soft and gentle voice Annie calls "Mother." Mrs. Warburton turns round and lends a listening ear to the gentle accents of her dying child. "Mother, I have a tale to tell, which ought to dry those tears on that dear, pale face. I know what the doctor thinks, and I know what he told you, though I did not hear him; my eyes are not dim yet; I can read looks. I know death will come soon—his harbingers are all about me; but I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid to die." "Oh, my precious child," the pious mother exclaimed, "this is my great anxiety."

For a few moments, mother and daughter were silent, weeping tears such as a mother and dying daughter only *can* weep; but the young Annie nerved herself for her task. Asking Divine aid, she again commenced, "I know it, dear mother, but we must be calm while I tell you words which may comfort you when I am gone to the better land. I wish to bear my testimony to the fact, that from my earliest infancy you have trained me according to the rules laid down in the precious book I hold in my hand. I well remember, when a little, lisping child, the spot where you led me to ask for blessings on my infant head; and as well remembered as a tale of yesterday, are the Bible stories I heard from your lips. As a child, I had a hope that I should one day be a disciple of Jesus, but my heart was very hard; and I often tried to find something in your conduct that would contradict the good words that fell from your lips—vain watching, I rejoice to say. Do you remember, mother, when my

gay and clever aunt, with my cousin Janet, came to visit us, how she pressed you to allow me to accompany them to the ball? Oh, I greatly wished you to consent, and urged you to purchase for me a dress like Janet's, and red geranium for my hair, feeling all the time that if you yielded to our entreaties you would fall in my heart, from being almost an angel, to a mere common-place, every-day mother! This was the turning-point in my short life. At this time, I resolved to seek my consistent mother's God; but I did not tell you so. I had a strange kind of fear lest I should profess feelings which might pass away, and my proud heart shrunk from being reminded of them, as I thought I might be in the home circle; but this was a sinful silence, washed away now in the blood of Jesus."

Now, busy mother, we will rest our pen, lest you grumble over long papers.

PEACE.

"Put up thy sword into the sheath.
That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy brother,
Bear with it; the annoyance passeth, and may not return for ever."

"Mother! would you like me to be a soldier?" asked Raymond Moore. His mother was reading, but instantly placed her hand on her book, as she was wont to do when either of her children addressed her—"Yes, my son, very much," she replied. "There, now," said the lad, with triumph in his eye, "I thought you would not mind it—Hannah said she was sure you would not like me to be a soldier—she said, that although soldiers were allowed to remain, according to the New Testament, in their profession after they became pious, none ever chose the soldier's life after they knew the Saviour." "Ah! I think Hannah was mistaken," rejoined Mrs. Moore, with an arch look at Raymond.

"Now, mother," rejoined the youth, "that look makes me think I do not understand you; for sometimes you say words that have some meaning under them, which I do not understand for a little time—so do tell me, would you really like me to be a soldier? What kind of a soldier would you like me to be, mother?" "Well, my son, I should like you to be an officer, if I had my choice; but perhaps the 'Captain' of the regiment would not think you capable of command; but I should not mind if you were a 'private,' if you attended duty and obeyed orders." "And would you really like to see me, mother, in a red coat, marching towards the field of battle?" "The colour of the coat, Raymond, is not of much importance; but I think I prefer a black one, if I might choose." "A black one, mother!—who ever saw a soldier in a black coat?" "Oh, I have seen many." "Ah, now I see by the twinkle of your eye you have double thoughts again to-day—tell me what you are thinking about."

"Well, dear," replied Mrs. Moore, "I should like my son to be a soldier, but not in the sense you have been speaking of. Oh, never may he enter the battle-fields of earth, thirsting for the destruction of his fellow-men! But I do greatly desire that he may be a soldier of the cross, fighting under the banner of King Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. And although, as Hannah says, there are pious soldiers—we heard of many in the late war—yet I cannot imagine any pious man choosing that profession after he has sworn allegiance to the Prince of Peace, which I hope my son may do before long." "Ah, I see, mother, you do not think the wars of earth help on the kingdom of the Saviour. I thought my own mother was a woman of peace—I should have been disappointed if she had decided otherwise."

Christian mother! would you like your son to choose war as his profession? Do you say, "David was a man of

war? True, but on this very account he was not allowed to build a temple for God. Would you not rather your beloved and loving boy should take the example of the Prince of Peace, teaching all men to love as brethren? Then begin early in life to teach the little ones kindness and forbearance, and love to each other and to the whole human family.

PAPER READ AT A MATERNAL MEETING,

Where sat the Childless Mother of Gentle John.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.—NO. II.

IT is related of a Christian mother, that when she closed the eyes of her departed child she exclaimed, "I wish thee joy, my darling. Yes, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Yes, joy that thy mother must die to understand." Have you not felt, as you stood by the bed of the departing Christian youth, that

"There is a train of holy thought
That e'en on earth will trance the soul,
When all inferior things seem nought,
And God and heaven possess the whole.
Such is the feeling when in death
One whom we dearly love departs,
When we feel fading with their breath,
And feel their death-pang in our hearts.
Then, as the spirit sets, she seems
Just like the sun in western sea,
To form a path of her own beams,
To lead us to eternity.
It seems as if indeed were seen
Those gates of undecaying light,
And for a moment in between
We caught a glance of the glittering sight,
And the choral bands so bright and fair,
Who there are found,
The throne around,
In raiment spotless, pure and white.

We trace the spirit's path along
Till she seems mingled with the throng,
Then wrapt and dazzled with the gaze,
We turn to our own earth again,
And all its best and brightest rays
Seem dark and profitless and vain.
Oh! for a glance like this, to last
Till all this mortal life be past!
But no, it cannot be; earth clings
Around us yet The seraph wings
Of purity and light will wave
Triumphant o'er a conquered grave;
But, while in mortal cumbrance drest,
If we aspire
We droop and tire,
And turn to our low earth to rest
Yet it will be. Pass on, ye hours,
When in all bright celestial bowers,
Without one low and mortal tie,
But cloudless as an Alpine sky,
We, we shall soar,
To droop no more,
But put on immortality!

Such feelings possessed our hearts as we stood by the dying bed of one of the most interesting and promising of the children of our Association. In early life, Alfred (this was the real name of Gentle John) had been trained for heaven, and in early life he had given his young heart to the Saviour. We had watched his opening mind with great interest, and had seen him drink in knowledge and store up wisdom, which we, in our short-sighted and vain imaginings, expected to hear called forth at some future day, when he stood forth as an ambassador for Christ, which it was, we believe, his ardent desire to be in a heathen land; and to this work we feel sure his heart was devoted, and his mind qualified in no ordinary degree. But it is consoling to remember it was in his heart, and that when this

young soldier of the cross was called to prepare for his last battle, and when he felt his cherished hopes—and *our* cherished hopes—would soon be buried in his tomb, not a single murmur escaped his lips, even when the harbinger of death sounded the trumpet, giving warning of the approach of the last enemy at the entrance of the dark valley. The only anxiety I saw him feel at my post of anxious observation related to her whom he called mother; and the last anxious wish he expressed was, that she should take rest. It was very evident. from the look of that bright eye, that there were words in his affectionate heart too big for utterance as it regarded her; and while he nerved himself to say, "Don't cry, mother," his look and manner seemed to tell us he had no terror or anxiety, save that which his affectionate heart felt for the mother to whom he was about to bid a long farewell.

But now that he has fought the fight, the good fight. we should try to think of him not as he *was*, but as he *is*. Weeping mother, thy son liveth. He has cast off mortality, and the immortal spirit is now in triumph. Another soul is received into glory. The beloved youth is now reclining on his Father's bosom. The desire of his heart—and, may I not add, of *thy* heart?—is granted: his robe is washed white in the Saviour's blood; his palm of victory is ever green; his heart is love; his soul is joy. How sweetly does he sing! He tells his history it is a mystery to angels. If lovely with his placid brow and eye of lustre while a dying sinner here, how truly lovely does he now appear, as with a crown of glory he bends at his great Master's feet! If a stone sculptured by human art attracts wonder and admiration, will not the diamond sparkle with a dazzling lustre, which He who spake the sun into glory has fashioned to adorn his mediatorial crown?

While he was on earth our young friend delighted in

knowledge—now he has entered the school of Christ in heaven. The blessed Saviour is his teacher, and his studies are the volumes of eternity. The map of God's universe shall be his chart, and the telescope of heaven shall assist his unclouded vision. The rays that emanate from the uncreated One shall for ever illumine his pathway. He no more needs the light of the sun nor of the moon, for God is his light and shield. From seraphim and cherubim he learns the notes of heaven, while Gabriel leads the choir. Live on, then, young Alfred! Live in the society of the pure and the holy; only such didst thou love on earth. Live where sin cannot grieve thee. Tune thy harp, and bless God and the Lamb for thy crown of glory. Yes, when empires and kingdoms shall have passed away—when sun, moon, and stars shall be blotted out, thy eternity will have but just begun. Thou hast not forgotten thy mother. No! Love dies not in heaven. Perchance thou shalt be the first on angel wing to welcome her to the abodes of bliss. Could the happy spirit revisit these mortal shores, with what pathos would he say, "Mother, the Saviour's heart is love; lean upon it, and be happy."

You heard the request, "Do not cry, mother!" He told us he was "resting on Christ," and had "no fears;" and what would he now say, if, in the midnight watch, spirit could with spirit blend, and mortal with immortal could hold converse? Would he not say, "My mother, dry thy tears, I am safe in glory. Oh, why art thou disquieted? If souls could weep in bliss I should, to hear my name repeated mingled with a tear. Weep not now; I have escaped to happiness. We soon shall meet where God wipes all tears away." And what should be the reply? "Thy mother will try to *feel* and say, 'He hath done all things well.' Time is short, and will soon be swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity. Soon the dawn of a never-ending day shall be ushered

in. Soon we shall mingle our songs with the innumerable multitude who unceasingly cry, 'Holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.' "

"WHIP ME, BUT DON'T CRY."

A PIOUS father had devoted great attention to the education of his son, who had maintained an unblemished reputation until the age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood. The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender severely. He made the subject one of prayer, for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed over as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was opened. He wept aloud. For a moment the lad seemed confused. He saw the struggle between love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out, with all his usual ingenuousness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please, *but don't cry.*" The point was gained. The father saw that the lad was sensibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.—No. II.

ONE day, when all hope of his son's recovery was gone, the father, a man of strong feelings, entered with a broken spirit the chamber where he lay. The dying boy, with his tears dropping upon his pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother. "My mother! my dear mother! O that she were here to pray for me as she used to!" The father bent over him, unable for a time to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Clasping his hands, and casting a look of appalling

earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed, "Father, I am dying with my sins upon me! I shall be lost in my present state! Send, O send for some one to pray with me!" "My child," replied the father, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you." "O what shall I do then, father?" exclaimed the son. "Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future. "I do," replied the boy, "but I need the help of others. O can you not, will you not pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life; but his heart melted over his child; he felt, as by consciousness, the truth and necessity of religion. He felt that none but a God could meet this terrible emergency of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bedside of his son. His spirit was broken, his tears flowed like rain, and with agony he called upon God to save himself and child. The family and servants of the house were amazed, but he prayed on, and before he arose the child's prayers were heard, if not his. The suffering boy had found the peace which passeth understanding. He died trusting in his Saviour and full of tranquil hope. Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself—he was deeply convicted of sin, and before long found peace in believing. He returned to B., his child a corpse, but himself a new man—the one in heaven, and the other on the way. He brought to his wife the first news she had received of her missing son. She wept, but with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow, acknowledging that in affliction God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. Providence had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"If mothers did but fully know
How vast the blessing they bestow,
When with their tender care and love
They watch and pray, and kindly see
The nature of that company
With whom their children move."

PERHAPS there is not a duty which is more incumbent on parents, and which has a greater bearing on the future life and career of a child, than that of choosing the companions of their earliest days. If they are allowed to mingle indiscriminately with those who live in the same town or street, we must not wonder if they make choice of those whose ways lead down to death, rather than those which tend unto life. There is something in human nature, however beautiful its moral state, previous to the introduction of Divine grace, which leads us naturally to cling to the evil and leave the good. And if evil habits are formed in the first buddings of life, we may be pretty certain they will develop themselves in broader and more distinct features in mature age. How important, then, the injunction of Solomon,—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Were you to travel from the Land's End to the Tweed, or from the Irish Sea to the German Ocean, you would not find a more excellent woman than Mrs. Smith. Lovely in her temper, kind and affable in her manners, industrious and careful in all her household concerns, as well as exemplifying the true spirit of Christianity in her daily walk, she appeared as a bright example worthy of imitation. But as there is no sunshine without its shade, or delightful scene without its drawbacks, or lovely flower without some defect, so there is no character, however beautiful, but discovers some weakness,

to show the imperfection of all things here below. Sweet and beautiful as the general character of Mrs. Smith was, there was one infirmity which somewhat sullied her otherwise lovely walk; and that consisted in giving—through mistaken love—the parental power out of her own hands, and allowing her children to have too much their own way in matters of importance. Like good Eli, whilst religion flowed in her own heart, she was to be condemned for not keeping her children from wickedness. What was the result?

Without entering into the whole history, or referring to the whole family, let me take one branch, a youth, who in a special manner had been the object of his mother's mistaken love. Early permitted to mingle unchecked with the giddy and thoughtless who met on the village green, beside the large oak tree, he early imbibed their spirit; and when subsequent years brought him to manhood, the same spirit only more vigorously appeared. The seed sown in youth sprang up and bore fruit. Giddy and thoughtless in early life, he could not brook parental power in riper years. Accustomed to the society of those who feared not God nor eschewed evil, his heart grew up in distaste to religion, until at last, unable to bear the kind admonitions of his tender mother, or the fellowship of the good, he exchanged the home of his birth for that of a seafaring life, as more congenial with his feelings. Thus drinking deeper and deeper into sin, he became well-nigh the instrument of bringing down the hairs of a kind and indulgent mother with sorrow to the grave.

O that Old Anthony's voice was so powerful that it could enter into the ear, and from thence into the heart of every mother! With what earnestness would he entreat them to watch against every evil, but more especially against allowing their children to mingle with those who, though not openly profane, yet bear no marks

of religion. Ye mothers of England! Ye have no need to use coercive measures to restrain your children from evil companions; there is an influence within your reach, sweet and soft in its operations, which, if exercised early, under the blessing of God, will tend to lead them to choose the pious, whilst they look with pity on the profane and thoughtless. Exercise that influence—introduce them early into the society of the good—and that God may crown your efforts with abundant success, will be the prayer of your friend and well-wisher,

OLD ANTHONY.

LITTLE MARY.

"What would Jesus say?"

LITTLE Mary Groves was the child of very pious parents, and gave, from a very early age, strong evidences of the grace of God working in her heart. One night, when left alone with her brothers and a young relation, who was brought up with them, she became very angry, on some trifling occasion, and her cousin said, "Mary, what would your mamma say?" She looked thoughtful, and turning to her cousin said, "What would Jesus say? Let us all kneel down and ask Jesus to forgive me." The four children knelt down, and she became, after prayer, quite good and happy.

At another time she said to her mamma, "I wish you would take the frills off my trousers, mamma." Mrs. Groves replied, "No, my dear, it is not worth while to take them off, as they are there; I should not put them on any more." The child said, "Do take them off; because I love them so, I cannot help thinking of them." This showed how early she gained acquaintance with the natural vanity of the human heart. She was a very lively child, and though the youngest in the family, quite took the lead with her brothers, but was wonderfully

subject to her parents; and seemed ripening for her heavenly home, loving to talk and to hear about Jesus. Shortly before her death she said, "I am so thirsty." The servant took her toast and water; she refused it, saying, "Call mamma." When her mother came she said, "Mamma, they don't know what I mean; I want to drink the *blood* of Christ, and to eat His flesh." She was not quite five years old when she died, and was early ripened for glory. She asked on the last day of her life to hear the twenty-third Psalm, and said she knew Jesus was her Shepherd, and would guide her through the valley of death.

Mary's mother taught all her children early to fear and love God. She did not live to see her sons grow up, but they were both converted while young, and are now serving the Lord as missionaries in India.

If we bring up our children for God, and set them a good example, of our little ones we may also hope to say, "Whether they live they live unto the Lord, and whether they die they die unto the Lord. Let us pray and labour, and patiently hope. for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." E. G.

[The dear friend who wrote this little paper for us is gone to Heaven since she sent it to us—*gone, and* MISSED. Ponder her words, young mother, that being dead she may yet speak to you and to your children.—ED.]

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

WRITTEN AT SHANKLIN, JUNE, 1855

Hush awhile, thou restless Ocean,
Gentle let thy murmurs be,
Cease for once thy loud commotion,
For I long to talk with thee

Though *I* speak in human language,
  And *thy* voice is stern and wild;
Thou shalt speak and *I* will listen,
  Like a father and a child.

Listen, then, (the Ocean murmured,)
  For my voice hath much to tell;
Take my lessons to thy spirit,
  Let it ponder them right well.

I will teach of Him who made me,
  Of His love so vast and free;
And His power, which hath no limit,
  Like the deep unfathomed sea.

Then forget not how He promised
  All thy sins to cast aside,
Like the stones that ocean buries,
  With its mighty rolling tide.

When my stormy waters tell thee
  Life is but a troubled sea;
Think of Him who quelled their fury,
  Trod life's fiercest waves for thee.

Of *thyself*, too, I can teach thee,
  Restless often like each wave,
Tossing—foaming—still forgetting
  Who is ever near to save.

Turn we yet to brighter prospects,
  On to promised glories pass—
Gazing on my sunlit waters,
  Think upon the "sea of glass."

Think that thou shalt stand triumphant,
  When life's voyage shall be past;
Where no storm nor tempest cometh,
  E'en my murmurs hushed at last.

"*No more sea*," *my days* are numbered,
  Endless ages wait for *thee;*
Where thine eyes shall view with rapture
  Sights more glorious than the sea.

Oxford. MARY

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

A MOTHER, who never prays with her child, little imagines what an influence is lost that might be exerted over that child for good. Mothers should not only pray *for* but *with* their children, and begin with them when they are infants. It is surprising how early children can conceive of a God, who watches over them, takes care of them, and gives them every comfort they enjoy. A mother, who has thus frequently accustomed herself to take her child in private and pray with him, has found it the best means of soothing him when disturbed in his rest through slight indisposition, or when vexed and peevish from any little cause that has crossed his temper; and when he has done any naughty tricks, or manifested an obstinate disposition, this means conquers better than any other. The child is constantly in the habit of attending a place of worship once, and generally twice, on the Sabbath; though but two years and a quarter old, he behaves well in a usual way. One morning he was restless; when he returned home, he was reproved; his papa would not kiss him as usual. The next Sabbath morning his mamma was talking to him, telling him she hoped he would be a better boy, and sit still; if not, papa would not kiss him again when he came home at noon. The child cannot speak plain yet, but in his childish way he said, "Mamma, take Willie up stairs; pray God make Willie a good boy." What mother could refuse such a request? R. T. P.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"HOW CAN I BELIEVE YOU?"

"Now be a good boy," said a mother to her little son, "and you shall have a pretty thing." "You have

told me so very often, mother," the tiny thing replied, "and you never keep your word; how can I believe you now?" What a reproof from the lips of infancy to a promise-breaking mother! will the boy ever confide in her as he grows up into life? We think not; for the first impression of character is the most lasting.

HAPPINESS.

He who finds his happiness in increasing the happiness of his fellow-creatures, is a benevolent man; he who finds it in increasing their holiness, is a Christian.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storm of life can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands who come in contact with you year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven. -- *Dr. Chalmers.*

SAY NOTHING TO GRIEVE.

A minister once said, "If you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quickly and tell it; but if it is something that will only cause a sigh, bottle it up—bottle it up."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Packet of Little Books for Children. London: The Book Society, 19, Paternoster row.

Very amusing and useful little works.

Australian Band of Hope.

We present our thanks to the unknown friend who sends us the *Australian Band of Hope Journal.* We rejoice to know that so useful a work circulates among the gold-seekers.

GONE AND MISSED.

A DEAR friend and devoted young mother has lately been called from our world, one who was ever glad to lend a helping hand, when she could, in our work for mothers. Her sufferings were of no common order; indeed, they were so exceedingly painful, that one's heart bleeds to think of them, though we view them now as *past*. Her sun went down at noon, but it was a glorious setting. Come with us, and look at the dear sufferer, as she waits for the angel of death. We give the cheering extract from a short memoir—(too short for us)—published by her husband, P. H. Gosse, Esq. :—

"Her last day on earth was now come—it was one of brilliant sunshine—a lovely day for mid winter; and as we moved her couch towards the window for the taking of the third photograph, and saw the bright sunlight stream upon her countenance, we thought she would see that sun no more. She was cheerful in conversation, as indeed she ever was; took an interest in the likeness, and wished to see the result, and in the afternoon conversed freely with her physician. As she lay still, she said, 'I shall see His bright face, and shall shine in His brightness, and shall sing His praise in strains never uttered below.' No doubt she alluded to a deficiency which she had always regretted. From the want of ear and voice she had never been able to sing. Even up to the last her mind was set upon doing her Master's work, and on this very last day one of the servants was seated at a table by her bedside; folding and addressing tracts and messengers, under her dictation. It was her last act of earthly service.

"In the course of the afternoon, as I was hanging over her, she said, 'O that I loved Him more!' I replied, 'You will soon.' She said, 'Yes, I hope so!' and then, with an expression approaching to archness, she added, 'I don't love Satan.' 'Nor sin?' I suggested. 'No; and I don't want to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' As night drew on, a change became manifest—the physician had said that the whole blood in the system was poisoned by the cancer, and that the rapidity of its downward course was beyond that of any case he had

ever witnessed. The breathing became shorter and more laborious, accompanied with much heaving of the chest. Soon after eight o'clock she experienced a partial paralysis of the tongue, causing her speech to be thick, and with difficulty intelligible. In allusion to this, and in the dread that she might linger some time without the power of speech, she said, 'The Lord has hitherto raised me above circumstances; He has made me to ride upon the high places of the earth, and now He has brought me down, and now He has made me to fear.' 'Fear what, my darling?' I asked. 'Paralysis.' A little before ten she murmured, 'I am going home—I must go home.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'what a mercy that you have a home to go to!' She immediately added, 'And a hearty welcome!' in allusion to the name of a tract she had written.

"The two maids, who truly loved their mistress, refused to go to bed, and they, with me, continued to watch for the end. After a while my precious sufferer said, 'I shall walk with Him in white—won't you take your lamb and walk with me?' The last sentence she repeated twice or thrice, as she saw that I did not readily catch her meaning; I believe, however, she alluded to our dear little boy. Her speech was now thick; but presently she said, 'Tis a pleasant way—more pleasant than when I could not pray for what would make you unhappy.' I suppose she referred to the circumstance, that within the last day or two I had been able solemnly to resign her into the hand of Him, who for a season had lent her to me, and now reclaimed His loan. She looked on us hanging over her, and said, two or three times, as if the thought of eternal union were delightful, 'One song'—one family!—one song!' At times, she dropped into a momentary slumber, during which she still spoke of Jesus. In one of these murmurings, on putting our ears close to her mouth, we could make out, 'Open the gates'—open the gates, and let me in!' Ah, the blessed of the Lord had not long to stand without. About a quarter to eleven I spoke to her of the freeness of the Gospel grace which she had proclaimed so fully in her tracts, when she replied, 'I see it!' 'See what, love?' I asked. 'I see the freeness of Gospel grace that I have set before others, but in extreme weakness;' immediately adding, lest the expression might be misunderstood, as meaning dimness of apprehension of the truth—'in extreme weakness *of body*.' Soon after this, she turned her dimming eyes on me, and said—'Dear papa,

I am all ready. 'What has made you ready?' I asked. 'The blood.' Then she added, after a momentary pause, 'The blood of the Lamb.'

"This precious testimony was the last sentence that issued from her lips. It had been her joy in life to tell of the sufficiency of that blood, and now she died on it. A few minutes after this she fell into a heavy doze, breathing stertorously, with laborious heaving and with opened mouth; for three quarters of an hour she only uttered one word, 'Papa!' The breathing feebler, with less of the rattling of the phlegm, presently she again breathed the familiar word 'Papa!' which was the last word she uttered on earth. Her eyes now became fixed, and she was evidently unconscious, in no way noticing anything we said or did, till exactly at one o'clock she breathed a long expiration, and ceased. I laid her dear head, which for an hour had been on my arm, on the pillow, closed her eyes, and all kneeling round the bed gave thanks to God, amidst sobs and tears, for her peaceful admission into her happy home."

Such was the last day of our beloved and excellent friend. Mother!—young mother!—you too must die. Are you living the life of the righteous? Then you may expect to die their death.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

"MOTHER, I can hardly think that I shall go to-morrow. I have so longed for the time to come, and it has been so long in the distance, that I cannot realize that to-morrow I leave my early home for 'a life on the ocean wave.'" "It will be realized by me, my son," was the reply, in a tone of sadness; "but, George, there is one thing I wish to ask of you. Can you promise your mother one thing in this solemn time, so near the parting hour?"

The mother and son were sitting together, near an open window, through which was streaming the glorious moonlight of a summer evening. The lad had not seen more than seventeen summers, and his clear blue eye

was full of hope and bright anticipations. Years had silvered a few of his mother's locks, but she was still a good-looking matron, with intelligence stamped upon her brow, and a benignant smile wreathing her lips when she spoke. As she finished, her son replied, "Yes, mother, I can promise you anything, if you will only not ask me to give up my voyage. I love you as dearly as ever youth did his mother; but I do not wish to give up this cruise, for you need the money I can earn, and I ought to go." "I will not ask you, George, to give up going, but I want you to remember this thing—while you are away, *never neglect to pray* a single night while on board the ship, and ask God to help you to live so that you can meet your mother with a clear conscience. Will you promise, my son?" The fair boy promised; and his mother, bending forward, pressed her lips to his brow of almost marble whiteness.

His unusually fair complexion gave him a somewhat girlish appearance. "George," said the mother, after a brief pause, "I shall never see your face as smooth and fair as it is now. When you come back, you will show in your face, dear boy, that years and ocean storms have passed over you." "Well, never mind, mother, my heart will still be the same. I shall love you just as well as ever." And the mother pressed her lips to the fair forehead of her son, while an earnest prayer went up to the God of the ocean, that he would guide and guard her sailor boy.

The next morning early, George was called to go on board the ship, in which he was to spend four or five years in a toilsome search after the leviathan of the deep. The stars still shone with undimmed radiance as he walked around the little garden at the back of his father's residence, to take a last look at the familiar objects there. Tears would come to the young lad's eyes as he looked upon the flower-bed he had tended,

and from which he had often gathered bouquets for his beloved mother. "I shall gather no more flowers here for dear mother," thought he, "for many, many seasons; but I may earn enough to make this little pleasant cottage all our own." So thinking, he passed into the presence of that darling mother again. His father gave him a few words of counsel, but his mother could only say, "Don't forget what I have said in the past. I cannot talk much now." "No need of it, mother. I can *never* forget your instructions."

George had been the child of many prayers. Both of his parents were pious, but his mother in particular had endeavoured to lead him to Christ. She had ever striven to improve the many opportunities which a faithful mother will find to instil into a son's heart the pure principles of the Gospel; and she laboured not in vain. We will not describe the parting scene, but leave it to the imagination of a mother, who has an only and darling child, to suppose what would be her emotions were he to leave her for a long and hazardous voyage at the early age of seventeen. Such a mother can realize, in part, the deep sense of bereavement and desolation which Mrs. Merton experienced as she went into her dear son's sleeping apartment after she pressed her *last farewell kiss* upon his cheek, and heard his last "good bye." There was the bed, as he had left it early that morning, scarcely disarranged; in his pillow, the very impress of his precious head. She had entered that room for the purpose of placing everything in order, but she could not "find it in her heart" to disturb that bed. And so, for several days, till she thought duty demanded the sacrifice of her own feelings, that room remained untouched, just as George had left it. What maternal heart, but throbs with sympathy with that loving mother!

More about George next month.

THE MISTAKEN FATHER.

I ENTERED the shop of a small tradesman the other day to make a purchase, when the following conversation took place—"How is your son this morning?" I asked. "Well, I thank you, Sir." "Is his conduct more pleasing to you of late?" "I cannot say, Sir. I have this morning been exceedingly grieved with him." "May I ask the cause?" "It is very vexatious to a father, when he wants to promote the interest of his son, to be always thwarted by perverse, refractory ways; and he is of such an obstinate nature, there is no bending him when once his mind is made up. For this reason, I have tried what I can do by stratagem to get my own way, but he inspects particulars so minutely, that I cannot succeed." "What is the present disappointment?" "It is this, Sir. A few days since, I had an offer from a gentleman in a great way of trade to take my son into his counting-house. He had seen him, and thought he was a promising youth. Now, Sir, you may be sure that, as was natural for a father, I rejoiced at such a prospect. It would have been the making of him, and set him on his legs at once. He himself seemed pleased at first, but then he began to inquire into the nature of the business, and the character of the gentleman; and when he found it to be one which was not very honourable, and that the gentleman did not worship God in his way, he would not consent; and I have been hard at work these three days to endeavour to overcome his prejudices."

At that moment some other person entered the shop, and the man rang a little bell, which was answered by the appearance of a youth about eighteen years of age, to whom he gave a signal to go to the other counter and attend to the customer. He went, and, in a quiet way, supplied their demands. "That is my son, Sir. It's

a thousand pities he is so self-willed; and you see, Sir," he continued, "he has no spirit in business. He will not, all I can do, learn to recommend the goods, and endeavour to persuade people to buy. I believe he lets many a customer slip away; and yet, as I tell him, it's all to his disadvantage—for the less I make, the less he'll get."

As the customers were soon supplied, I went to the other side to enter into a little conversation with the youth. He had the appearance of great unhappiness, but there was a calmness in his countenance which gave a peculiar interest to it. "Are you bringing up to your father's business?" "I can hardly say, Sir. I am naturally helping my father, but I don't think he means me for this kind of business." "What are his intentions for you?" "I believe he wishes to put me in a way more likely to advance my temporal interest. But sometimes, when we look to the temporal, we forget the spiritual interest." "Do you wish to combine the two?" "It is on this point, Sir, my father and I have some little difference; for, whatever becomes of the temporal, I hope not to forget the spiritual interest. Like a kind father, who believes all the good that can be desirable is to be obtained through temporal prosperity, he naturally fixes his mind on that only. He means it for my good, I know, Sir, and that makes it harder to reject his kind-

DOES HE LOVE JESUS?

There is one question we must be able to answer satisfactorily, before we shall ever perform our maternal duties aright, and this was asked one day by a little child.

"Does he love Jesus, mamma?—do you think he loves Jesus?" said a little boy to his mother, when he saw a stranger arrive to an early breakfast. "I do not

know, dear," replied his mother. "But do you think so?—does papa know?" The stranger remained to family worship, and the chapter that happened to be read in course was the latter part of 1 Cor. xvi.; in which occur these awful words:—"If any man love not the Lord, let him be Anathema Maranatha," which recalled to some present the following anecdote of the Rev. J. Flavel:—

This devoted minister had on one occasion been preaching from those words, and at the conclusion of his discourse he rose to give his parting benediction, when suddenly stopping he exclaimed, "How can I bless this congregation, when there are some among them who do not love the Lord Jesus? and we know, if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall be accursed when the Lord comes to judgment." These solemn words were felt by all, and one gentleman was so affected by them as to fall down senseless.

Among the audience there was also a lad of fifteen, who shortly after emigrated to America, where he settled, and lived to the advanced age of one hundred years, still a stranger to Divine grace. At this great age, being still in the enjoyment of his health and faculties, he was one day musing on the events of his past life, when Mr. Flavel's sermon, and especially the solemn concluding words, returned to his mind with great vividness. He remembered with shame that God had kept him alive more than fourscore years since then, that He had loaded him with benefits, that He had kept him from death and hell and judgment, but that he had not rendered to Him according to the benefits received;—that he was still an alien and a foreigner, without hope and without God in the world; that he had never loved the Lord Jesus Christ; and that, as Mr. Flavel told him eighty-five years before, he would be Anathema Maranatha, if he came into judgment in that state. Old and hardened sinner as

he had been, he trembled at his state; he resolved not to wait another hour, but casting himself on his knees, he prayed earnestly that he might love the Lord Jesus Christ, that his long course of sin might be forgiven, and that he might not meet the Lord Jesus as his Judge, but as his Saviour. The prayer was heard. He found joy and peace in believing; he learned to love Him whom he had so long despised. It pleased God still to prolong his life for several years, during which he was kept in the love of God, and died rejoicing in Him whom he had found so late.

There are many standards by which men judge one another. "Is he rich?—is he genteel?—is he learned?—is he pleasant?—is he kind?" There are many criterions by which a woman is judged. "Has she money?—has she good connexions?—is she handsome?—is she well-bred?—is she a good manager, a good daughter, wife, mother, mistress?" But the little boy's test is, after all, the wisest, most important, most enduring—it is God's test—it is the test by which the King, when He sits on the throne of His glory, will divide the sheep from the goats.

Mother, do you judge by this test?—Do you love those who love God, and desire such alone for your associates? Do you judge *yourself* by it? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ yourself above everything else—better than your sins? Do you believe that He loves you? Can you say, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me?*" If so, happy are you. If not, it is not too late. Have you gone on in sin for a hundred years, like the old emigrant?—it is not too late. He upbraideth not. He will receive you graciously—He will love you freely; for if you love His Son Jesus, it is because He first loved you. You will ask, perhaps, did the stranger love Jesus? It is of much more consequence to ask yourself, do I love Him? Mother! believe it—you can never

rightly perform your momentous duties to your children, to your household, till you love Him who lived as an example, and died to redeem the sin-stained children of earth.

ANNIE WARBURTON AND HER MOTHER.

No. II.

"Soon after this time," continued the dying girl, "I heard a sermon from the text, 'Lovest thou me?' I think I was enabled at that time to say, 'Lord, thou knowest all things—thou knowest that I love thee.' I told our dear minister's wife all this, under a solemn promise that it should be a sacred and silent trust. As soon as I found consumption feeding on the springs of my young life, I wrote a paper, which you will find in my desk some day. But please do not allow my keys to be removed from under my pillow till I am gone to the world beyond the grave.

"And now, dearest mother," said Annie, "you will think of me as one among that blessed company who are singing the everlasting song of praise to the Lamb of God, who only takes away sin. You will feel sure I shall be among the first to welcome you, my own precious mother, ever faithful and true, to the realms of perfect love and glory, prepared by Him who died that I may live for ever. I shall soon see our sweet little Willie, and enjoy the blissful vision of which you have so often told me, and of which we have sung together. Yes, there is indeed a happy land, far, far away. Do not allow grief for my early death to hinder you in your good work, my mother. I dreamed once that every saint has a spirit redeemed from earth, and an angel attending the path of life. Oh, if it be so, I may hope still to be near, to cheer you amidst life's varied path. I am leaving a very beautiful world, where there is much to

admire and love; but I go where all is light and joy and perfectness—where tears shall be wiped from every eye. My mother, weep not for me. Now kiss me, dearest mother, and smooth my pillow; I am very tired, and would go to sleep."

Mrs. Warburton had sunk on her knees at the bed-side of her dying child, overwhelmed by the conflict of joy and sorrow. Raising her tearful face from her hands, she exclaimed, with earnestness, "I thank thee, O my Father, for this blessed confession of faith—help me now to do and to suffer all thy righteous will!" The heart-stricken mother imprinted a kiss of love on the brow of her dying child, on which the damps of death were fast gathering. "Call them all, dearest mother," said Annie, in a faint whisper. The bell was rung, and the whole family stood round the bed of death, to witness how joyously the passing spirit could leave its tenement of clay.

"My eyes are dim now," the lovely girl said, in a feeble voice, "it is the darkness of the valley of death, but there is light beyond, and Jesus is leading me to it." Then, pressing her mother's hand with all her remaining strength, she whispered in broken accents,—"There—is—no night—there. I shall—meet- - you—in—heaven." A slight convulsive movement of the beautifully-sculptured face, and all was hushed. Annie Warburton slept to wake in heaven.

"Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more,
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy;
Welcomed to the happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers,
Where the choral-seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre,
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies

Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tears—
The mother loved—the child adored—
To our loving hearts restored,
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever."

Gently they smoothed Annie's beautiful tresses, and folded the grave-clothes around her delicate form, while the weeping family slowly departed from the room of death, feeling that a golden chain had been broken, to be joined no more on the shores of time.

Busy mother!—allow us to whisper a word in your ear. Oh, treasure it in your heart. Verily, faithful mothers have part of their reward in *this life*, but the consummation of their bliss shall be on the great day of gathering.

(We shall hope, ere long, to see Annie Warburton's desk opened.)

SUNDAY WORK.

A YOUNG Englishman, in one of the colonies of South America, opened a store in a neighbourhood of great moral degradation, and where no regard was paid to the Sabbath. He resolved to carry out the principles in which he had been trained in his fatherland, of never transacting any commercial concerns on that day. Of course this was a subject of ridicule to the ungodly around him, especially the military, many of whom were stationed in those parts. Two young officers contrived a stratagem, by which they felt sure they should soon put to flight what appeared to them to be cant and hypocrisy. On the following Sunday, they knocked at the door of the young man's store, and, after apologising for intruding on that day, and stating that it was *quite a case of necessity*, begged he would oblige them by letting

them have the articles they wanted. To his praise, the young man was firm to his purpose, and told them it was a rule, which he could not depart from under any circumstances, that he would never enter into any business transactions on the Sabbath.

"Then," replied they, with a haughty air, "since you cannot favour us in such a trifle, we must go to those who will. If you will do this for us now, we have a large order from our regiment for you to-morrow. However, if you don't care for your own interest, of course it is no concern of ours, but we hoped to have been able to serve you." "No," replied the young man, "I cannot." With an air of high offence, the two officers walked away. The next morning, who should appear at the store but the very same gentlemen, one of whom, going up to the young man, said, "Well, Mr. ———, so you stood your ground. You are a brave fellow, and we've brought you the order we threatened to withhold from you. Do you know that was a trick we played off yesterday, just to see what stuff you were made of."

You may imagine what the feelings of that young man were, and what they would have been had he become the dupe of their unprincipled conduct. I ought to have added that the plan appeared more likely to succeed from the fact of Mr. ——— being a stranger in the place, without property, and just entering into life with a delicate young wife dependent upon him.

"NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE."

The clock had just struck nine. The family are just rising from the breakfast table. A ring at the door-bell! A servant enters. "Sir, a young man, Mr. A.'s clerk, has called, and hopes you will not be offended, but would feel particularly obliged if you could settle his account.

He called twice last week. He would not trouble you if it were not a case of necessity." "Necessity or no necessity, I have not one minute to spare," replied the gentleman, with a shrug of his shoulders, whilst giving the last pull to his great coat as he was putting it on. "I am going by the next train, so bid him call again." The clerk turned sorrowfully away from the house. He knew that, on the payment of that money, his employer's continuance in business depended, and consequently his own dismissal was involved in this refusal.

Mr. A.'s family was large, his receipts were small, and, in reliance on this sum, he had promised to meet a heavy bill that day. He was now unable to do so. The traveller to whom he owed it was a hasty, harsh-judging man. Mr. A. could expect to find no favour, nor did he. Here, then, was a whole household, besides those in their employ, thrown into distress by that fatal sentence—"I have not a minute to spare." They were in the custom of having family prayer, and of reading daily from that word where it is written, "Owe no man anything." This gentleman's wife, an hour after her husband's departure, was stopped, as she was leaving the parlour, by her maid, who said, "There is a poor woman who wishes to see you." "Who is she? What is she?" "I don't know, ma'am; but she particularly wishes to see you." "Tell her I can't possibly see her now. I have not a minute to spare. My children are waiting for me in the nursery." "Alas!" thought the poor woman, "I, too, have children. It is for my child I want to see her." She went heart-broken from that door.

The next day that lady heard that the poor woman who had called upon her the day before had lost her child, and that the doctor had said the child's life, to all appearance, might have been saved had she used the means prescribed; but that mother could not—she had spent

her last shilling; and this was her last application of three calls she had made, and from each house she had been turned away with words to the same effect. Is it, can it be, that a child must be left to die, and a mother's feelings to wither, and by one, too, who so far professes the Christian religion as to read the Bible in her family?—that Bible wherein it is written, "Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee."

This lady had the habit of giving people the trouble of calling twice, when once would have sufficed. She would not put herself out of the way in order to meet the convenience of others. In setting too high a value on her own time, she forgot that the time of others was of equal and often of greater value. Whilst she was finishing a chapter in some interesting book, a pattern in needlework, or a note she was writing, she would keep a dressmaker waiting, or send away a tradesman's servant, forgetting that to them "Time is money," nay, their very bread.

The above is from an interesting little work, bearing the title we have placed at the head of this article.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

Underneath the palm trees' shadow,
  In a school-room far away,
Many little heathen children
  Met upon a festal day.

'Twas a time of great rejoicing,
  To those girls of sable hue;
For around their spacious school-room
  Prizes gay were placed in view.

There were bonnets, books, and kerchiefs,
  Dresses, too, so neat and fair;
Many an eye with pleasure gleaming,
  Many a trembling heart was there.

Soon the prizes were divided,
For their answers well were given;
Then they sang the praise of Jesus,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Many a mother stood and listened,
While her eyes with tears were dim;
When she heard her children's voices
Mingling in that solemn hymn.

But *one* mother stood not with them,
From the rest she sat apart;
Hid her face in deepest sorrow,
Weeping with a broken heart.

Up she rose, in that assembly,
And her voice was loud and strong,
"Tell me, teachers—*Christian* teachers,
Why have ye delayed so long?

"Had ye come a few years sooner,
Children mine had sung that strain;
And my heart had throbbed with gladness
It can never know again.

"I was wretched, poor, and friendless,
And my girls I wished to save
From their mother's dreadful portion,
So I found them each a grave.

"With these hands my babes I murdered,
Laid them all beneath the sod;
Why, ah why was I a mother,
Ere I knew the Christian's God?"

Vainly strove her friends to sooth her,
In her lone and wretched lot;
Still she cried, in bitter anguish,
"Woe is me! my babes are not."

Little, happy, English daughter,
Sitting on thy mother's knee;
Listening as she tells of Jesus,
What will God require of thee?

Oxford. MARY.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Your "*Friend*" is, indeed, loved by many mothers. It is pleasant, in this our over-civilised London, to find so much simple Christianity in so small a compass, and so cheap; and especially adapted to lead all direct to the Saviour. I wish I was not so poor a schoolmaster, I would continually use them as a class-book; and I feel I could more easily lead my parents and their families to Jesus. After much perseverance in requesting the boys and girls either to read them or get them read at home, the following are among the answers to the questions I have put to them, when I have found they have been read. "Please, Sir, mother says she'll see about it; if she could afford it, she would take it every month; it's a very pretty book." This forms a large class of the answers I have received, and I believe a little outlay might soon meet each such. Another said, "My brother read it all through; he says it is very pretty, and will you let him have two every month, until he has them all?" This I have done. Another, "My father says I may take it every month; he has read it all to mother, and she says it is a very nice book." This I have done. Another, "My mother has read it all through to father; she says it is a nice book, but she can't afford it." O, how much have I to deplore cases of this kind, where there are loving, kind mothers so willing, but fathers are unwilling to spare a few pence extra to a mother, whose taste might be in the direction of a book or two a month. She may have it if she can squeeze it out of some other allowance.

More persons than one have said, "I read some of it to my mother—she can't read; she said it was very pretty, and I may have it every month." Another, "Mother read it to father, but they did not say I was to have it every month yet." If I could supply it regularly, I believe by pressing it I could eventually get paid. Another, "Please, Sir, mother says she likes them books very much, and will you send her one every month?" And many other answers nearly of the same import. But one refusal to have it at all, came from a family almost totally indifferent to the best things; but I should be glad to persevere more with the young people there.

But *one* have I met amongst my parents who seemed to

know the work well, and that was a Sabbath-school teacher. I have been surprised and delighted at the accounts of interest and pleasure taken in its perusal generally, even by parents who are not known to have any friendship with Jesus. What you sent me I have used; I am ashamed to ask for more Could I do as I wish, I could do much to extend the knowledge of the "*Friend;*" and I have done a little, and still further, I hope to live to see a Mother's Association realized in our schools.

I am, gratefully yours,
G. T. K.

BIRTH-DAY PETITIONS.

My dear Madam,—The enclosed lines were written by my late dear sister, who, as a daughter, wife, and mother, was a pattern of Christian excellence and consistent piety. Her beloved children were all taken before her, except one, who is now adorning his profession by a holy walk and conversation. I thought the subject was admirably adapted for our excellent "*Friend.*" Wishing you the best of blessings,

I am, dear Madam,
Yours very sincerely,
R. J. C.

By a Mother who has gone to the Spirit-land.

I ask thee, gracious God, to bless
My *partner* in this vale of tears;
May Jesus' strength and righteousness
Be *all* his hope through *all* his years.

May my fair *girl* be onward led,
In the sweet path of prayer and faith,
With heavenly grace her soul be fed,
And peace her comfort in her death.

And oh! I ask not golden store
For the dear *boy* that claims my love;
But pray the Spirit's quickening power,
To fix his best desires above.

May my dear *parents*, who first taught
  My infant lips to speak thy name,
Be yet refreshed by wonders wrought
  Through faith in Christ, the atoning Lamb.

And there are others near my heart,
  The *young* who in our circle meet;
Oh! may *they* choose "the better part,"
  Treading the world with cautious feet

And others, too, I can't forget,
  My brothers and my sisters dear.
Oh! may their hearts on Christ be set,
  And all their best affections there

And, *last*, I ask that *I* may grow
  In the sweet meekness of my Lord;
May all His great salvation know,
  And live obedient to His word

E. W. M

THE DYING BOY AND THE VIOLETS.

A LITTLE sufferer lay in a high, dreary garret, and the beams above his head, and on every side, were black and foul. His cheeks were scarlet with the flush of fever, and the unnatural light of his eyes flashed, in the dimness of the coming evening, like a diamond on its gloomy bed of anthracite. Something told the child that death was busy with his heart. It might have been an angel, for angels gather in bands around the despised couch of poverty. "Mother,' he whispered, and a pale bent woman knelt beside him, "is there one blow now? Look! look!" For the twentieth time the sickly woman lifted the tiny box of violets, and the blood rushed to her face as she beheld one little bud drooping, just beginning to unfold. She carried it to the child, almost an infant, and a smile lighted up his innocent features. "Put it down, mother, where I can look at it until I die."

With a wild sob, the poor widow placed it upon his pillow, and watched his glassy eyes eagerly, as they watched the flower. Hours passed, the brow grew whiter, the fingers that she clasped were now clammy, the round lips that had so often called her mother were purple, fading into a blueish white, and tremulous as though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his little face, and heard him distinctly utter, "Good-bye, mother, take good care of my violets." After the rough coffin was carried away and covered with the mould, while her worn fingers were nervously stitching on the ill-paid-for garment, that mother could see a vision of her early-buried child, in the pure white robes of heaven, bending over the box of violets.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

INTEGRITY AND BENEVOLENCE.

Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence the third. Without the first, the two latter cannot exist; and without the two former, the latter would be often useless.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Stepping Stone to Roman History. London: Darling.

A very useful school book.

Memoir of Mrs. P. H. Gosse. London. Nisbet and Co.

A deeply interesting glimpse of a very lovely and useful Christian —one missed among mothers.

Texts and Hymns for Children. London · Hamilton and Co.

We cordially recommend this very useful book to mothers and teachers.

The Monthly Paper of the Society for the Protection of Young Females. 28, New Bond-street.

We earnestly entreat all who feel for those "ready to perish" to lend a helping hand to this excellent Society.

THE GLEANERS.

"And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped."

Ah, there they are again, the crowd of anxious gleaners—up early and late to gather the bread of this life, many of them caring little or nothing about the bread of eternal life. How close they press to the gate, waiting for the sheaf of corn standing in the middle of the field to be removed. The farmer will be there at eight o'clock; then how eagerly will they all rush in to gather the scattered ears of the precious corn.

How much of character may we read, while we watch the movements of these industrious gleaners! There is old Nelly Brown—everybody knows her to be a selfish mortal—she dares to break the rules and climb the gate. Now she sits just inside, stretching her long bony arms as far as she possibly can, to gather the wheat within her reach, plucking the ears from the straw that they may take less room and make less show, thrusting them quickly into the ample pockets of her apron. Nelly never tells how much she gleans; ah no, it is always "little" with her. "Now, Nelly, that's not fair," says little Mary Ley; "you ought not to get in there before us; we should all share and share alike." "You go along, you little hussey," said the cross old woman; "don't you see I'm only resting myself?" "Fie, fie, Nelly, you are acting a lie, as my mother would say."

Ah, there the farmer comes! They are all in now,—let us look on. There is Betty Steel, a discontented, grasping woman; she runs off through the whole length and breadth of the field, gathering up here and there some of the best-looking ears, grumbling that the reapers did not leave more, and do their work less cleverly—hinting, too, that the wind from heaven might have "blown up a bit" to send the sheaves about.

How different is the character of Mrs. Speedwell! There she is—pick, pick, pick—one hand resting on her bag full of ears, and the other gathering as fast as a hen pecks grains. She began at the gate, and she walks on and on, steadily and quietly, neither heeding the idle gossipping around her, nor the grumblers of the village. Aye, aye, we shall find at the end of the day that Mrs. Speedwell has twice as much corn as the selfish or the grumbling woman.

But how is it that Jane Smith has so small a heap by her side? Oh, she has been so busy, talking of the faults of her next-door neighbour, that she forgot the fields will soon be gleaned by other hands, and that harvest-time is only once a year. Yet she wonders she has always less than anybody, and fancies that other women are apt to boast that they may get a little praise from their husbands. Alas! does she not know that husbands, generally, too often find fault rather than praise!

But there is a mother yonder, talking loud and looking furious, boxing her children's ears, too, this charming harvest weather. What can be the matter? Surely this should be a time of joy. Why are the poor little children made to cry in the harvest field. Listen! we shall hear. "Go to your work, you lazy, good-for-nothing thing," says the mother to a fat, saucy-looking girl. "I'm tired, and I sha'nt." Ah, ah, we can see very well now, that mother has allowed her children to have their own way too long, and now they will not do her bidding. Well, she is only reaping what she has been sowing the last ten years.

Oh dear, dear, there is poor Janet Mayfield. Time was when she did not need to glean for a loaf. A kind husband and a happy home were hers, but a blight came and took all away, and stern poverty sends her among the gleaners; but she looks happy. Yes, yes, we have

got it—she is thinking of "harvest home;" she is waiting patiently for a call up to the mansion. With her joyous expectations for the future she can afford to fare scantily here, for she is preparing to live where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

But who is that slender, delicate-looking girl, that seems to stoop with pain, and keeps alone?—There are always some mourners in the gleaning field. That is Sally Fairbrook. Time was when she accompanied a tender, loving mother into the harvest field; but that dear one is in the grave now, and Sally gleans weeping as she goes. One short year has buried all her earthly joys and hopes.

How varied are the characters and the feelings of the gleaners! Like the wheat and the tares they grow together till the great harvest day, when the command shall be given, "Thrust in thy sharp sickle:" then the angel shall reap the earth. Mother! where will you be then? Among the wheat or the tares? Are you sure that active body of yours shall not share a corner of some grave-yard when the merry gleaners go into the fields next year? Ah, you cannot tell. Are you prepared for the great harvest-day at the end of the world, when you shall see the angels come as reapers, to gather the wheat into God's garner, and bind the tares in bundles, to be cast into the fire unquenchable? Make haste to the Cross, that you may be made ready: there is no time for delay.

ANNIE WARBURTON'S DESK OPENED.

Two or three weeks after Annie Warburton's death, her mother resolved to open her desk, hoping to read there something more of the heart of her precious child. With trembling hands and a beating heart she opened

the little treasury, which had been locked by the hand now mouldering under the clods of the valley—lifting a portion of note paper, she observed a sealed letter, addressed "*To my ever-precious Mother.*" Mrs. Warburton felt it was in truth a letter from the dead to the living; she trembled violently, and her tears flowed so fast she was obliged for some time to sit quite still ere she could break the seal; when she became calm enough to do so, she read as follows:—

"MY BELOVED MOTHER,—When this meets your eye the hand that traces it will be motionless in the grave; but the spirit that dictates will, I hope and believe, be among the redeemed in the happy land, far, far away. You will sometimes think of your Annie, and your precious little Willie, safe above all the storms of earth. I know not how it may be when I come to die; I *intend* to tell you something of my hopes, but lest the strange love of silence, which I have felt all my life, should seal my lips as I descend to the grave, I leave you this memorandum for your comfort. Accept my thanks, my precious mother, for all your care of me, body and mind, from my earliest infancy to the present moment. O! I have felt it has been a blessed thing to have a pious, consistent mother. I do not remember the time when I did not watch your every movement, to ascertain whether your teaching and your conduct corresponded with my Bible; but I always came to the conclusion that my mother was a holy woman, and long ago, even in my crib, I prayed the prayer—'Make me like my mother.' Of late, indeed, my heart has asked to be like Jesus, but even this desire must be traced back to your early teaching, combined with the influences of the Holy Spirit.

"O my mother! sins of omission and commission have pressed very heavily on my heart; and often, when you have looked anxiously into my face, and spoken gentle words in your own loving way, I have felt the words almost fluttering on my lips that would have revealed the hidden secrets of my mind; but this is all past, my mother dear. I trust I can now say with a good hope, through grace, that I am washed in the blood of Jesus, having all my sins forgiven; and as a fatal disease has marked me for its prey, I trust I shall be sanctified and meetened to be made an inheritor among the just made

perfect, and when the time comes that shall call you, my mother, to finish your useful course on earth, I trust I may be permitted to be among the convoy of angels who shall welcome you to your eternal home

"Doubtless you had hoped, my dear mother, that I might have been a comfort to you as you descended the hill of life; but you remember the lines you have often liked me to sing and play to you, 'He doeth all things well.' May those dear ones who remain prove your comfort and joy, and may the dear Saviour speak his own peace to your affectionate heart, when your loving Annie has passed away from earth"

Mrs. Warburton remained with streaming eyes gazing upon the last sentence, wishing the letter had been ten times as long; then lifting her heart in gratitude to her Heavenly Father, for the reward He had kindly given her even in this life, she replaced the letter in the desk, and feeling unequal to examine farther into the precious treasures, she locked up the desk for that evening, saying —"Early impressions last for ever."

THE STORY OF A FLOWER.

Matt. vi. 30.

WALKING lately in a village garden, our attention was attracted to a plant which was so thoroughly covered with fine, white, silky down, that the green of the leaves and stem could scarcely be seen. This unusual protection under a July sun made me inquire the name and uses of the plant. The result brought me another instance of the ever-watchful, never-failing care of God over all his works. It was the "Woolly Woundwort," a native of the cold and barren steppes of Siberia, possessing in its juices the property of healing wounds and staying blood.

The profusion of downy covering, therefore, was the shield against the snows and northern blasts; and even in that inhospitable region, where the exiles of Russia pine in solitude, or gain a dangerous living from hunting

wild animals—even there is a healing plant. I noticed, too, that the down was the *thickest and softest round the buds.* I thought of Matt. xviii. 14. This subject suggested the following lines:—

Flower of the North, whose downy vest
  Attracted first my careless eye,
Prompting the question, why thus dressed
  Beneath a glowing summer sky?

Born amidst wild Siberian snows,
  Yet gifted with a healing power;
Ah! well the lonely exile knows
  Thy friendly blossom, gentle flower.

Those chilling snows and rugged blasts
  Might kill thee with their angry frown,
Therefore Jehovah round thee casts
  This velvet robe of silken down.

Heart-stricken mourner! in thine hour
  Of darkest, deepest misery,
Learn from this lone Siberian flower
  Thy God still watches over thee.

Around thee, though thou seest it not,
  Dark as thy sky may seem above,
Barren though be thine earthly lot,
  Is cast *the mantle of His love*

L. S. T.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.—No. II.

The long, long voyage was at last completed. In safety, and with great success, George was returned to his home and his fond parents. His father met him on the wharf, and his cheerful countenance revealed the fact that all were well whom he loved. "I must hurry to my mother," were George's words, as an old acquaintance grasped his hand with an earnest welcome. That dear mother awaited him in the little room, where she spent the evening with him just before he sailed. She

heard a step. She knew it was her husband. He paused. She heard another advancing toward her. She knew that also, though it had not echoed along that hall for years. She longed to fly to him; but all strength forsook her, and she sank insensible just as a *manly* arm encircled her, and a *manly* voice pronounced the name of "mother."

Evening came. The moon again looked down upon mother and son, seated near the same window. "How glad I am that you never forgot your promise to me, my boy!" were the words of his mother. "Yes, mother, I was faithful to my promise; and it was by being thus faithful that I found my Saviour. I remembered your instructions, your prayers and tears for my conversion; and I felt that, in fulfilling my promise to you, I could do no better than to ask the aid of Divine grace to make me a true Christian. Your teachings and example, my mother, have won me to Christ." Oh! how that mother's heart then throbbed for joy. She bent forward, parted the dark clustered curls upon his brow, and pressed her lips to the fair forehead. "Your face is bronzed, my son, as I expected it would be; and this dark hair upon your cheeks reminds me that you are no longer a boy; but your forehead is the same, and your heart as pure as this fair brow. God be thanked, George, for all the joy you have given me in returning thus. My dearest wish is accomplished in seeing you a child of God. I care not for any earthly changes (though, sometimes, maternal fondness would ask for your infantile loveliness back again), so long as you still love your mother, and have learned to love your God. I am well repaid in your conversion for all my efforts in your behalf."

George proved himself a faithful "soldier of the cross," and fulfilled his parents' highest expectations; and never did he cease to love his mother for her fidelity to his immortal interests. Mothers, be true to your children's

highest interests. God helping you, there will come an hour when you shall feel amply repaid for all your toil and suffering in their behalf, as they stand by your side on earth, true followers of Jesus, battling ever for the right, and finally sit down by your side at "the marriage supper of the Lamb," wearing the crown of victory.

PRAYER OF A DYING MOTHER ANSWERED IN THE CONVERSION OF HER SON.

CHARLES S., when in health and strength, manifested great indifference about his spiritual welfare; but when laid aside by sickness was led to see the folly of sin, and brought as an humble penitent to the feet of Jesus, seeking His pardoning mercy and favour, a knowledge of which he obtained through believing; after which he would say—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find."

His pains were great, but his confidence in his Saviour was greater. A week before he died he told me what a dislike he had at first to my visits; but that he now looked forward to them with pleasure, as they were seasons of refreshment to his soul. More than once he said to me, after having read and conversed with him, "How do you know? Who made you so wise?" Latterly, however, his conversation was very different; and he would say, with deep emotion of soul, and an eye sparkling with heavenly hope and confidence, "Am not I a brand plucked from the burning?"

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Many Christian friends visited him, and regarded it as a privilege to be in the company of one who evidently was fast ripening for eternity. In his conversion the many prayers of a pious mother, whose spirit, I doubt not, is before the throne of God, are answered by a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Just before he died he looked at his sister, who was standing by the bedside, and said—"I am going, going home. Do you think there will be any particular change in me?" His sister then inquired if he were afraid to die. His reply was, "No! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. I am leaning on Christ, the Rock of my salvation;" and soon after fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle.

P. J. R., *Town Missionary.*

THE MISTAKEN FATHER.—No. II.

At the end of the conversation given in our last, the young man's father came to the other side of the shop. I said, "I'm talking to your son about his future prospects." "Ah, Sir," he said in a severe tone, "that is a matter we're at variance about. I have had three opportunities for him, but he has refused them all, and if he wants to hang on with me in an idle way he's mistaken." "Dear father," said the young man, "only provide me an honest way of getting my livelihood, where I can serve God and my master, and you shall see I want no idleness." "It's such a stupid way of talking he has got, as if he could not serve his master as his master, and serve God as other people do. He may say his prayers night and morning, and there's Sunday for church-going, as if he could not take care of his soul like other people. I tell you," continued the

father, "that if you persist in refusing to accept this offer, you may turn out and shift for yourself." "Father, I own I should feel it hard, but I can submit to that in obedience to your will, though I cannot, I must not submit to the other condition. Oh, Sir!" he said, appealing to me in an accent of heart-rending distress, "what would I give that my father could see my true reason for seeming to slight his kindness." "I'll tell you what, John, if it was not the same in everything, I should think you *had* some good reasons for this; but since it's in everything, I know it's your bad, obstinate temper—I can't make him feel, Sir."

That he felt *now* was too evident, for taking his handkerchief out of his pocket he hastened from the shop.

"Now, you see, Sir," said the father, "that's always the end, and I can make no more of him than that." "But you are well acquainted with his reasons, it seems." "His reasons, Sir, you see, are such reasons as if he would make a religion of his own, and tell his father he did not know what serving God meant." "I think, a young man is to be respected for his reasons, if they bear upon his duty to God; and you should be very careful how you reject them, for they may come from a higher source than you suppose. At least, he shows wisdom in making his calculation upon ground reaching further than temporals. There is a time when they shall end, and eternal things *only* remain. You are calculating for his good; you are willing to let him go away from home, to be provided for a period *beyond* the *present;* the difference is, he makes a longer calculation than you do, and it appears to me that his plan has the most wisdom in it. I would advise you to reflect well on the principle which operates on your son's mind, and I think it appears to be a sense of his duty to God."

"Perhaps it may be," replied the parent, "but his duty to God should teach him his duty to his parents."

"Very true, it should indeed; but what is to be done if the parent, for the want of a proper understanding of the truth, should propose anything contrary to his duty to God?" "*I* want nothing, Sir, but his advantage." "Temporal advantage, even though it be at the expense of eternal advantage. 'Deny thyself,' is the lesson of the Lord, and a lesson of the cross, without which he cannot follow Jesus. Had you placed him with one master, and another came to him to demand his attentions, which were besides quite of an opposite nature to those in which he was engaged with the first, would you blame him if he refused the one and held to the other?" "But what has that to do with this case, Sir?" "That he is engaged to serve one master, even the Lord, and you propose to him to serve another, who is contrary to the Lord. Blame him not, that he refuses to serve the one and adheres to the other. If you have not the same principles, let him act according to his own, which you dare not deny to be right. Seek a master for him who will himself be in the service of the Lord, and then you will find his ready compliance with your will—then you will understand that whilst he honours you as his father, he can obey you in the Lord."

R. B. S.

DARKNESS IN A LAND OF LIGHT.

A LITTLE boy was visiting a lady, a friend of his parents. A little, restless, chattering fellow was this tiny one; fond of asking questions, and communicating all he knew. After his departure, the young servant of the lady remarked to her, "That's an odd young gentleman, ma'am." "Why?" "Oh, he told the most dreadful falsehoods that ever could be; quite shocking!" "Indeed, what about?" "Why, ma'am, he said that in the Bible

there is a story that once a man was thrown into a lion's den, and they never hurt him a bit! Did you ever hear such a dreadful untruth, ma'am? And this was not the worst of it, for he said that once there were three young men put into a furnace of fire, heated seven times hotter than ever, and they never burned any! There, ma'am, is not he a dreadful boy?"

Mother! when your little maiden goes out into the world to serve others, will she carry with her the knowledge of the Bible, or will she charge with falsehood those who may speak truthfully of God's word? Ah! we can easily imagine the sort of home the young servant came from, and the character of the mother who sent her forth into the world, casting her on the mercy of strangers, without hope, without knowledge, and without a guide through the rough path of life. Alas! for her to be in darkness amidst burning and shining light. We scruple not to attribute her sad state to her negligent mother. Where is that mother now? Where that daughter? They must meet yet again, when the dreams of life are fled. A day is coming that will reveal secrets, and when every one of us must give an account for all the deeds done in the body, and for all the sins of commission and OMISSION.

MOTHER! DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

EVERY human bosom contains the evil grain, even to the innocent and lovely babe slumbering so sweetly on its mother's lap. One might not think it possible that iniquity should be buried in so fair a spot. There it is, nevertheless, and they whose business it is to till pretty gardens must not mistake the case, as we fear they often do, and think it enough to fence the garden round and keep all mischief out. It is within, and if the first germinating passion be not checked, the first

budding branch cut off, each tendency to transgression carefully watched and pruned, without relaxation, without intermission, to the end of life—first by others, and subsequently by ourselves—there needs no more than what is already "cast in" to fill the whole human nature with corruption.

Behold the worst character that ever disgraced the earth, the horror of humanity, and a very type of hell, and think what a growth is there since the new-born babe first took his mother's kiss, as she gazed with intensest joy upon his beauty, and gladly blessed her Maker for the gift. We have each our own mustard seeds, come indeed of those first trees originally, but placed now within our reach, to gather and to sow, that we may reap every man the produce of his own labour, and gather a harvest as his work may be, good grain or bad grain, according as we choose—sparingly or plentifully, according as we sow. And oh, what little, very little things! they seem impossible to do us either good or harm. So we think the earthly preference that breaks the first commandment, the inordinate affection that breaks the second, the idle jest that breaks the third, the day's pleasure that breaks the fourth, the self-will that breaks the fifth, the angry thought that breaks the sixth, the impure thought that breaks the seventh, the unfair advantage that breaks the eighth, the exaggerating whisper that breaks the ninth. the discontented wish that breaks the tenth—what trifles they are!—who sees them?—who minds them? And yet they are no other than the seed of that fruit-bearing tree which the enemy sowed in Paradise, each containing in itself, as living seeds are known to do, every part and portion of the plant. "Whosoever breaketh the law in one point is guilty of all." The seed contains the tree; the one transgression comprehends the principle of evil, which only wants time and opportunity to transgress the whole. C. P.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he had ploughed it and planted the grain, and harrowed and weeded with great care, as he depended on the crop for the support of his family. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went every day to look at his corn and see if there was any hope of rain. One day, as he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer—I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good." "Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop—what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock." "Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try;—I'll go to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more good, and so here I go," and down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose. "What's that? A rain-drop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said, "Well, if you are going, I believe I will go too—here I come," and down dropped the rain on another stalk. By this time a great many rain-drops had come together, to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one said, "If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go too," and down he came. "And I," said another; "And I," "And I," and so on till a whole shower came. And the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first

little rain-drop determined to do what it could. Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can;—angels can do no more.

THE JOY THAT ALL MAY SHARE.

"Making other hearts happy should gladden our own."

We all have bitter griefs on earth,
We all have much to bear;
But, oh! there is one blessed joy,
That all who will may share.

We all may gently speak to those
Whom God hath stricken here;
We all may sooth the widow's grief,
And dry the orphan's tear.

The privilege of doing good
Is not preserved alone
For angels in the spirit-land,
Or monarchs on the throne.

The Holy One has willed that all
Who tread this darkened sod,
Should ever have the power to serve
Their country and their God.

And is not this the best of all
His precious gifts to man?
Then let us not forget to do
The little good we can.

"TOO BUSY!"

"Ma, will you teach me a hymn—my little hymn, I mean? Nurse says she is too busy. Are you too busy, ma?" "Why yes, dear, I am, just now. I want to finish this cuff. Run away and play." "What is a

cuff, ma?" "Cuff! a sleeve, my dear—run away." "Where shall I run to, ma?" "Anywhere, dear—into the garden." The young mother worked on very busily, and her little Sammy ran through the open door into the front garden. After some time the little fellow ran hastily into the parlour, saying—"Oh, ma, do come and see a great black sheet, and all black people! What is it?" "Oh, I hear the knell," said Mrs. Lane; "I dare say it is a funeral, Willie; poor Miss Lacy is going to be buried." "Buried, ma! What is buried?" "Put into a grave, my boy." "Shall I be buried, ma?" "Yes, dear, no doubt, some day." "Shall I be put into a grave with you, ma?" "No, dear, that is not likely." "But, ma, I don't like being put in all by my own self." "Run away, dear, and play with your flowers. I am busy."

The dews of evening fell on little Willie while his mother and his nurse were "too busy" to attend to him; and the next funeral knell that was heard in the village where Willie lived, called the mourners to lay the little questioner in the grave, "all by himself." He died of inflammation of the chest, occasioned by taking cold in the garden when his mother was busy. Mrs. Lane did not finish her pretty cuffs. She says she never can, for when she looks at them she imagines she hears a sweet gentle little voice saying, "Ma, will you teach me my little hymn?" Willie does not need an earthly teacher now. He has learned the new song, and sings with the angel host in heaven.

Young mother, do lay aside your fancy work when your precious child claims your attention. Teach him his hymns when he asks you. Perchance you will not have him long to be your pupil. He may be up in the sunbright clime of the saints ere long, or your voice may be silent, and your little Willie may hear your funeral knell.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MADAM,—Should you deem the enclosed little article suitable for the pages of your valuable Magazine its insertion will oblige

Yours very respectfully,
MARGARET.

THE CHURCHYARD.

How frequently may we gather sweet and instructive lessons from the little ones by whom we are surrounded! A few days ago, while conversing with a dear little prattler of five summers, she suddenly stopped, and after a moment's pause said—"The churchyard is like God's garden." The little creature could not explain her words; but I thought there was a nice idea conveyed in those words. In the garden, the person who tends the flowrets when blooming also watches over and preserves them through the piercing winter; and does not our heavenly Father kindly watch over and protect his people in life and in death? He watches over the sleeping infant, and will quicken and raise it again at the resurrection, and with renewed beauty and re-invigorated strength shall it rise to all the glories of that celestial paradise. Our blessed Lord tells us, the tares and wheat grow together until harvest, and then the separation will take place; so in our gardens, lovely as they often appear, do we not frequently behold some weeds growing with the finest flowers until the gardener with his well-trained eye removes them from his well-cultivated garden? So in the resurrection will the dust of the wicked be separated from the dust of the righteous.

IN MEMORY OF MARY GILBERTSON.

Died August, 1856.

NAUGHT breaks the hallowed calm that reigns,
Save zephyrs mournfully sighing,
And the low sweet voice in yonder room,
Where a little one is dying.

The silver cord is being loosed,
The heart is scarcely beating,
And by the couch, with bursting heart,
A widowed one bends weeping.

"Mother," she says, "I'm going home,
Home to the land of rest;
Soon shall this weary, fluttering heart
Be stilled on Jesus' breast.

"I know you'll miss me when I'm gone,
Our home will look so drear;
Oh, dearest mother! for thy sake
I could have lingered here.

"But Christ will have me, and you know
His time is always best;
Oh! glorious thought, shall I so soon
Be numbered with the blessed?

"So soon behold those pearly gates
Thrown open wide for me,
And bask me in a Saviour's love
To all eternity.

"I've often dreamed of that bright place,
And pictured it so fair;
What can—what must its glory be,
With Jesus ever there?

"I think I'll often take my harp,
And ask my Saviour too,
To wander to some shady spot,
And speak to Him of you.

"And then I'll tell Him that 'twas you
First led me to His feet,
And that I know you're longing much
Your little one to meet.

"Perchance an angel-band he'll send
To beckon you away,
And bear you through dark Jordan's waves
To everlasting day.

"To think what joy we then shall have
In meeting on that shore,
The bliss to feel that none in Heaven
Are ever parted more.

"Then weep no more; oh! sob not so,
My sins are all forgiven;
Think, when you're bending o'er my grave,
The soul is home in heaven.

"I'm going home: the farewell kiss
Imprint upon my brow.
Sweet music! Hark! 'tis Jesus calls;
Mother, I'm dying now."

She passed away, too frail a flower
To be with tempests driven,
Transplanted soon, it blossoms now
Within the bowers of heaven.

N. A.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

DO NOT WASTE TIME.

Have always some book, work, or other employment that you can take up at odd times. It is surprising how much may be accomplished by turning to account fragments of time.

NOW:

Now is a little word it is well to keep in full practice. Never leave until the next hour, much less until to-morrow, what you can do *now*.

Time *was* is past, thou canst not it recall;
Time *is* thou hast, improve thy portion small;
Time *future* is not, and may never be;
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

Cultivate a habit of method and order in all you do.

Whatever you do, let it be well done. Work well done, seldom has to be done a second time.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

The responsibility of educating your child, mother, is one you cannot escape. It is a task imposed on you by Divine Providence, and you may look with confidence for guidance and aid. In short, you must educate your child, whether you choose it or not, for every action, every word and look, the very tone of your voice, will influence it. The round of ordinary daily events, which forms the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, is of far greater moment than the occasional lessons he receives, however excellent.

A REALLY GOOD WIFE.

It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented wife;—one who will not wish to live in a style beyond her husband's income, just because her next-door neighbour does;—one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles or favours.

The future blights more reputations than it ripens.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Beginning Life. London: 19, Paternoster-row.

A charming little book for our young men.

Why Weepest Thou? By Rev. J. Macfarlane, LL.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

A book full of consolatory thoughts for all who have wept over the graves of dear ones.

Roger Miller. By Rev. Geo. Orme. London: W. & F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate-street.

A deeply interesting record of a city missionary, with tales of wickedness and woe. Mr. Miller was a poor boy—a great man—and a very useful disciple of Jesus. Buy it for your son, mother; it is very cheap.

The Boy's Picture Gallery. London: Knight.

A cheap and amusing as well as instructive picture-book for our boys. Pictures for the eye and pictures for the mind.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

"Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round to-morrow!"

MOTHER! did you not feel interested in the group of young men surrounding you in that palace of a shop the other day? As you gazed on the varied and changing countenances did you not mentally say, "They all have mothers somewhere?" And as you observed all the different manners and movements, could you not imagine the kind of mothers who had trained them? As you passed the sailor-lad in the street, or took your seat by him in the railway carriage, did you not think what an anxious heart might be beating in his mother's breast somewhere? Did you speak a kind word to the young voyager as you journeyed on? How could you help it, while you recollected your own son far away in a distant city, with youthful ardour and high hope in the whirl and bustle of life? How anxious you feel that he may not stifle the voice of conscience,—how anxious, too, that he may not forget the instructions of home, and you exclaim, "Oh, that he may not bury the past and forget the future!" You remember how you dreaded his leaving the quiet home of his childhood for the active life he must lead among strangers. But how short-sighted we are!—how very ignorant of what is best for us or our children! Often what we think best is worst, and what we think most disastrous is our heavenly Father's way of doing us good. Let us learn to leave all things in His hands who doeth all things well.

The mother of Augustine thought Rome the worst of all places for her son, and she prayed that God would prevent his going to that guilty city. She wished Rome had been unknown; yet in that very city God prepared her son to be an eminent defender of the truth, and a servant of righteousness. An aged father one day stood

with streaming eyes watching the receding steps of a son who had bidden him "Farewell," exclaiming, "Oh, it would be nothing to let him go from home, if he were only a Christian!" A few months only passed on before his prayers were heard, and the good seed sown grew up to reward that father's pious care.

Sometimes we see the melancholy spectacle of a son or daughter leaving home without regret! Alas! for such young people. They have seldom anything loving or loveable to remember of their early days in their childhood's home. Sometimes a father's sternness drives his children from home without regret. Sometimes a mother's over-indulgence acts upon the youthful mind in the same way Two cases of this kind came under our notice.

Martin Angus was a reckless young man of twenty when we met with him, and unlike most of the young men around us, he never seemed to feel while we spoke to him of home and early days. "The fact is," said Martin one day, "I don't like my home—never did—never shall; I would rather go to the world's end than return to that place they call home, where my father lives." "Is your mother living?" we ventured to ask. "No—no—not on earth, at least," continued the young man in a subdued tone "She lives in heaven, no doubt; would that she had remained on earth for my sake! Mothers love all their children generally, and they tell me my mother loved me greatly when a little one; but she soon died, and from all I can learn of her she was too gentle, too tender, too sensitive to bear the rough blasts of the place she called home. Oh, lend me a pencil—I will draw a picture of my home; or sit down and write while I describe it—that will be better."

"I am ready, Martin; go on."

"Well, there sits a sweet little gentle woman working for her family. Every now and then she wipes the tears

which are well nigh blinding her eyes, but she hides them as carefully as possible from the little group and from her husband. My father was a stern tall man, with compressed lips, and eyes which seemed to be lighted up by a continued fire within—one who wished to drive all other beings in the wide world before him. He had just left my mother after telling her she was "Always sitting down;" "Never got up early enough;" "Did not attend to him half as much as she ought;" "Petted her little children till she made fools of them;" "Liked herself best of all!"—My sister told me all this, long after my poor dear ill-treated mother had gone to her rest. After this fatal day, Mary told me she seldom smiled—moved about the house as if suffering extreme pain when my father was absent,—but when his bustling step and voice were heard, her face would flush with excitement, and she would try to move quickly to avoid his sneering words and looks. Peace to her memory! It was well for her she did not live long to suffer in that uncongenial home; but, as for me, the earliest recollections I have are of a cross, harsh, world-loving father, who liked a few of his children, and hated the rest. *I* was among the unloved party. You may think me unfeeling, but I must tell you, I don't wish to meet my father again, either on earth or in heaven." "Oh, fearful words! Young man, recall them quickly." "No, I cannot—my heart is hardened by unkindness, and nothing ever softens it but the words spoken to me of my dear dead mother."

Father! would you like *your* son to speak thus? Listen to one other case. Passing by a bed in a Union house, a minister was arrested by the voice of a young man saying, "Please, Sir, will you stop a moment?" The man of God readily stood still and gazed upon the speaker. He was a young man of about eighteen, but so wasted by disease that his brow was furrowed, and his

face sunken and withered. "You do not know me, Sir?" he said, fixing his bright eyes upon the gentleman. "No, certainly not—did I ever see you before?" "Oh yes, Sir; I am John Barlow." "Impossible! I thought you were in America." "No, Sir; I am here to die, ruined and cast off by earth and heaven, and I have to thank my mother, Sir, for all my misery." "That is a very hard speech, young man." "Not more hard than true, Sir. She indulged me in everything I wished, right or wrong. She never controlled my will. She never told me the consequences of sin. She never told me of heaven or hell, of my responsibilities, or of a Saviour. I wearied her by my wickedness, till she and my father have both cast me off, and cease to care for me; and now I am dying with all my sins upon my guilty head."

After some conversation the minister went to the parents of the young man, to beg they would visit their son. In the course of conversation the young man's mother said, "Sir, my child's ruin is occasioned by my over-indulgence and want of discipline." The young man died before the parents reached him. Fearful will be their next meeting!

But how sweet are the recollections of a happy home! How the heart clings to it amidst the strangers in life's pathway! How many precious associations cluster around it! A father's loving, guiding hand—a mother's watchfulness — the brother's and the sister's warm affection. To the spot where we all played in life's young day our heart fondly turns. The weary and vexed traveller in life's journey turns to it with longing eyes and a beating heart. Other places, other hearts may be ours, yet still the father's and the mother's home is dear for ever. But, mother, while you do all in your power to make home attractive, and to cause sweet recollections of it to abide in your son's heart, do not forget to teach

him of another and a better home, where all the families of the earth who have loved and served Jesus shall enjoy a re-union of hearts—where love will be perfect—where tears shall be wiped from every eye, and the glorious inhabitants shall no more dread the chilling word—"Farewell."

THE BLIND IRISHMAN.

BY THE LATE MRS. P. H. GOSSE.

"I do not like reading," said little Edward to his mother one day; "I wish, mother, you would not send me to school. It will be time enough to learn when I am a great boy" "Well," replied his mother, "if you do not like school, what do you like? Do you like to hear stories which people that *can* read find in books?" "Yes, mother, that is just what I do like." "Well, as it is not yet school-time, if you will fetch your little stool, I will tell you a story, and then you must go to school willingly. When you are older and wiser you will know the use of learning; now what you have to learn is to believe that I know better than you, and to do everything I wish." "Yes, mother, I will go like a good boy; and now I have got my little stool there is room for you to rest your feet on one corner while you nurse baby, and I shall have plenty of room too."

"Well, Edward, some years ago, a clergyman who was travelling in Ireland met a blind man, who partly guided his steps with a large stick, and partly by the aid of a little dog which he held by a string. 'You are very old, my poor friend,' said the clergyman. 'Aye, Sir,' replied the old man, 'I am nearly a hundred years old, and a good thing it is for me that I have lived to be old; but,' added he, in a low tone, 'it was a bad thing for Solomon.' 'Why so?' said the clergyman. 'Because, Sir,' replied the blind man, 'if Solomon had died before

he was old, he would have been remembered as one of the greatest men that ever lived. But if I had died before I was old, I should at this time have been in hell. Solomon lived to disgrace himself. I have lived to obtain eternal glory.' 'Why do you expect to obtain eternal glory?' said the clergyman. 'Because,' replied the blind man, 'I trust for my salvation to the blood of Jesus Christ, shed for sinners like me. And I know that the Holy Spirit of God dwells in me, and has brought me to the knowledge of heavenly things.' 'Whom have you heard speak of these things?' said the minister. 'No one,' replied he. 'Then how came you by the knowledge of Scripture which you possess?' 'Sir,' replied the old man, 'about a year ago I began to grow quite blind. I took this as a warning that I was drawing near to the grave, and thought it time to prepare my soul for another world. I knew of no one who could teach me, but as one of my little grandchildren had gone to school and learned to read, I thought if I bought a Bible I could make my little grandson read to me constantly. I did so; the little boy read willingly; and thus, through hearing the Scriptures, the Lord has opened my heart to feel His love, to see myself a lost sinner, and to know that all my sins are forgiven!' Here the old man broke forth into many expressions of praise to God, for His goodness to a poor worthless old creature like him."

"Is that all, mother?" cried little Edward. "Yes, my child," said his mother," and now do you consider that if the old man's little grandson had not gone to school, if he had refused to learn to read, his poor grandfather would have had nobody to tell him of God's love in sending Jesus to die for sinners. Perhaps the old man might have gone to the grave ignorant and wicked; instead of which, the grandfather learned the way of salvation through the lessons of his little

grandson, while the little boy himself, in reading to his aged relation, learned from a child to know those Holy Scriptures which are able to make him wise unto salvation, and very probably has grown up to be a Christian man."

"O mother, mother," cried Edward, "I have found you out! I know why you told me that story; you want *me* to be a useful little boy, and read to other people when I can read myself; and so I will. I will go to school directly, and try to learn like that little boy. Here's my cap and bag. Good bye, mother. Good bye, baby. I'm gone; good bye till tea-time."

ANNIE WARBURTON'S DIARY.

On again looking into Annie's desk, Mrs. Warburton found a little red-covered book, with here and there a stray thought written in it, extending over a considerable time. This was indeed a treasure to her, and many a time did she gather from its pages, to aid her in the training of those dear children who remained beneath her guardianship, such hints as the following:—

"*Tuesday evening.*—Uncle John dined here to-day. They say he is a good man, but he said many things unlike the Saviour. My mother contended the points with him, but my father said, 'Persons are obliged to conform to the world if they would get on!' Can it be, then, that the Saviour did not understand either human nature or the ways of the world? Or, are His commands too hard to keep? No, no,—I say no—my *mother* says no.

"*Saturday evening.*—This has been a sad week. Poor little Willie very ill. Dear little fellow! I only wish I was as ready for heaven as he is. I should not then be anxious day and night about my eternal safety as I am,

Mrs. Lee remarked to my mother that it was very hard for little ones to suffer, but my mother checked her, saying, 'My tears will flow fast, but our heavenly Father can do nothing unkind. He doeth all things well.'

"*Monday evening.*—Our precious little Willie is gone to join the happy company in the kingdom of heaven. Oh, he looks so beautiful, with his soft curls over his white forehead, and his little hands folded on his quiet breast. Our dear mother weeps, but I heard her whisper, 'I shall go to him, but he will never—never come back to me.' Oh, where is heaven, and what is the spirit-land? My father sits silent and thoughtful, and when uncle John said carelessly, 'He is better off,' my father replied, 'Are we going to the same home where he lives now, John?'

"*Friday afternoon.*—I have seen Dr. B. to-day. He looked grave, and cast a glance at my mother, who stood pale and evidently very anxious as he passed out. I think I can understand all about it. He thinks there is disease working within; so do I; so fears my dear mother. Oh, that I may be ready to join dear Willie! The blood of Jesus can wash all sin away.

"*Wednesday noon.*—I saw my mother in a trying position to-day. Mrs. Nutting called, and as I knew my mother greatly disapproved of her evil speaking and dangerous habits of detraction, I thought I would observe how she received the lady; but it was all in keeping with her wisdom and piety. Instead of greeting Mrs. Nutting in her usual warm and affectionate way, she gravely requested her to be seated, and then asked for her family. As soon as a short history was given of her family, she commenced as usual her attacks upon persons. My mother made no reply for some time, but she looked grieved. At length she said, 'What a good thing it would be, Mrs. Nutting, and how much happier would all the inhabitants of the world be, if we each tried to ascertain our own faults

instead of searching out the faults of others, for you see we are none of us perfect. I often think of the old Scotch proverb,—

"Oh that some power the gift wad gie us,
To see oursélves as others see us"

But,' added my mother, 'we put on our spectacles to look at the faults of others.' 'Wise mother,' thought I. Mrs. N. did not stay long. My good transparent mother does not suit persons of Mrs. Nutting's character."

NOBODY'S BOY.

"NOBODY'S BOY!"—who can he be, then? Who feeds him when he is hungry? Where does he find a shelter from the cold, the storm, and the night, the dreary dark night? Who nurses him when he is sick, and who'll weep when he dies? Who teaches him about God, and heaven and hell? Who prays for him?—*who—who?* Are there any more except this one "nobody's boy?" Yes, there are multitudes of them in cities; country people know nothing about them, only what they read in books and the papers. There is one of them now on the steps opposite my window, a ragged, dirty little boy, not more than eight years old, I think, with a cigar in his mouth almost half as long as his arm, which he is lighting from a big boy's cigar. Can it be, that *anybody* will allow such a little boy to smoke; for if he smokes now, what will he, or rather what will he not do when he is grown to manhood? Ah! he may be an orphan, left to the sole companionship and sympathy of vice and evil habits; or the son of some widow, from whose weak restraint he has broken away; or following the example of some inebriate father, whose steps are already taking hold on death.

Perhaps that was one of "nobody's boys," the little urchin who offered to carry our basket from the market

for a penny, and who, when asked "Why he was not in school, instead of loitering about the street?" replied, "Oh! I don't go to school no more—I've done *my* edecation."

Is this one of "nobody's boys," who has stolen an orange from a shop door, and whom the shopkeeper has just caught by our door, and is harshly dragging along, to take him to the police? No, no, he cannot be a nobody's boy, for see how frightened he is, and how he begs to be let go, saying, "I never did so before—that big boy told me to do it;" and he calls "Mother! mother!" Yes, he is somebody's boy—he has a mother somewhere, who he knows loves him, and who has taught him that it is wrong to steal, and to whom he runs with all speed the instant he is delivered from his pursuer.

But there *are* many little boys, and girls too, for whom nobody cares; whom nobody loves and protects; whom nobody but Providence feeds and clothes; the offspring of vice, the refugees of poverty, want, and destitution, the children of sorrow and misfortune, wide-world orphans; and still they have as noble hearts, they have susceptibilities as keen, features and forms as symmetrical, and natures that crave the same comforts as "*my children*," and whose existence will run parallel with theirs through endless ages. Oh! who will fulfil the royal law, and do unto them as they would that others should do by *their* children, thus loving their neighbour as themselves? Who?

HUMBLE MEANS FOR MIGHTY ENDS.

"Ah!" sighed the fatherless girl, as she prepared to go forth to her day's toil, "ah! if I were but needed by any one, if I were but of some use in the world, how much more courage I should have to struggle through life! Now it seems but a mockery to try to live. I must toil early and late for a bare subsistence. I have power

neither to give pleasure nor to do good to any. My work is all for myself, and is what, were I gone to my rest, another might do as well. I am an orphan and a stranger—sad, feeble, and poor. What have I to cheer me to any effort to live? The minister to whom I listened yesterday, exhorted each one of his hearers to make a right use of his influence; he asserted that there was not a person living whose power to do good or evil over his fellows was not strong and eternal in its action. Alas! he did not know how desolate a human creature may be! I would be thankful to work for God, but what can I do?"

Thus sadly mused the humble seamstress all the way to the abode of her employer. She had said truly, that she was a stranger and poor. Not yet twenty-one years of age, she was an orphan and friendless in the world. In the town to which she had come for employment, there were many whose situations were as unpleasant as her own—there was nothing observably distressing in her case. She was able to work, had work, and appeared to be comfortable, so people did not trouble themselves about her affairs. She was obliged to work all the time steadily, in order to earn enough to live upon; but then, when so many people were starving, she ought to be very thankful that she could get all the work she was able to do. She always wore a sad, subdued look, and seldom was her voice heard save in answering a question; but then she was only a sewing girl, and modest silence became her. Such were the thoughts of those who ever thought at all of the humble sewing girl.

Almost every one who knew her would have agreed perfectly in her own opinion of her insignificance, and utter want of influence over the characters or happiness of her fellow-creatures. But God seeth not as man. He looketh at the heart, and He saw that in the heart of poor Mary there burned a pure and steadfast desire for the

increase of His kingdom on the earth. Mary once had brothers, young men of affectionate dispositions and generous impulses. They were now in their graves, and although their sister was not without hope in their death, yet she felt that a sick bed was a poor place for making preparation for eternity. One of those dear brothers had put off repentance until he laid down to die, and never could Mary forget the remorse and agony his sinful procrastination had caused him. The earnestness of her interest in the unconverted was such, that she could hardly endure to be in their presence without entreating them to prepare for eternity; yet her timidity and humility were so great, that she always found it impossible to utter a word on the momentous subject. For the youthful she had an especial interest; and "Oh! that all the young would devote themselves to God!" was the wish that was often in her heart. Her anxiety to do something for the Lord she loved, was in her as a consuming fire, and He saw it and was pleased. Deep underneath all the yearnings for human love to cheer her shaded pathway was this one great desire, ever warm and sincere in the heart of Mary—"Oh! that I might be of some use in the church of my God!"

THE INDIAN WAR.

Women of England! Once more the war-cry is heard in our island, and, after a brief time of repose, our soldiers are summoned to take part in a fierce and bloody contest, whose deeds have been those of incarnate fiends rather than men. Whilst our troops are pouring into India, bent on revenge, swearing to give no quarter to those who have gloated in the blood of women and children, what is our duty? Oh, whilst the thought of our mangled babes, our outraged and murdered country-

women, makes us pale and sick with horror, let us in our social meetings, in our family prayers, in our private devotions, *pray*. *Pray*, not only for our still suffering countrymen, but *pray* for their *murderers*. Fire and sword may cut them down and lay waste their cities; prayer, believing prayer, can bring down on them the grace of God—more powerful than carnal weapons, changing the tiger into the lamb. Remember "the remainder of wrath wilt Thou restrain." Let, then, *our* arms be those of constant, earnest, persevering prayer for those who have no pity on their own souls, and who, in fighting against Christianity, run "on the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler." Mother! as thy arms clasp thy baby closer at the tale of slaughtered innocents, *pray!* Maiden! safe in England from the hands of the licentious ravisher, *pray!* "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, and casting down of every imagination that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." L. S. T.

THE GOOD EASY-SOULED MOTHER.

It is allowed generally that the mother, far more than the father, is *the* person whose influence is felt most for the weal or woe of her offspring. This we conceive to be one of the natural laws; and however much a father may be loved, venerated, and remembered by his children with gratitude and affection, there is an *intenseness* in the feelings of the child for its mother beyond that for its father—how very important that the mother leave upon the mind of her child influences for good and not for evil! If all these influences *were good*, the world would soon be changed from what it is. But good easy-souled mothers, whose *firmness* is just in the inverse ratio of their *affection*, suffer the "little foxes that spoil the vines" to go

unrebuked; and soon a pack of greedy wolves surround their table in the dispositions of the "dear children," where only real olive plants might and should be found.

Such was the case with Mrs. Ebens. She was an excellent neighbour, very kind-hearted, felt for others' woes, and was ever ready with an open hand to smooth the path of the suffering. She had three sweet children—two boys and a girl; the latter was a baby, and hardly arrived at an age to be subject to disciplinary action. The elder boy, Jemmy, was old enough to know what was proper to be done, and to do it too, if he chose, whenever he was requested to obey his seniors. But, alas! he did just as he wished, and this is the way he did it, though hardly five years old:—

"Now, Jemmy," says the mother, "you must not eat green fruit of any kind; you know you are not very well; you had to take medicine yesterday, and will again if you do not keep away from the green apples." "Yes, mother, but I only ate a few, they did not hurt me. Mamma, may I go out to the barn and play awhile?" "Yes, if you wish, but do not go near that apple-tree on the way, nor pick a single apple—you understand what I tell you?" —"Yes, mamma," and off he ran for the barn, passed the forbidden tree, but not without giving a look, and after a short play he is seen quietly seated under the interdicted tree, with several half-grown apples in his hands, and a part of one between his teeth.

Soon mamma calls him—he jumps up and runs to her with the fruit of his disobedience, for he has learned that the chidings will not hurt him, and he can easily carry his point. "Why, Jemmy!" says the mother, with a grave face, "how dare you eat those hard things?—you know they will make you ill." "Oh no, they won't, mother!" says Jemmy, with a laughing face; "I only eat a *leetle*—that won't hurt me, you know."

He is made to throw the remainder away, and very

soon is up to his eyes in mischief, disobeying direct injunctions from his mother. Soon she sees what he is doing, and with a bland and gentle voice—for you must know that Mrs. Ebens belongs to that class of mothers who do not raise their voice above the common key—tells him to cease. He looks up to her out of his roguish blue eyes, laughs her in the face, and continues his disobedience. Soon he is called to his mother, who expostulates and attempts to reason with him, but he laughs at her and tries to turn the conversation, and is soon successful. He grows up a little conqueror—he has his own way—he has learned to get it—he can cry, beg, and plead, and by dint of perseverance—and who so persevering as some small children?—he carries the day, and grows up much as he pleases. His mother lacked firmness, and *he knew it*. His firmness increased with his years, and every victory added a new enlargement to the "bump." Now, what multitudes fail just in this way. "Oh," says one, "I can't be always whipping." "Well," says another, "they are little folks, and little folks have their failings." Another, who happens to have a conscience, says, "Yes, but I fear we mothers are most to blame after all; I sometimes see that I have failed, and still I do no better the next time." While the mother who has firmness and discretion, whose word is law in her family, has children to love, respect, reverence, and obey her—nay more, they call her blessed. She began right, and she kept on right—with her, transgressions met with attention, and, if necessary, punishment. She acts uprightly, and when this is the case, though punishment follows offences, even young children perceive the reason, and conscience shows them that they were wrong and the parent right.

UNCLE PETER.

THE SAILOR-SON.

MOTHER, hast thou an unbelieving son, a poor reckless fellow, who is going on in the way to ruin? Ah! I think my memory can tell me of a mother who had a reckless son, who was treading the path to hell. But her prayers went up to Heaven for that child, the tears oftentimes fell from her eyes, for she prayed in intense earnestness and perseverance, and that child was, by the help of God, rescued. Saved by the hand of God was he oftentimes in the hour ril; and when his mother was upon her knees, little knowing, God has delivered that child from sinking in the sea. Ah! that child can look back to the time when he stood on the water-washed deck of the vessel, tossed upon the rolling waves, upon the deep, deep sea. He can remember the time when that vessel, staggering beneath the load of water on her deck, well nigh sank, and when her very yards were dipped in the waves. He can remember the time when the vessel trembled beneath the shock—when the helmsman loosed the wheel, and all despaired—and he can think of the time when God by His own power delivered him from sinking, and saved him for His mercy's sake. That child stands before you to-night. God answers a mother's prayers; they are mighty, they are music in His ears. Oh! mother, hast thou a disobedient and ungodly son? Then pray for him; pray for him; pray, and don't faint, and God will answer thee.—*Rev. H. Grattan Guinness.*

A FEW WORDS TO THE WEEPING MOTHER.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

Is thy precious infant torn from thy fond, alas! too fond embrace? Hast thou been called so soon to give thy little prattling treasure to the cruel reaper, Death? Where is thy child? I remember reading somewhere,

the other day, the following little account. Once, in a happy home, a sweet bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the time she was ill; now, mother, who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what, Alice?" asked the mother. "On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little she could not go alone." "Jesus met her there," answered the mother; "it is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He took the baby on the other side."

Is not this thought enough to sooth thy troubled breast? Jesus has thy little lamb; it is safely nestled in His kind arms. What wouldst thou have more for it than repose in that tender Shepherd's bosom? Thou knowest not what trials it has escaped. Thou couldst not wish it back again. One day, thou too shalt rejoice to see thy Saviour and thy infant, and then parting will no more be known. But is it so, that thou canst not anticipate this happy union? This blessed home is not thine—thy walk and conversation show that thou hast no part or lot in this matter. *Heaven* is a *prepared* place for a *prepared* people, and only those who are washed from their sins in the blood of the Lamb can enter there—where He is. Oh, how awful is the thought of being *for ever* shut out of heaven under the "*wrath of the Lamb.*"

Wilt thou not be a partaker of that peace which alone can be found in true religion? Oh! "strive to enter in at the strait gate." Delay no longer; it may soon be too late! Difficulties may be many, but God will help thee through them all. But does one read this who weeps, and weeps not a loved one gone? What is thy

burthen? Oppressed with care? Tried by the difficulties of the way? Mourning for sins unpardoned? Oh! let me lead thee to a sympathising God, a Saviour "who was in all points tempted as we are." A Jesus, who was a man and died for *thee*, to procure thy pardon. Yes, *thine*, though so far removed from Him by sin. Bring thy guilty soul to Him whose "blood cleanseth from all sin."

"Burdened soul, thy Saviour loves thee;
On His gracious arm recline.
Cast thyself, thy load, thy sorrow,
Where the loved apostle lay.
Lean on Christ to-day, to-morrow,
Soon He'll smile thy woes away."

SYMPATHY.

NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE.—No. II.

"MOTHER!" said a little girl (the daughter of a dressmaker) one Saturday evening about eight o'clock, "Jane says I must go to bed, and we have not had prayer to-night." "My dear, I know it, but it can't be helped; we have not a minute to spare—we are so full of work we shall not have finished before morning." "Good night, dear mother, I am so sorry," said the dear child, as she walked slowly away.

That night the young people in the workroom sat at their needle until twelve o'clock, and were then too much fatigued to attend to the little Saturday evening arrangements so necessary in every well-ordered family. They went prayerless and uncomfortable to bed. The Sabbath morning saw them asleep until a late hour, their rooms in a disordered state, several parcels to be sent off to different houses. Some of the young people were barely ready to attend a place of worship, some too poorly to go out. Shortly after, Mrs. B. was taken ill, and did not leave her room for one week. She who had "not a

minute to spare," must now spare a whole week. Ah! who can tell, if that little household had closed their labours at an earlier hour, and assembled to seek a Father's blessing, but that health instead of sickness might have been given, and a happy, profitable day of rest to all, instead of one of languor and discomfort; for "when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord." If we will not spare time for Him who gives us *all our time*, is it not in mercy that He thus compels us to spare it? Else we should *drive, drive, drive, work, work, work*, until our hard task-master had secured us in that region of darkness and despair, which the word of God tells us was never designed for man.

"Stop," I hear some one say, "but what could we do in such a case? If our work is not done, our customers will leave us, and with them our bread. Besides this, we should have broken our word." Let God, not man, reply:—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water—he turneth it whithersoever he will." And if the hearts of kings, why not the hearts of all men? "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Promise less! Trust more! If the Lord Jesus be your friend, you will never want a friend. It is written, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone for ever.

LITTLE CARRY.

Little Carry, a bright-eyed, cheerful girl, six years old, was gazing upon some pretty-looking scissors in a glass case. At length an urgent request is made to mother for a pair. "No, Carry dear, by-and-by, a little older, and you shall." A few days after, Carry was observed by her mother looking at the scissors wistfully. "Carry, do you know that is Satan tempting you? Did not mother say No?" In the course of a few days the child was left alone in the shop, and was drawn to the glass case. The mother overheard her saying, "Go away, Satan; don't you know it is very wicked of you to tempt me, when mother said I was not to have any?"

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

Is a rough and thorny world, an awkward world to get through; but it might be worse. It might be better, if every one would try in earnest to make it so. I was walking some time ago with a countryman, whom I observed every now and then to kick aside any particular large or jagged stone that lay loose upon the horse-track. "I don't like to see a stone like that in the road," said he, "and not move it. It might trip up a horse and break a rider's neck, and 'tis very little trouble to kick it aside." Oh, that all passers through the world would but act upon the same plan!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Key to the Adulteration of Food. London: Marlborough.
Sad revelations on important matters.

The Journal of Health. London: Horsell.
This periodical contains thoughts worth pondering.

The Band of Hope Record. London. Horsell.
Earnest words on teetotalism.

THE UNWISE, UNTRUTHFUL, AND PARTIAL MOTHER.

Little children watch a mother's words and ways, and by both the mother makes a lasting impression on the minds of her family, and the effects of both will meet her again on the day which will reveal secrets. Ponder this little account of one of the unwise mothers. There she sat with her youngest daughter, a sprightly child, five years of age, enjoying an afternoon chit-chat with a few friends, when a little girl, a playmate of the daughter of Mrs. P., came running into the sitting-room, and cried, "Where is Jane? I've got something for her." "She is out," said the mother. "What have you got? Show it to me,' eagerly exclaimed Hannah, the mother's favourite; "I'll give it to her."

The little girl handed Hannah a bouquet of flowers which she had gathered for Jane, and returned home with the faith that her kindness had not been misapplied. She had scarcely left the room when Hannah, standing by her mother's chair, talking to herself, said, loud enough to be heard across the room, "I like flowers; she often calls me Jane—she thinks I am Jane—I'm going to keep this bouquet."

The mother made no objection to the soliloquy, and Hannah immediately began to pick the leaves from the handsome rose, for the purpose of making rose-water. She had not completed her task when Jane bounded into the room, and seeing Hannah with flowers, exclaimed, "I'm going to have a bouquet pretty soon; Sally Johnson said she would bring me one this afternoon." "But she won't," said Hannah. "I'll go and see," returned Jane, tripping as she spoke towards the front door. "Here, Jane," said the mother, "Sally brought this

bouquet for you; but you were not in, so she gave it to Hannah."

The tears started in Jane's eyes. She felt she had been robbed, and she knew that Hannah had been preferred to her. Hannah had been encouraged in a deliberate falsehood, and in deception towards her sister. Many a time since has that mother felt obliged to punish her daughter for prevarication, and often has she been heard to say she wondered where so small a child learned so much deceit. This is a small affair at best, some may say; but do not

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow?"

And do not the "small beginnings" of instruction lay the foundation of the man's or woman's character? Will not the conduct of Hannah and Jane's mother influence them as they pass along the path of life?

ANOTHER PAGE OF ANNIE WARBURTON'S DIARY.

"*Friday evening.*—My aunt has been trying to make me think religion gloomy; but none can do this, while I see my mother more happy than any one else, though her trials are very many. I wonder she does not wish to go to heaven sometimes when her tears are pressed from her eyes; but no, she sings very soon after weeping. Ah, if my aunt had been my mother, or my mother like my aunt, I dare say I should love the things that I now hate. I have great reason to be thankful for a pious mother.

"*Saturday evening.*—How soon the Sabbath returns—not too soon for me; I love the Sabbath with all its engagements. Alas! my Sabbath-school class must have another teacher now. I wonder Mrs. Came can allow

her children to take their pleasure on the Lord's day; if they die early, they will view these matters very differently. My dear mother always made her arrangements so that the Sabbath was always cheerful and very happy to us all, without ever wishing to break God's commands by mixing with the pleasure-taking people. Well, I shall soon be where the Sabbaths never end. What should I do where the Sabbaths never end, if I tired of them here?

"*Tuesday evening.*—Another eventful day to me. My cousin Charles made me an offer of marriage. I have always thought of him as a brother—perhaps I might, under other circumstances, return his warmer love; but this now would only disappoint his hopes—life with me will soon be over. He pressed me to allow him to speak to my parents, but I made him promise not to mention it to them while I am living—it would greatly distress my dear mother. I go where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God. May my dear cousin find one in health who will return his warm love and appreciate his lovely character. As for me, the grave must soon be my home; but no, no, I must not dwell on the darkness there! I go to rest on my Saviour's bosom, like John. In heaven, all I love shall live again.

"*Friday evening.*—A day full of pain in my chest and side; an anxious day, too, as to the future. The beautiful spring weather, and the newly varnished leaves, with the bursting buds, ornamenting the brown earth, all, all make me feel dull. All nature revives—I am passing away. Oh, it is a beautiful world, though the blight of sin has fallen upon it. I love its hills and vales—its flowers—its music—its warm hearts—its loving circles. I feel my heart drawn out in love—can love die? No—no—I like to think that in heaven we shall know even more of earth than we do here. Before the fall, Adam

knew more than we do. How little do we know here! how many of the wonderful things of God are hidden from our view! I often think of papa's friend, Mr. Rix, saying one day he wondered that people did not wish to die, that they might know more of God's created wonders. Yet to me it seems sometimes melancholy to die so young —to go away from all I know, from the bright and beautiful of earth; but hush, hush, there are more lovely scenes up yonder. But, oh, how my dear mother will miss a helper among the little ones; but she will be comforted.

"*Wednesday evening.*—Ill all day—what can it be to die? None have come back to tell us. Yes, I forgot, Jesus has. Oh, I long to love Him perfectly, and to trust Him more fully, for all of this life and the life to come. The grave looks dark—all alone there; but only the *body*—but what is spirit? Oh, I must die to know—pass away over that river rolling between the living and the dead. I want more faith and love.

"*Monday evening.*—Fading away is written on my heart—body wasting—strength decaying—the tomb ready —heaven at hand. Oh, I like to think of heaven as a place of perfect knowledge—we shall know as we are known—and perfect love; God is love. Knowledge and love make this fallen, dying world delightful sometimes—what will it be to find both in perfection in heaven?"

This was the last entry in Annie's Diary. Her mother weeps, but they are tears of gratitude and love; she feels they have not parted for ever; in the home of the blessed they shall be re-united, and sing the "new song" together. Mother! will you be there? Are your children preparing now to join you there? Take care you do not make a mistake.

THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

"I DON'T care—I shall not go with you—go by yourself, if you like." These words were spoken by a very pretty young woman, who had not long been a bride. The sadly disappointed young husband looked at his Julia mournfully, and almost hoped he was dreaming—"Julia, dear," he said, in a low tone. The proud beauty curled her lip, and went on copying music for a friend—"Julia, dear, will you not really go with me to see Mary?" "No, I shall not, I am busy; and, besides, I don't feel inclined." "Well—but go to please me, dear." "No, I shall not, Charles; you may go where you like." "Where I like, Alice! I only like to be near you." "Nonsense—don't torment me." "No, Alice, I will not."

Charles Price turned away from his young and beautiful wife with a blight on his heart—nay, more—with a wound there that time never healed. He soon took his walks, and formed his plans without Alice, and she found, alas! too late, that a beautiful face and a fine figure will never compensate for the lack of a kind heart and obliging manners in a young wife. But are young wives the only persons who presume on the right they hold to speak cross and refuse a little kind attention? No—no—many a husband, by cross looks, cross manners, and a lack of attention to her he has chosen for his companion, has caused the sensitive heart to shrink back into itself, doubting, ever after, if she had not mistaken her position in the world, almost wishing in the bitterness of her disappointment that another had been called by her name. Yes, it is still true that

"Many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word, at random spoken,
May wound and crush the heart that's broken."

MATERNAL ASSOCIATION AMONG HEATHEN MOTHERS.

(*Extract of a Letter from Mrs. Porter of Cuddapah.*)

When I was at Dhoor, I proposed meeting the native women on Tuesday evening; about fifteen or sixteen came. I told them, as none of them could read, I would gladly take two or three girls into the Cuddapah school, teach them, feed them, and clothe them, and when they were able to teach others, they should go back to their own homes if they wished it. I asked one and another; but they were too young, or too useful, or something else.

One particularly nice woman had a sweet-looking girl by her side, about ten years old. I said, "Amoh, would you like me to teach your daughter?" With an indescribable look of tenderness she drew her to her side, and putting her arm round her, she said, "*This* is my *only* one." "Have you not had more children?" I asked. "Oh, yes, Mem; I have had six; but they are dead; yes, they *all* died—five of them, one after another—they *all* died." "And you, poor thing, how sorry you must have been!" "Heigho! how sorry! Too much trouble I took; after the first died, I took sacrifice to the temple, and made poojah (worship) to the idol, and told him I would give all I could, if my second might live; but he died. Then my heart was very sad; and when my third came, I went to a Gooroo, and took a cloth, and fowl and rice, and he said mutrums, and made poojah; but no, *that* child too died, and so the five died. My heart was like fire—it turned so with sorrow; I was almost mad, and yet I tried some fresh ceremony for every child." "What did you think had become of the spirits of these children? you knew their bodies died, but did you think much of their spirits?" "Ah! *that* was the thing made

me almost mad; I did not *know*. I thought, perhaps, one devil took one, and another took another; or, perhaps they were gone into some bird or beast, or something. *I* did not know, and I used to think and think, until my heart was *too full* of sorrow, and I could *not bear it*." "But, Amoh, you do not look so sorry *now*." She exclaimed, "Sorry *now!* oh, no, no! Why I *know now* where my children are; they are with Jesus. I have learned that Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' My sorrow is all gone now; I can bear their not being with me; they are happy with Him, and after a while I shall go to Him, too; and this girl, my Julia, and my husband, too. Since I have learned this Christian religion, my heart is *all* joy, and I have left off weeping for my children. Julia goes every day to the school here, and can read a little; and will, I hope, soon learn more."

She thanked me for offering to take her, but hoped I would excuse her sending her, as she was "her only one." How often do bereaved ones, who have the light of the Gospel, forget how *much* they owe to it for every gleam of hope that shines in upon the gloom of the grave! The heathen mother clings to her babe with nature's strongest affections; but when it dies she has no hope, none for herself, none for her babe. She knows not His name who brought life and immortality to light—no, all is dark, dark as heathenism; what in this world can be darker? Shall we, then, keep the light to ourselves, and make no effort to give light to them who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death? No, rather let us delight to take light wherever we *can;* and if only a beam of comfort and light is thrown across the grave of *five* little ones, so as to comfort *one* bereaved mother, it will not have been labour lost.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS AND WIVES.

A FRIEND lately sent us an address, delivered by a clergyman to a band of mothers; we liked it so well, that we have gathered up some of its thoughts, over which young mothers and wives will do well to ponder.

"Mothers," said the speaker, "are the *most* important class in society. A gentleman once said, at a meeting of young men, 'You may depend upon it, a man may do almost anything if he has his wife to work with him; but very little indeed, if she is against him.' What an important class, then, are wives and mothers! Lord Bacon, when an old man, addressed a number of young men, and before he commenced speaking, he made three bows, saying, 'I dare say you wonder to whom and for what I am bowing; it is to you young men, and it is in consideration of the important position you hold. We old men,' he added, 'are going off the stage of life; but in you young men I see the next generation; what you are, this generation and the next also will become.'

"Now, if Lord Bacon made his three bows to the young men because of the influence they exercise, I think I may with greater reason make three bows to mothers, for your influence will extend to generations yet unborn. The mother gives the character to the whole household; if she is untidy and dirty, the children in the family will be the same; and the husband will soon come down to the habits of the house; on the other hand, where there is a tidy, cleanly, industrious mother, her influence and her habits are soon seen in her clean, well-ordered children, and her husband 'is known in the gates' by his nice appearance. His clothes will show there are needles and thread in the house, and fingers which know how to use them; his clean, nicely-ironed shirt tells us there is some one at home who has a regard for his respectable

appearance. Then there is the house, so clean and tidy, the Queen herself would not spoil her dress by resting on one of the chairs; the windows, too, are clean, and the nice white curtains and the pots of flowers look so comfortable. If you go up stairs, you find the same cleanliness and neatness; everything in its place, up-stairs and down; and the back kitchen as tidy as the front. When father comes home, he is proud of his clean and tidy house; he sees no home more comfortable than his own: that is a great matter, is it not?

"Wives sometimes say that husbands are apt to tell them other wives are more tidy than themselves; but such a wife and mother as the one we have been looking at, can answer her good man, if he should be out of sorts, and smile behind the stocking she is mending, saying, 'Well, John, go and see if you can find a house cleaner and tidier than your own; but mind, you must not have your supper till you have found it out.'

"Now, what will the children of that tidy, cleanly, industrious mother become? They will not be afraid of water and soap and brushes—no, nor of work either. You will see one scrubbing the stairs, another mending frocks and pinafores—all will be tidy and busy, for there is a strong instinct in our nature to do as we see our parents do. Well, but if these things are true as to temporal things, is it not still true that the careless, ungodly mother will have wicked children, while the pious, consistent, God-fearing mother will have children treading in her foot-prints? Do we find families of children, who never hear of Jesus or of their duty to God and man—who never see or hear a mother pray—do we find such families serving God? Certainly not; one poor, little neglected child here and there, from such families, may be led to Jesus by a pious Sabbath-school teacher, or some Christian friend; but no thanks for this to the guilty mother and father—they will have

to answer for their neglect of parental duties just the same, when all the 'deeds done in the body' will receive a reward. A pious, praying, consistent mother is glad and thankful to avail herself of the help of the Sabbath-school teacher, that her children may early learn the will of God, and get that knowledge of the Scriptures which may make them wise unto salvation; and she has every good reason to hope that her family, thus trained, will be her comfort in life, and her joy in her heavenly home.

"How mighty is a mother's influence for good or evil! An officer in the navy was one day bearing testimony to this influence; he was relating some frightful scenes he had witnessed, of men dying of cholera, and of the effects of vice, but he ever found an appeal to the remembrance of the mother a reason why the son should return to a better state of life, and deprecate bad ways and bad language. Sometimes, when his ears were pained by profane words, he would say to the individual thus disgracing himself, 'What a bad mother you must have had!' The answer has immediately been, 'My mother never taught me that,' and then would follow, in an altered tone, 'Oh! I wish I had followed what she *did* teach me.'

"A very powerful influence of love is recorded of a deaf and dumb boy. The father, unhappily, was given to drinking; and often, when under this vice, would vent on the poor child his anger. The mother always came to his help. The most unhappy scenes often arose in the family on his account. At length, it was decided to remove him to an asylum where he might learn to read and write. The day came that he should leave; and when he understood that he was to be removed from his mother, the poor little fellow clung to her, and made a most desperate fight; but he was overpowered and removed. Advantage was taken of this strong attachment to his mother, and used as the means of leading the unruly boy to better

habits. When he did what was right, he was told, 'That is like your mother;' when wrong, 'That is *unlike* your mother.' Once only did the poor mother come to see her boy—disease soon carried her to the grave. On that occasion, the other boys made their dumb signs to show that they knew it was his mother, the likeness being so very great.

"When he learnt that his mother was dead, he manifested the most intense grief; became quite an altered character, loved to be alone, and seemed always lost in thought. Shortly, disease began to manifest itself in his lungs—the disease of which his poor mother died. He was taken home: his arrival there was dreaded by his brothers and sisters, especially as his mother was now gone. But to their astonishment he was entirely changed in his character. There was a gentleness and kindness in his look, which showed that his heart had been affected. His disease rapidly increased. One day, he asked for a looking-glass, and after fixing his eyes on it for some time, he kissed his own image most passionately, and burst into tears. When his friends asked him why he cried, he replied by signs, 'They tell me I am so *like her;* it was not my own image but hers I kissed.' On the morning of the day he died, he asked for the glass, and kept it so long that it was, at length, taken from him. He called for his slate and wrote, 'I have been taking this long look at her image, that I may know her in heaven.' Mothers! your influence is lasting as eternity."

LITTLE HENRY.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend"

My dear Madam,—There is not in the whole range of the periodicals which it is my privilege to peruse—a number by no means inconsiderable—any that I take up with a greater

degree of pleasure than that small but highly-important work, *The Mothers' Friend*. The almost overwhelming impression that rests upon my mind, with regard to the vastness and power of *maternal influence*, and its tendency for good or evil, both in the family and on society at large, leads me to hail all such productions with delight and highly-raised expectations Most heartily, therefore, do I wish that your bright home-star in the firmament of morals and literature, for such do I esteem *The Mothers' Friend* to be, may shed its happy and useful light far and wide, through the ever-multiplying families of mankind.

In proportion as mothers become awake to the elevated and responsible situation which as mothers they occupy, and in proportion as they are instructed in the duties of their "high vocation," may we hope that the human family at large will be benefited.

Observing, from time to time, that some of your pages contain accounts of little children, who in the very bud of their being are transplanted to viewless worlds, the immortal soil of spirits,—it occurred to me, that perhaps the following short narrative of events, which came under my own notice, and which I will endeavour to give in as few words as possible, would not be unsuitable. The account is that of a little boy, a pupil of mine, who died, I may say, triumphantly, after a few days' illness.

The first time that I saw Henry was at the Infant School, and I then thought that there was something more than usually striking and interesting about him. There was, indeed, in his entire appearance, a beauty that could not fail to arrest attention. Yes; beauty, frail flower though it be, while there beats in the human bosom a human soul, and while that soul is constituted as it is, there will be an irresistible charm in beauty, that even when the bright object itself shall have passed from our eyes, will still leave behind it, in the very recollection, a something to inspire delight. Just so do I find it in the case before me. I still gaze, or seem to gaze, on the absent yet loved one—his eye dark and piercing—yet equalling in the tenderness of its expression the softest blue; his complexion delicately fair, and his hair a lovely auburn—but what are outward charms, compared with those transcendently more important ones which belong to the nobler part of our nature? In these Henry was not deficient;

sympathy and benevolence were conspicuous features in his disposition. It was only for him to observe another in tears, and he would weep too; and if any little toy that he possessed would remove grief from a schoolfellow or playmate, the act of self-denial was cheerfully performed.

To his mother he cleaved with the tenderest regard, and especially if he saw her in trouble; he would strive to comfort her, by telling her, with true childish simplicity, what he would do for her when he grew a man. Sweet child, far other regions than those of earth, so deluged with the troublous waves of sin and woe, are destined to behold thy manhood's bloom, even now are the very footsteps of thy childhood printed on the threshold of heaven. More of Little Henry next month.

HUMBLE MEANS FOR MIGHTY ENDS.

No. II.

In an upper chamber of a large building sat at midnight a young man intent upon his studies. The stamp of intellect was on his high smooth brow, and the fire of thought and genius in his eye, (yet those eyes were in great danger of being dimmed and strained beyond endurance by too protracted work.) The young man was a student of theology, and night after night did he sit consuming the midnight oil, and his health and strength as well. He was ambitious of distinction as a learned divine—was he as much concerned to be a holy Christian minister? Of that we cannot judge. The night grew chill—the student's fire burned low—he must go down for more fuel, or give up his labours for that night. The latter alternative was not to be thought of, so he started to go down to the yard.

Descending to the hall of the second story, his steps were arrested by the sound of a voice engaged apparently in earnest entreaty. He stood still. It was a woman's voice—the voice of soul-felt prayer. The young man's

feet refused to move—he stood and listened to that fervent plea. "Such a prayer," he said in after years, "I never heard before—I have never heard since. To such an impassioned outpouring of the human soul before its Maker; to such fervid and unfeigned supplications for the Spirit of God to move upon the hearts of sinners; and such humble acknowledgments of sin and unworthiness as were poured upon that midnight air, it is seldom one's privilege to listen. The influence of that prayer is upon me still it has never left me. The pleader knew it not, but from her heart to mine there came a power which has followed me through life."

But who was that midnight pleader? The student made diligent inquiry the next day, and he learned that there had slept a stranger within those walls the night before. That stranger was a messenger from God to him; but outwardly she was only a poor, friendless, serving girl: she had gone her way now to toil elsewhere. Poor Mary!—I know not whether she is now alive or dead, but this I do know (although she knew it not, and never could have believed it, had one told her the tale), through the talents and piety of one of the most honourable and esteemed dignitaries of the Church of Christ she is still doing her Master's work in the world. Doubtless, poor Mary was permitted by the "Lord of the vineyard," to do much other worthy work for him; but if not, the prayer to which the student listened in that midnight hour, and which warms the heart and strengthens the faith of the devoted and influential doctor of divinity, is a sufficient and ever-active witness for her, that her life, hidden and lowly as it was, was not in vain. The desire of her heart was given her, for although she knew it not, she was a mighty and a successful labourer in the service of the Lord.

GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL CAUSES.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds the radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid the crowd
  That thronged the daily mart.
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust.
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"And can a tender mother dare
  To lie and steal, and curse and swear,
  And lead her children on to hell,
  Where demon spirits ever dwell?"

Far be it from old Anthony to think that his readers in general are guilty of such abominations as are here described. As he hopes he knows something of the human heart, he cannot withhold the solemn truth that in his daily walks he has found, to his great sorrow, mothers whose words and actions prove that they are guilty of the one, and have not refrained from the other. Now, it is in hopes that this little messenger of truth, bearing as it does in every page so many faithful warnings, and so many bright encouragements, will fall some day or other into the hands of such parents, that he has ventured to speak of the influence of such conduct on those whom God has entrusted to their care.

It was but a few days ago, as I passed along a busy thoroughfare, I saw a girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age, of wretched appearance, turn out of a bye-street, and cross the road to a large building opposite. Her

dress was all tattered and torn, her hair uncombed, and her flesh looked as if it had not seen soap and water many a long week. As she stepped from the pavement to the road she displayed a countenance of no placid or pleasing appearance. The knitted and frowning brow, and the curled lip, showed too plainly to be mistaken that a spirit of anger and wrath, like some gathering tempest, swelled her bosom.

Just at the moment when she passed nearest me, her opened lips proved she was no stranger to the awful sin of swearing; and whilst I stood, following her with the eye, wondering at the depths of sin into which so young a person had fallen, at the same time praying that God would reach her heart, a woman of like dirty appearance, and who evidently was the mother, called after her with awful imprecations, assuring her of the sad punishment in store for her if she did not hasten her steps in the errand she was on.

"Well," thought I, "no wonder that a child should be guilty of such profanation, when she who ought to have set her a brighter and better example acts thus." The evil lessons which are taught by such mothers can never fail in having their unhallowed influence in the future habits of the child. Can we sow weeds in our garden and expect flowers? Can we plant thorns in our field and expect wheat? Neither can a mother expect holy fruits when she is sowing unholy seed. What says the Scriptures? "What a man soweth that shall he reap. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." What says experience? Look around you, mothers, and you will invariably find that just the instructions which are imparted at home, will be sure to discover themselves in corresponding fruits abroad. If so, take care lest you are setting an example before your children which in after-days shall bring about

their ruin, and your misery and disgrace. Only think for a moment how dreadful will be your reflections, through never-ending eternity, if you are found at last not only unholy yourselves, but the cause of the unholiness of your children. With what horror will you then look back on your past folly, and know that through the influence exercised over your children they learnt the way of evil, and now you and they are lost for ever? Be wise in time. Go to the strong for strength, and He who sits supreme in the universe will shine into your hearts the hope of glory; and the influence then thrown around will, under the blessing of God, tend to bring all your family to Him who is able and willing to save to the uttermost all that call upon Him.

OLD ANTHONY.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE TAILOR-BIRD.

WHO makes all the birds' nests? They do not grow on the trees. Surely every child knows that birds make their own nests. Some are made of wool and leaves; others of clay, sticks, or feathers. All birds do not make their nests in the same way. Many are built on trees and hedges; others in tall grass, or in the corn; and some on the roofs of houses, or in the church steeple. The birds have no tools but their own little beaks and feet; but with these they form their pretty and neat nest-homes.

There is a little creature known as the tailor bird, and it is so called from its mode of making its nest. It is formed of long leaves, which are sewn as if with a needle and thread. The needle is the sharp beak of the bird, and the thread is fine grass, or pieces of cotton which it finds. It even makes a knot at the end of the grass to prevent the stitches from coming undone. It does

its work very neatly. The nest is made at the end of a branch, where it rocks about like a little cradle. It is lined with soft wool. The tailor-bird is a tiny thing; some are not much bigger than a large butterfly. It is little, and clever. But who made it so? He who made us, and gave us not only bodies, but souls that shall live for ever. And whilst he cares for all creatures that have life, he much more cares for us, for we are of more value than many birds. For us He gave His Son, that we might through faith in Him live in heaven.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT TO HIS DEPARTED WIFE.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary—
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between,
  And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends;
But oh! they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
  My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart,
  That still kept hoping on;
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength had gone
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
  And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for your patient smile,
  When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there,
  And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
  When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more.

P. B.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TRUE SAFETY.

WOULD we be safe from evil, and quiet from the fe of it, let religion always rule us, and the word of God b our counsellor. That is the way to dwell safely in this world, and to be quiet from the fear of evil in the next If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

INFLUENCE.

Time passes onward with relentless wing,
And actions too, like time may seem to pass,
To pass and be no more, but 'tis not so,
For influence ever lives. And every act,
Emotion, look, and word, makes influence tell
For good or evil, happiness or woe,
Through the long future of eternity!

S. B.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A gentleman was asked one day by a friend, "How h kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" H answered, "By letting the angry person have all t quarrel to himself."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Charles Sandford, the Penitent Thief. London: The Bool Society.

A useful little work for lads and young men.

Fannie P. London: The Book Society.

Narrative of a sweet little child.

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

Thus spake the Italian sun-dial; let it teach us a useful as well as a very beautiful lesson. Alas! how many remember days of *cloud* and *shadow* ONLY, forgetting altogether the hours that shine. The evening of fifty-seven is bringing its shadows over us; it seems only yesterday—does it not?—the morning of the new year ushered. Yet what mighty influences have been put forth for good and evil since we hailed the last New Year's day! How many happy circles commenced their journey together this year, who are now scattered over sea and land—field and flood! How many dear ones have fallen beneath the murderous hand and reckless unfeeling heart of the savage Sepoy, and rest in the sun-scorched land of India! And some—yes, many we can number in our own beloved country—have crossed the dark river, to be seen this side its banks no more.

Yet again shall we behold them
  Who loved us while on earth,
Though they now dwell in a mansion
  And surround a bright hearth.

Our tears now mark their absence
  From the loving household band,
But we check the sigh of sadness,
  Saying—they're in a better land!

Others there are in our home circles who have not many shining hours to mark—travellers weary and worn, covered with dust and time-cares, suffering from many losses, and they whisper to us, as we try to comfort them—"I am almost home, where there shall be no dark hours, for there is no night there." Others, again, are looking forward with the halo of life's early sunshine over them, saying to us—"We shall have only hours that shine to mark." Alas! for you, dear ones,—too well we know the shadows may fall before noon; but never mind,

—hope on, the shining hours will last as long as they are good for you; then, when the shadow does fall, you may look beyond, where your sun shall no more go down. Ah! many have been heard to bless the heavenly Father's hand, at the end of the wilderness, more for the shadows of life than for the hours that shine. Some we hear saying—

"Rest! O give me rest,
Far from the cares of earth,
Where sorrow, pain, and death
Pursue us from our birth.

"Give me a home on high,
In a land of ceaseless love,
Where dear ones never die—
Give me a home above."

But let us be thankful for sun and shadow, and while the cloud rests on us, do not let us forget the bright days of life, and the blessings our Father has given us. Life, indeed, is not all bright and beautiful, but it is neither wise nor grateful to look for ever on the dark portions of the picture, particularly while warm, young, ardent spirits are watching your every change of countenance, and inhaling from it either sorrow or joy. A mother's thankful, hopeful, joyous heart beaming in her smile is sure to make her home happy, notwithstanding there may be some blighting influences ever around her.

But while we review the past year, let us ask—have we wisely employed all its hours and opportunities? How have we passed our time and directed our energies? What success has crowned our efforts? Have we been instrumental in imparting instruction to the inquiring—warning to the careless and erring—consolation to the sorrow-stricken—and aid to the anxious young mother? May the last day declare that we have not laboured in vain? What record have days and months borne to heaven against the mothers of our favoured land? Some

have received a loan from our heavenly Father's hand—a precious treasure, helpless in tears—

> "How soft the care, how sweet the song
> Of her who tendeth all day long,
> With cheerful hand and gladsome eye,
> Each little want and every cry—
> Merrily singing lullaby!
> Here sits woman with her crown,
> Here she rains her kindness down;
> Here she shows, with wondrous art,
> All her power to mould the heart;
> Here as wife and mother sheds
> Heavenly brightness where she treads."

Have we all fulfilled the duties and obligations devolving on us? Have mothers been faithful in imparting instruction and in cultivating aright the minds and hearts of their children? Have we during the past year failed to influence those over whom we *had* power, but who have now lost their way? Fearful thought!—Have you led any wanderer towards home who mourned a clouded path?

"I have lost my way," said a weeping child; "I want to go home!" the tears fell thick and fast on her little hands. A friend led the little lost one home, and sweet it was to witness the joy of parents and child. "I have lost my way," said a young man, "in the deep labyrinths of life; my feet wander in strange paths—the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, has turned to ashes on my lips; memories of my glad prayerful childhood come sweeping over my soul—I have lost my way, and I want to go home." The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence; some of the noblest steps taken are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's or a mother's love waits to welcome the prodigal; tell him so, mother, wherever you meet with him; speak to him—encourage him—he has a

mother somewhere, and she will thank you on earth or in heaven for clearing the clouds from her son's atmosphere. She will thank you, and he will thank you, for leading him onward and upward. But how many a little child and lovely youth are constantly losing their way in this shadowy vale, and no kind hand is stretched out to lead them in the right path—no loving voice warning them of perils and precipices, and enemies, or telling them of the safety, happiness, and glories of the world beyond the grave.

Would that we could persuade all the mothers of our land—aye, of the world—to awaken to a sense of their untold influence and responsibility, and to consecrate themselves, body and soul, to their labour of love and duty; then, not till then, can we willingly rest our pen, expecting that God would smile upon them—that their children would be gathered into the fold of Jesus, and His kingdom be established. May our heavenly Father bless our efforts during the coming year in seeking to convey to mothers important truths, comfort under the burdens of life, and consolation in seasons of sorrow; nor will we, if spared, forget the dear young friends who take a deep interest in our little magazine; and may they, too, be helped into and onward in the way of eternal life—so shall the best wishes of our heart be accomplished.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For "The Mothers' Friend"

"It shan't be said that praying breath shall e'er be spent in vain."

P. C. was a young man of great promise, intelligent, and amiable; a kind brother and a most affectionate son. His mother was a widow; she loved him dearly, leaned on him, and ever met with a tender response. His occupation led him far from home and amongst strangers.

One deep anxiety pressed on her heart—her loved one had not avowed his attachment to Jesus. She ceased not to pray for him. Affliction came on him of an alarming aspect. He returned weak and feeble to his mother's house. In my pastoral duties, I visited him; he was quiet, uncommunicative, and apparently disliked to hear or think about death. His anxious mother eagerly longed to ascertain the real state of his mind, and I mentioned the subject to him. He merely said, in general terms, that the system of the Christian religion was familiar to him, but he did not *feel* it. He, however, seemed to welcome reading and prayer. I knew he had received a religious training, and there was in his statements a pleasant softness that gave hope he had not by any special course of evil hardened his heart. I knew, also, he had a praying mother—a praying sister, too—and therefore I ventured to express an assured hope that our gracious Lord would make that sick-bed a medium through which to impart saving blessings.

I was privileged to be with him frequently, and as his illness progressed, had the pleasure to see that he felt increasingly the evil of sin, and became more earnest to obtain a sense of the Saviour's forgiving mercy. He laid several weeks, during which our prayers and conversations were evidently associated with feelings and experience that assured me the Lord was preparing him for the rest above.

Still, he was troubled because he was not able to speak confidently, and set at rest his own anxieties and the concern of his beloved family; that this might be granted became the special subject of solicitude with all. He grew very weak, and his speech began to fail; his feebleness increased—his expressions could be scarcely understood; yet the desired communication had not been made. About forty-eight hours before his death, near midnight, he suddenly rallied, and then, for nearly two

hours, he distinctly spoke, and detailed to his delighted mother and family what God had graciously done for his soul. He spoke of his faith in Christ—of his assurance of acceptance in him—of his readiness to depart—of his fears lest he must have died before he could have given them these precious tidings, and exhorted them earnestly to see to it that they were prepared to meet him in heaven. This done, exhausted with the effort, he sank back on his pillow, conscious to the last, but hardly able to utter another word.

How changed the aspect of his beloved circle! Comparatively, they wept no more—their deep sorrow at parting with him was now mingled with notes of praise and thanksgiving, whilst with ardent gratitude they looked up to testify that He is faithful who has promised—"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving."

J. O. V.

THE GOLDEN SACRIFICE.

Two daughters shared the love of a young mother's heart. The eldest, Julia, was a lovely child, very delicately formed, with regular features, clear complexion, and bright golden ringlets. The second was more commonplace looking, with far less of the statuary perfection of form and feature, a paler cheek, and straight hair which obstinately refused to be curled. Helen's principal beauty was the lovelight in her serious contemplative face, which was not so obvious to strangers. The children were so nearly of a size, and so constantly dressed alike, that many thought they were twins. Helen was not much noticed by strangers; but many exclaimed whilst looking at Julia—"What a beautiful child! what beautiful hair!"

One day, after some friends had been very lavish of expressions of admiration for the child of the golden curls, the little Helen came up to her mother's side, and with the tears in her eyes looked up and asked, "Mother, is not Helen's hair pretty too?" This was a revelation to the mother, and taking her up, she caressed the unpraised hair, and told her she was equally loved by her parents. But experience had taught that mother that she could not prevent strangers admiring and caressing the one child, while they passed the other unnoticed, and thus make the one vain and the other sad; so after a severe mental struggle she resolved to sacrifice the external beauty to preserve internal loveliness; and in half-an-hour the golden curls and the straight tresses were lying side by side in an envelope.

In speaking of it, the mother said, "Oh, it was hard work to cut off those curls, for I had been proud of them; but when it was done, there was little difference in the children's appearance, and people took but little notice of them. At the age of three years, little Helen was beautiful in her shroud; and at thirty, Julia wears her curls with a different grace and humility from what she would have done had she never so lost them, or been taught ever to esteem others more than herself.

LITTLE HENRY.

(Continued from page 213.)

On a sudden Henry disappeared from school. A few days elapsed, and I went in search of my little absentee. After a short interview with his mother, I was conducted to a darkened bedroom, and in a moment I stood beside the object of my inquiry. But, oh! how changed the scene! His eyes had lost their lustre, they were closed and sunk—his form was stiff and motionless—Henry was dead! I could not but lament for one so lovely and so loved; but the following details, given by his

afflicted mother, came like a cordial to my heart, and caused it to thrill with emotions of pleasure which I cannot express.

"When our dear boy," she said, "was first taken ill, we did not apprehend danger, but hoped that he would soon recover. It was evident, however, that the mind of the child was occupied with the thought of dying, and that it occasioned him much fear. It was evident also, from the manner in which he expressed himself, that his fear of death arose from a sense of his unfitness for heaven. Alarming symptoms soon appeared, and death looked him in the face, nor was the dear child unconscious of its approach. He felt and knew that he was dying; but his former fears were gone, his mind was bright and happy, he seemed to possess all the confidence of one already in glory."

He desired his mother to pray to God for him, and then sweetly said, "Mother, do not weep—I am going home." A very short time before he sweetly breathed his last, he exclaimed. "Oh! I can see such beautiful things! such bright things! look mother, only look!" Almost in the very article of death he was heard to sing most sweetly, "See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands," with the chorus, "Hallelujah to the Lamb," &c. His mother said, "Henry, my love, you are dying; would you like to go to heaven?" Looking up in her face, while a radiant smile brightened up every feature of his own, he replied, with striking emphasis, "I am going to heaven." His mother turned herself away to give vent to her feelings, and as she wept she could not help exclaiming, "Is this my child who had such fear of death?" and then again she bent forward to take another look at her departing one. She watched attentively, but all was motionless. She listened eagerly, but there was no sound. Henry had ceased to breathe—his spirit was in glory. So sweetly did he fall asleep in Jesus, being a little more than seven years of age.

"I'm going home," said the dying child,
"Sweet mother, dry that tear;
I have a happy home in heaven,
And I am going there."

His mother marked with much surprise
His confidence so calm;
For her little one had thought on death
With terror and alarm.

"Is this indeed my child," she cried,
"That lately feared to die?"
"Yes, mother, but thy child now sees
His Shepherd Saviour nigh.

"Safe in that precious Saviour's arms,
He now can yield his breath,
And sweetly sing, and calmly smile,
E'en in the face of death!"

Let Christian teachers then go on
To tell their little flock
The tale of Jesus' dying love,
Of peace that only rock.

'Twill guide the infant one to heaven,
'Twill cheer his passage there;
'Twill light his dying brow with smiles,
If he that love but share. S. B.

THE PARTIAL FATHER.

"JACK!" thundered Mr. Weston, "was that you making such a dust? If it was, you'd better look out for yourself." "No, it wasn't me," answered Jack, sullenly. "Who was it, then?" sternly questioned the shaggy-browed father, peering frowningly over the top of his newspaper. "Leonard," said Jack; and Leonard did not deny the charge. "Oh! well, be careful not to do so again, my son."

Wonderful was the change in the expression of the father's face, and in the tones of his voice; you could almost imagine that stout, rugged, hard-fisted man to be possessed of a woman's soft and gentle heart, as you peeped behind that paper, after he had last spoken. The eyes were soft now which had shot keen shafts of anger two minutes before; the brow, but late drawn up into a scowl, was meek and calm; and about the mouth, just now so grim, lurked what could at a touch become a

smile or a pleasant word. It was a strange and sudden transformation. * * * *

"I say, Jack, give me these marbles. I've lost mine." "I won't; go to father and get money to buy more—he'll give it to *you*," answered Jack, bending his fair young features and beautiful head, covered with short shining chesnut curls, toward the wind-harp he was constructing; for the boy had deep within his heart a love for music, for the sweet wild tones of nature and of art. "But yours are prettier than any I can buy, and I want *them*," persisted Leonard; "give them to me, Jack," and he tried to put his hand in his brother's pocket. "Be still, will you? I want them myself, for I can't get any others like them." But Leonard, unused to denial, persevered in his efforts, until his hot-tempered brother gave him a push which sent him against a chair, and that overturning, Leonard fell on the floor at his father's feet.

"You ugly, hateful Jack," screamed he; "father, he pushed me with all his might, and hurt me on purpose, when I never did a thing to him." Up sprang the enraged father, the sunshine all gone from his face—clouds, darkness, and a great tempest blotting out every ray. "I say I did'nt mean to hurt him, but he kept teasing for –" No time was given for explanation, as with a heavy blow from that great hand, and a heavier blow from that unbridled tongue, Jack was thrust headlong from the door. Then the father turned to Leonard, and taking him tenderly upon his knee, comforted him with kind words and kisses. Meantime poor Jack sat without, crying bitterly over the ruins of his work, demolished in the violence of its owner's exit from the house. "I will wait no longer," said Jack, crowding back his tears; "this very night I will run away and go to sea."

When the boy was missed, *his mother* mourned bitterly her child; but his father said, frowningly, "It is just what I expected from *him*. Leonard, my child, *you* would

not forsake your father so?" "No, father, my brother is a naughty boy, and I don't want him to come back home very soon."

And Jack did not come home. He wandered for a few short years on the ocean, winning from strangers the love which he had missed at home, and then went down one stormy night to sleep in an ocean grave. His mother did not forget her absent son. Although she had many other children, and each one was dear, it seemed to her sometimes that the *lost one* was dearer than all. Leonard grew up handsome, pleasant, and tall, and the heart of his father gloried in him. Still, was it not strange, as he looked upon this "Joseph" of his affections, tears never dimmed his eyes, nor remorse stung his spirit, as he thought upon that unhappy boy, with a wronged and gloomy spirit, who went from his dwelling to face the world alone, and whose youthful limbs and soft curling hair floated where none might weep above them. Was it not strange if that father had no yearning to send after the wanderer (the twin-brother of Leonard), who rested from all life's joys and sorrows in the sunless waters of a foreign sea?

THE NEGLECTED CHILD OF GODLESS PARENTS.

BY THE LATE LAMENTED MRS. P. H. GOSSE.

Caroline B. was the child of very ungodly parents, who not only did not teach her the truth, but would not have her instructed; and she lived for some years without any knowledge even of the first principles of religion, and so might have continued, but for little books and tracts belonging to the servants of the family. Her first knowledge that there was a heaven and hell arose from the following circumstance:—She was in bed one summer's evening, when, through the open door that led to the

servant's room, she spied a piece of paper which excited her curiosity. Stealthily creeping out of bed, she went to fetch the treasure, which proved to be a torn leaf of an old hymn-book. "Oh! Mary," said she to her sister, jumping into bed again, "I have found such a pretty verse; I must learn it." The verse was from Watts's "Divine Songs."

"There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

She learned the hymn, and carefully replaced the leaf in the window, lest it should be discovered that she had left her bed. But the words remained in her memory, and filled her young heart with subjects of thought and joy. She wondered what this beautiful heaven could be like, and often at noon went into the garden and tried to look through the sun, to get a peep at its glories. When she was sad, she longed to be where all was "joy and love;" she longed to be a holy child, and then to die, that she might go there. She knew nothing of the holy character of God, and the impossibility of a sinner standing in His presence; and she knew nothing of Jesus, whose death and merits alone can enable the sinful child to meet Him in glory. But it was a first step, and it led on to greater results than she had anticipated.

Time passed on, and another servant had taken the place of the careless possessor of Watts's hymns, when, one day, her parents having company, sent her, after dinner, into the store-room for a dish of apples. She had to pass through the servant's room; and on the bed she saw a tract, with a print on the first page, which excited her attention. It was the history of a young man who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and for His sake suffered much persecution from his family and friends, because he would not disobey Him, and conform to this

evil world. This arrested her attention, but rather in the way of ridicule for his folly in giving up everything pleasant in this world: but she was obliged to go down stairs, and left the tract where she found it. She could not, however, forget it; and not being able to find it again, she, some days after, asked the servant to lend it to her.

"Oh! that old tract was given me long ago," said the girl; "don't read *that*. I'll give you something much prettier," and putting a ballad into her hands she bid her learn that. She did so: but still was unsatisfied. "It is that tract I want," said she again: "*do* let me have it, Hannah:" so at length the girl complied. The child read it at first with curiosity, mingled with contempt, but seeing there were many references to Scripture, she resolved to find a Bible, and see if it was all true. For though the Bible was not read in the house, she yet knew that it was God's word, and all true. There she found the confirmation of all that the tract told her of Jesus, and of the blessedness of those who believe in Him, and love Him, and suffer for Him.

Many were the steps by which the Lord led this poor little one to himself; but these were the first instruments used. A hymn-book and a tract given to two godless servants, who despised and threw them aside; yet were they not lost, for they led this dear little one to the knowledge of Jesus, to the hope of heaven, and to the conviction that His truth is worth suffering for. She has since known what it is to suffer for His sake; and when she told the writer her simple story, she had been cast out on the wide world by an ungodly parent, who had long persecuted her *in* his house, before he cast her from it; but she soon found a happy home, and honourable service for her Master, in the house of pious Christian friends, who loved her for the sake of Him for whose cause she had been cast out by her own friends.

GATHER THE HONEY.

As the busy bee flits in the sunshine from flower to flower, gathering all the honey, forgetful of the dark, cold days of winter, so let us enjoy the many mercies we possess now. We are told by our Divine Master to "take no thought for the morrow—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Still, how many of the troubles here are anticipated ones—many of them never arise.

But some mother may say, "There is no honey in my path, mine is a dark and weary way, all things are against me." Look up, thou troubled one, there is comfort for thee. There is one above (and oh! if you know him not, let me entreat you to seek Him), who is looking upon you with a loving Father's eye, and saying, "Cast thy burden upon me, for I care for thee."

Is there no honey there? no sweetness in Jesus? Ah, then, you know Him not! Many of the troubles you now possess, are but the necessary discipline sent to prepare you for a holier and happier state. We chasten our children because we know that without correction they would be little prepared for the duties and difficulties of life; should we therefore murmur that our heavenly Father sometimes sees fit to use the rod to wean us from the world, and draw us to Himself? Let us, as mothers, cherish a cheerful spirit; let us gather all the honey as we journey through life. We like to see our children happy; let us set them the example. Even if we meet with many thorns by the way, will not the remembrance of the end of the journey, the rest prepared for the people of God, enable us to bear more cheerfully the difficulties of life, taking hold continually of the precious promise—"Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God?"

EMMA.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

TEN thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one third, at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down to rise no more. At threescore and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs.

Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burgess.*

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

One day, a little girl about five years old heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered, "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God, he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

When you cannot have what you like, endeavour to like what you have.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Haven of the Sea. By REV. J. R. COOPER. London: The Book Society.

A beautiful little volume. Most useful present for fishermen and sailors.

People's Friend. London: Partridge and Co.

A very good little monthly newspaper.

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